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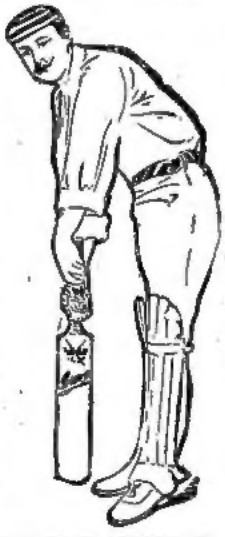

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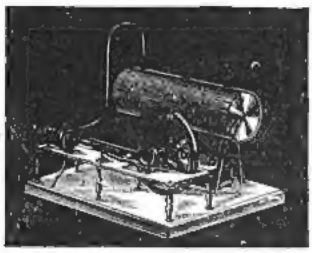

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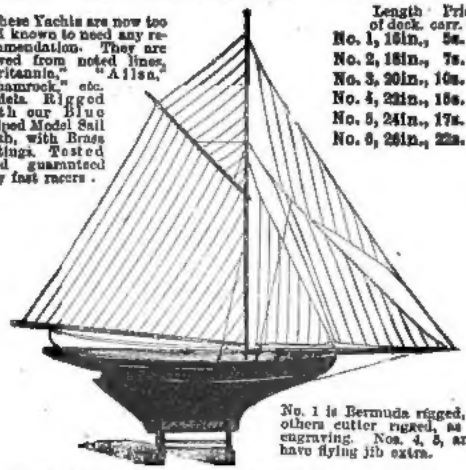

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SPHINX'S "GROCER AND DRAPER" PUZZLE.

See page 279.

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"Rip!" and his circle of friends.

Rip & his Cricket Caricatures

By the Old Fag.

TAKING, as I do, an evergreen interest in cricket—first-class, school, and village—I have for years admired the extremely clever cricket pictures "Rip" treats us to. So I wrote to "Rip" and told him the June number of The Captain would like to talk about him. Back came his reply:—

Dear Mr. Fag,

Pray come to dinner.—"Rip."

"Rip" is really Mr. Roland Hill, and his residence is a very dainty little flat, which he shares with two very pleasant and pretty sisters, down Kensington way.

In due course I arrived. Now, judge of my surprise! I found the table loaded with vegetables and fruit. "Rip" laughed.

"I make no secret of it," said he. "I'm nine tenths a vegetarian. When you write this interview, Mr. Fag, pray tell your readers to eat more fruit and vegetables. I made fifty in a match last year on a banana lunch. My breakfast often consists of—what do you think?—*four apples and a cup of coffee!* Splendid to work on. Now let us fall to."

We fell to, and I felt, too, that there are worse things in life than a vegetarian dinner. Not many worse things, though.

Well (as they say in the novels) the meal having been cleared, my host and I drew our chairs up to the fire (the weather being still unkindly) and talked about Mr. Hill's present-day doings, notably the coloured cartoons he drew for the Christmas Number of *Truth*.

"But don't you want to hear all about my early struggles?" suddenly demanded "Rip," as he toyed with half a pineapple.

"Yes," said I.

"I had none," replied "Rip."

"Most satisfactory," I rejoined. "I do get so tired of these early struggles. But still, you must have had a beginning?"

"I'M NINE TENTHS A VEGETARIAN," SAID "R——."

"Sort of one. I was apprenticed to a wood-engraver—the best man in Birmingham—for five years. He could draw anything himself, and made me do the same, from a steam-engine to a theatrical poster. I drew Life Guards and sea pictures, and pantomime girls, and illustrations to furniture catalogues, and coal-scuttles,

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fire-irons, gas-brackets, 'locks, bolts, and bars,' and taps, and door-knockers——"

"Hey, come off that perch, young man," cried I.

"It's all fact. I even drew bones and skeletons belonging to doctors, and other fearful things, including bicycles. At that time 'safeties' were just coming in. Yes, and I drew dresses fashion-plates, you know — oh, yes, I drew very nice fashion-plates."

"But how did you come to be a caricaturist?"

"I will tell thee, O Fag, and let all boys attend, because far too many fellows sit and wait, like Micawber, for 'something to turn up,' instead of getting up and looking for it. I was quite a youngster about twenty-one — and beginning to tire of door-knockers and fashion-plates, when I came up to London for a holiday. Rambling round Fleet Street one day, I was passing the office of a new weekly paper, the *Political World*, when an idea struck me. I walked boldly into the office, and ran right into the editor himself

THE OLD GAFFER—NOT YET!

"'Hello!' said he, 'what is your business, my lad?' (I may add that, although I was twenty-one, I looked about sixteen.) 'If you please, sir,' said I, 'do you want a cartoonist, please?'

"I thought he would show me the door, but to my surprise he said: 'Can you draw?'

"'Yes, a bit,' I replied.

"'Then draw me!' he said

"So I whipped out my pencil and made a rapid sketch of him, and I didn't spare his nose, which was rather a long one. He looked at my sketch, took it in to the sub-editor, came out again, and said:—

"'Tell you what, young man, we *do* want a cartoonist. Now, draw us a cartoon for next week's number, will you?'

"He gave me full instructions, and I drew the cartoon, and was paid fifty shillings for it, and, to cut my tale short, I may tell you that I stayed in London and drew a cartoon every week for that paper until it died.

"For years afterwards I drew comic pictures for comic papers, until at last I didn't know what was funny. Fact! Now I draw for all sorts and conditions of periodicals. A great deal of my work, during the summer, appears in the *Evening News*, but I also contribute regularly to a number of sixpenny weeklies and monthlies, now and then illustrating a book or doing a book cover."

"But you do not confine yourself to cricket?"

"By no means. I am constantly working on political and other subjects. I have drawn Mr. Chamberlain hundreds of times — I mention him because he is my most successful political study."

HAYWARD

"Which are the cricketers who lend themselves most easily to caricature?"

"First and foremost —Grace, then Trott, F. G. J. Ford, Townsend, Richardson, Abel, Sammy Woods, Jessop, Ranji, and indeed all those who are either very stout or very thin, or with curious angles about 'em."

"Now what are the points about our great cricketers which catch your eye?"

"Look at Ranji! He

JACK HEARNE

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is a series of curves — sinuous, panther-like. Have you seen him lead at ship? He swoops at a ball as a panther springs on its prey. Then take 'W. G.' The first thing you notice is his great, grizzled beard quite in keeping with his elephantine frame. He's a veritable Viking of cricket."

"Yes? Who else?"

"Jackson is the most supple man I have ever seen—hands, wrists, legs, body—just like a willow sapling. As for Fry, he is a most disheartening subject to caricature, as he is physically a perfectly-formed man, I should say—nothing for my pencil to get hold of and exaggerate except his front hair.

"Briggs strikes you as a little, round, india-rubber ball—glad he's back and at work again, by the way. If Key, 'W. G.,' and Briggs had all been out of first-class cricket this season, I should have been quite short of subjects. Thank goodness, there are some young ones coming on excellent pencil matter—such as Townsend and Jessop.

"Of cricketers who have practically retired from the arena, I most loved to draw George Giffen, Harry Trott, Key, Sir T. C. O'Brien, W. W. Read, Jim Phillips, and Hornby. All of 'em had characteristic attitudes which went well on paper."

"WHO'S UNDER THE HAT?"

I may here mention that a recent picture of the late Surrey captain so pleased Mrs. Key, that she wrote to the editor of the paper in which it appeared and asked for the original drawing.

"I was extremely pleased," said Mr. Hill, "when I heard of her request. I feared that I might possibly have hurt Mr. Key's feelings in one or two of these caricatures, and this letter made my mind easy on the point.

"I first visited London when I was eighteen," continued "Rip," "and I had three great ideas in my head. The first was to hear Gladstone speak, the second to see Irving act, and the third to watch Grace at the wickets. I went to the House of Commons and heard Gladstone answer a question. I went to the Lyceum and saw Irving in *Macbeth*; I went to Lord's and watched Grace bat. I was disappointed by the performances of Gladstone and Irving, but Grace delighted me.

JESSOP.

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THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL.
(Drawn by "Rip")

Drawn by "Rip."

It was, I think, a Gloucester *v.* Middlesex match, and the champion scored over sixty. Even then I heard a man in the crowd remark: 'Oh, Grace is too old to play; no good now.' In criticism of which observation I may merely state that this was sixteen years ago, and Grace is still pretty lively between the sticks."

"Since then you have watched Grace bat hundreds of times, I suppose?"

"I have—in all parts of the country—and there isn't a man in the world for whom I have a greater admiration than 'W. G.' I was at the Oval last year, and saw Grace looking through one of my books of caricatures. He laughed at my pictures of Trott and Briggs; but when he came to himself he didn't laugh at all—simply crammed the book into his pocket and walked away. I have heard since that he doesn't like my caricatures of himself. Well, I consider that all's fair in love, war, and caricature—some folks 'take it all in fun,' as school boys say, and some don't. It doesn't do a man any harm to be caricatured—in fact, it often makes him known to the public. It is the best advertisement a man can possibly have. The men who are constantly being caricatured in *Punch* are by far the best known in Parliament, and probably wouldn't be recognised by the public were it not for these pictures of them which are constantly appearing in the comic papers."

A VERY EARLY CARTOON BY "RIP."

PRO." AND "AMATEUR."

"Ever draw footballers?"

"Hardly ever. You see, their football 'lives' are so short that, with the exception of half a dozen very big players, there is really no scope for caricature in this direction. I can only see two types—the tall, clean limbed, athletic amateur, and the bullet-headed, bull-necked, bow-legged professional. Here's a picture showing what I mean."

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"THE THREE CADDIES.'
(A very early cartoon by "Rip.")

The first ball hit me on the leg, the second I never saw at all, the third whizzed by me on the off—just caught a glimpse of it the fourth I ran out and hit on the full pitch (which Trott said wasn't cricket), and the fifth bowled me, middle stump. It was his famous fast one."

"Any more anecdotes?" I inquired.

"Well," said "Rip," "it's curious how one's work gets about. I was playing in a cricket match against an asylum down at Woodford, or somewhere in that district, and was told that one of the most hopeless lunatics there had not only kept all my drawings he had found in papers, but had copied them enlarging them to four times their original size—and had done his work well, too. When he found out who I was he was 'all over me.' I found it very difficult to get away from him, but eventually I escaped and ran all the way to the station.

"I was once 'discovered' in a very different place. I often take Turkish baths, and at the place I go to the attendant calls me 'Mr. Rip.' One day he had addressed me in

THE FIRST MOTOR CAR BUILT IN LONDON
Sketched from life by "Rip."

And Mr. Hill showed me the little sketch underlined "Pro. and Amateur."

"Oh, come," said I, "that is hardly fair. After all, a great many 'pros.' are tall, and a great many 'amateurs' short, eh?"

"Ah! you must remember the law of averages - physical averages. Besides that, it is necessary for a caricaturist to exaggerate."

Another thought struck me at this point.

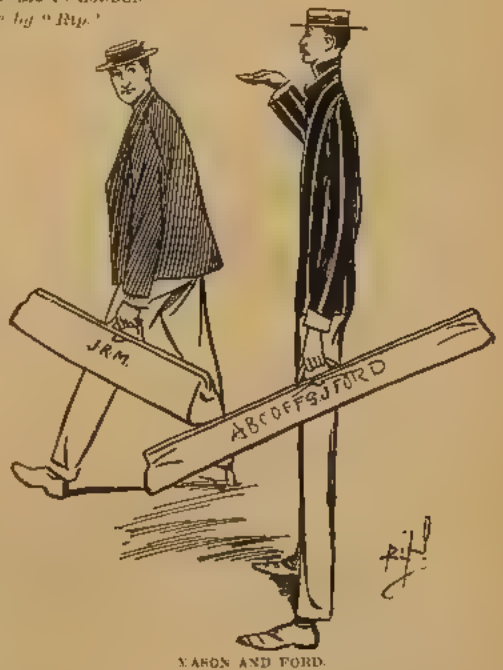
"Do you draw your cricketer from life?"

GEORGE GIFFEN

"No, sir, from memory — always. I drew Roche's right hand from life, because I thought it was an extraordinary thing that a man should be a bowler at all with a hand like that. The spin he gets on the ball is wonderful. He nearly knocked off two of *my* fingers once when bowling against me."

"You play cricket yourself, then?"

"Oh, I have an occasional knock. I once stood up to Albert Trott for one over.



MASON AND FORD.

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THE BRITISH TEAM.

By kind permission of 'Truth.'

this way, as usual, when three very fat men, with 'just a covering' on them, got up, waddled slowly across to me, and held out three plump, perspiring hands.

"'Allow me,' said each fat man, 'to shake hands with you, Mr. Rip!'

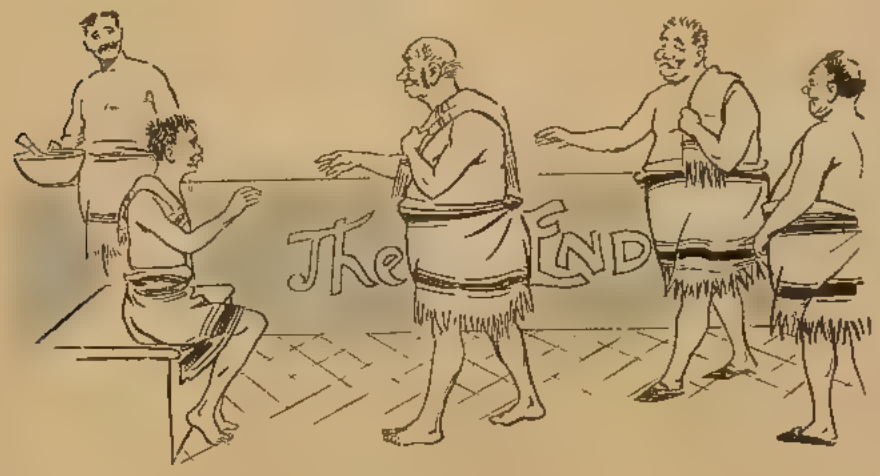
"And so, in that strange garb, I solemnly shook hands with my three warm — very warm—admirers!"

But those gentlemen pictured below — as I assured Mr. Hill—are only three out of a great host. Cricket becomes a very real and live thing under the influence of his pencil. Before I left "Rip" I asked him to draw for THE CAPTAIN every month, and "Rip" agreed to do so.

O. F.

JESSOP FIELDING ("A HOT ONE!")

CRICKET IN MAY



WARM ADMIRERS.

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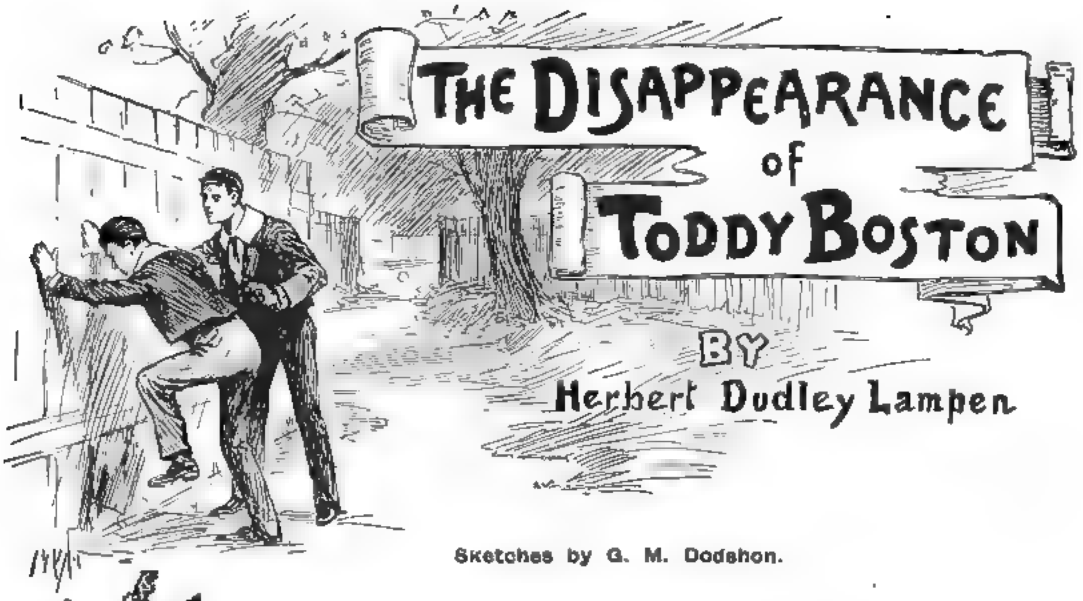


THE DISAPPEARANCE of TODDY BOSTON

BY

Herbert Dudley Lampen

Sketches by G. M. Dodshon.

I.

"HACK away!" said Noddy.

Toddy and Noddy stood in the lane which divided the home field from the cricket ground.

Without any hesitation they applied their feet so vigorously to the oak palings that in a few moments a hole appeared below the bottom crossbar.

Noddy surveyed the work of destruction with satisfaction.

"All you've got to do," said he, "is to wait your time, and, when Porkins isn't looking, back away from the pitch, crawl to this hole, slither through, and bunk home."

"Suppose you are spotted?"

"Then, of course, you'll take your licking like a man," replied Noddy, lifting his square little chin.

Most of the Lower School contented themselves with grumbling because they were compelled to field for the second eleven. Noddy and Toddy alone took action. Noddy did this, not because he disliked to field, but because he loved an adventure. Toddy joined him because his timidity had attracted the attention of those in the Lower School who had a fine taste in tormenting others, and they invariably chose him for the honourable but lively position of cover-point.

"Look here, you young funk!" said Porkins on his arrival that afternoon, "you've been sent to Roundle to learn not to funk. So stand there! Nearer—nearer! Now, let a ball pass, and——"

Porkins, however, proved in wretched form, and the leg side were busy. Then the ball was lost. Noddy and Toddy threw caution to the winds, ran to the palings, dived through the hole, and gained the class-room.

The first stroke of Porkins after the recovery of the ball was to cover, and the absentees were at once discovered.

Practice ended, a dozen kids sped on ahead, bearing the joyful tidings of the wrath of Porkins, and the prospective thrashing of Toddy and Noddy.

Speculation was rife as to whether the thrashing would be public or private. The victims' friends voted solid for the former. Porkins, too, decided for a public administration, as a warning to all rebels.

Just before lights were extinguished excitement ran high in Thirty-seven Dormitory. The forty boys who slept there were rushing about in wild confusion, and only the tap, tap, tap, of a fencing stick, far off as yet, but drawing nearer, drove them in a mad rush to their beds.

"Where's Toddy?" whispered Hartley, from his perch on the pillow.

"There's one of them, at all events," remarked Grubb, with satisfaction.

"Won't Porkins be mad?" said Otley.

Porkins noticed the empty bed at once, and he was mad.

"Where's the other young cub?" demanded he, flinging down the quilt, and showing the bed denuded of blankets.

"I'll thrash every fellow if you don't say," he continued.

He satisfied his rage by giving Noddy a double dose. The blows fell anyhow and anywhere, until the fencing-stick split, and cracked, and snapped. Then he flung the broken end at Noddy and departed.

We crowded round Noddy's bed in sympathetic silence.

"I'll kill that young Toddy!" groaned the victim.

"Did it hurt much?" asked Parr.

Noddy answered by a look. It was more expressive than words.

"Where's old Toddy? What a beastly funk he is!" exclaimed Marks.

"How do I know?" replied Noddy. "Wait till I meet him!"

"Make him run the gauntlet," suggested Hartley.

"He'll turn up presently," said Marks, "and then you can go for him."

But the bed remained empty all night. Toddy did not appear at early school. His place was vacant at breakfast. His form-master at morning school inquired if he were ill. Before dinner fellows spread themselves out on the hot-water pipes and talked about Haywood, who ran away four years ago.

A monitor went round each table at dinner and collected information about Toddy. Fellows had plenty to say; but the information was wide of the mark. On the monitor's heels followed a master, who frightened some of the kids by his keen, suspicious looks; but no fresh information was forthcoming.

By tea-time it was recognised as a fact that Toddy Boston really had disappeared.

"I hear they're going to track him with bloodhounds," said Chuckster.

"The Head and four of the Sixth went out just before tea," remarked Hartley to Noddy.

A couple of masters and four more monitors followed before "prep." They scoured the country for miles around. They hunted down every possible clue. They visited a dozen ponds, a score of farmhouses, and a hundred haystacks. They dived into chalk quarries, crossed Roundle Moor in every direction, and questioned every person they met. At midnight half the school witnessed from the dormitory windows their return by ones and twos.

The last news which seemed mysteriously to circulate from some unknown source was, that the ponds were to be dragged next day.

Boston's people arrived early. An extraordinary silence pervaded the school, and hushed the murmur which usually filled the class-rooms. Even when the ponds proved empty, boisterous laughter or loud tones were no longer heard.

Two facts alone seemed certain. Toddy was known to have plenty of money, and he was supposed to have taken his blankets with him. But how or where he had vanished baffled conjecture.

II.

THE term had opened with unsettled weather. Stormy days and brilliant sunshine alternated,

"WHERE'S THE OTHER YOUNG CUB?" DEMANDED PORKINS.

and the summer day when Toddy Boston disappeared was immediately followed by a gale.

The grey sky with which the next day began soon resolved itself into a fine rain which blotted out the landscape. Fires were lit, and a crowd of fellows scorched themselves before the blazing coals.

"Jolly wet for Toddy Boston," remarked Hartley.

The rain streamed down the window-panes and gurgled in the pipe at the angle of the building.

"He's in the pond all right," said Marks. "It won't float for a day or two. I wouldn't like to go by Freshfield Pond after dark myself. The phosphorus makes 'em look ghastly."

Several of the younger boys looked back nervously into the deepening twilight, and up at the giant shadows which dodged on the wall.

Suddenly the door opened. Everyone started up. It was Dawson, and the wet ran down his waterproof and formed puddles on the floor.

"Found him?" a dozen asked.

"No. Any of the rest in?"

Without waiting for an answer Dawson shut the door, and the boys resumed their seats. The grey afternoon was fast changing into a wild, dark night, such as is sometimes seen in late April.

"You mark my words. It will be found in Freshfield Pond," repeated Marks gloomily.

Nobody spoke. The friendly heat of the fire attracted every eye.

Suddenly the door opened again. Everyone looked round. Any moment news might be expected. It had come! They jumped up when they saw Chuckster's face.

"Found him?" demanded half a dozen together

"I've seen his ghost," gasped Chuckster.

"Grandmother!" retorted Otley, irritably.

"By Freshfield Pond?" asked Marks with assurance.

"No. By the top linen-room. I sang out and it vanished."

"I told you so," remarked Hartley. "He's drowned!"

He stirred the fire into a blaze, and the brotherhood felt grateful.

The appearances of Toddy Boston's ghost multiplied. That same evening a maid met it, and fainted forthwith. Kid Hawkins told with dilated eyes of a similar experience. His story grew with repetition, until a fleshless skull and eyes which flashed fire were prominent features in the account. Then one of the Sixth, who sat up late to read for the Foreland Scholarship, met Toddy's ubiquitous ghost.

Toddy Boston disappeared on Tuesday, and on Friday Crœsus' hamper arrived. The confraternity were sorely in need of comfort, and Crœsus became the centre of an attentive, anxious circle. He dispelled all fears by a general invitation to the hot-water pipers to meet him in the box-room after school.

The box-room of the Lower School was situated for medical reasons under the eye of the matron, and near the top linen-room. She was supposed to be present when hampers were opened, but more often other duties detained her. The clan proceeded in compact order to this room with smiling faces and mouths which watered at the prospect of good things.

"You're a trump, Crœsus!" said Marks.

"I hope it's plum cake, and not seed," remarked Otley.

"You bet it will be. I know the mater," replied Crœsus.

"Any apples?" asked Noddy.

"Stunners," replied Crœsus. "My mater twigs how to choose apples. And her tarts! Well, wait till you taste 'em. Crisp crust, and crowded out inside, you know."

"Hurry up, old man," cried out Marks.

Crœsus knew that he was a public benefactor, and he advanced towards his hamper with the step of a philanthropist.

"There's heaps for all," said he. "Don't be afraid to ask for more, you chaps."

They promised.

The cover creaked. Crœsus howled.

"Who's been to it? I'm robbed! Someone's bagged everything!"

The boys surveyed the empty interior with blank faces.

"You greedy pig!" cried Marks, "you've eaten 'em yourself."

"I haven't," protested Crœsus.

"Where have they gone, then?" asked Marks.

However, every fellow knew that Crœsus had too much money, and was too generous to be shabby like that. It was a mystery.

"What's that?" asked little Hawkins.

He had been peering into the hamper, and feeling through the straw for a stray cake or apple. He lifted out a square, hard packet, and began to unfold the paper, but Marks took it, opened it, and three half-crowns rolled away across the floor.

"Listen, you fellows," exclaimed Marks, "there's some writing."

"Sorry to take your tuck, Crœsus, but I must."

"It's from Toddy!" exclaimed Marks, Crœsus, and Hartley in a breath.

The news spread. Toddy was alive! Toddy was in hiding not far away! Someone suggested behind the boxes. They were quickly inspected. Though they reached to the ceiling, they were packed too close and too flat against the wall on

the long shelves to permit of even the smallest boy hiding behind them.

The seizure of Crœsus' tuck brought to light other losses. The cook reported the disappearance of two loaves and some candles, and a missing pot or two of jam from the studies was remembered.

Of course, a fresh search was made. Dawson and Burrows visited every room in Roundle. Not a corner or a cupboard but they inspected, yet Toddy Boston's hiding-place remained undiscovered. He even poured contempt on these efforts by purloining a tin of sardines from the captain's study that very night.

The monitors decided to sit up and watch. They changed every few hours, and persevered for three nights. On the fourth they struck, and that night Toddy raided the studies, and carried off fresh supplies. The Sixth stood aghast and helpless.

The Head was kept informed, of course, of Toddy's misdemeanours, but, as Dawson said they would certainly find him, the matter was left in the captain's hands.

"Why shouldn't old Johnson sit up?" asked Williams Major when the Sixth again met to discuss matters.

Old Johnson was the former school porter. He did little now, for his son had taken his place. In his latter days the old fellow had become more fond than ever of a glass of whisky.

"He'd get drunk," replied Dawson.

"Not he," replied Williams, who particularly objected to sitting up. "He'd be all right. Let him watch for a night or two."

As the sun went down the wind rose again, until a gale was shaking the foundations of Roundle. Talk and jokes made "prep." lively that evening, for the rattling of the windows covered the sound of the fellows' voices, but it was very different when the lights were lowered, and silence proclaimed by the monitor on duty. The thunder of the wind could be heard then, and every window-pane seemed to be resisting the attack of the gale.

THE BOYS SURVEYED THE EMPTY INTERIOR WITH BLANK FACES.

Downstairs old Johnson determined to make himself comfortable. He built up a blazing fire, and he applied his lips at short intervals to the whisky flask. By the time the flask was empty, he had fallen asleep in his chair before the fire.

It must have been about midnight, when Thirty-seven Dormitory had at last tumbled off into an uneasy sleep, that a shrill voice cried out:—

"Get up, you fellows, if you don't want to be burnt!"

In two minutes the room was alive with boys in their white nightshirts. The monitor struck a

match, and by the dim light we saw Toddy Boston standing near the door. Someone exclaimed that it was Toddy's ghost, but he soon squashed that.

"What rot!" said he. "Johnson's drunk, and he's set Dawson's room on fire! Bring your jugs, you chaps, and come along! Quick!"

Those who failed to get jugs, because some grasped two, dragged off their blankets, and in another sixty seconds a white legion was whirling along the passage and tumbling down the stairs.

Many of the jugs went crash. Half the water was spilt. Feet were cut by broken bits of crockery. No one noticed these things. The smoke was pouring out of the captain's study, and old Johnson was inside.

"All right, you kids! Well done, you fellows! Pass along the jugs!"

Dawson chucked the water in until the place was swimming. Then he and Burrows dashed in with blankets, and smothered the burning woodwork.

It was all over in half an hour, but when the Head made his little speech at early school, he said that, but for the prompt way in which the alarm had been given, Roundle must have been burnt to the ground, and many lives lost.

Toddy Boston blushed. The Head looked at him for a moment, and then dismissed the school.

The brotherhood who haunted the hot-water pipes were not even interested to know that old Johnson was recovering. They wanted to discover Toddy's hiding-place. He refused to gratify their curiosity. They entreated and prevailed.

"Come along to the box-room," said he.

The brotherhood gathered there.

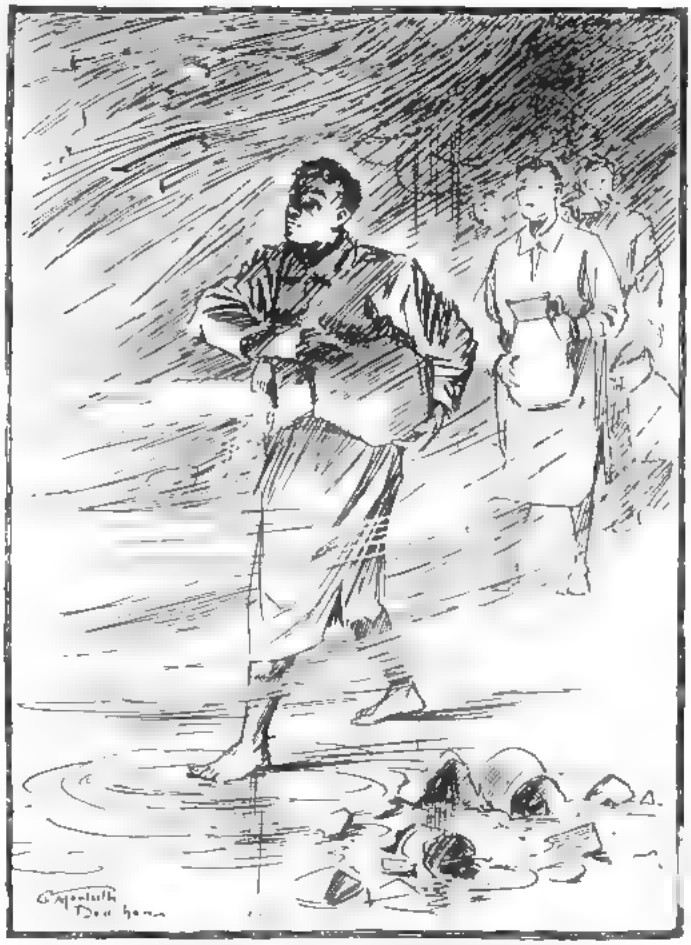
"Take down that top corner box," bade Toddy, "or shove it along—there's room for it."

When it was moved (and it was Toddy's own), a small trap-door leading to the space under the rafters could be seen.

"Then you saw us open Crœsus' hamper?" said Marks.

"Rather," replied Toddy. "There's a squint-hole in the wood."

"You young cad!" exclaimed Marks.



A WHITE LEGION WAS WHIRLING ALONG THE PASSAGE.

"I owe you one," remarked Noddy. "I had your thrashing as well as my own."

"It's a fine place up there," replied Toddy. "You can walk over half Roundle. Shall we explore?"

SOME CRICKET TIPS.

By C. B. Fry.

I.

Many players, who ought to know better, will tell you that wickets are of two sorts only—wet and dry, and that wet wickets are good to bowl on, dry to bat on. This, of course, is incomplete and misleading. It is important to understand wickets—especially if you are captain of a side. You may say, if you like, that there are three kinds of wickets—*viz.*, wet, dry, and drying; but a better classification is: fast, slow, and sticky.

II.

Fast wickets are not all the same, and not all dry. There are, roughly, four sorts—hard, dry, true, wickets; wickets hard and dry, but worn and crumbling; hard wickets—quite hard, mind you—but wet on the surface, and very slippery; and wickets so wet that the ball cuts through so easily that it comes fastish. Now mark this: the first, third, and fourth of these are much in favour of the batsman; the second helps the bowler. The fourth is, without doubt, of all wickets the most difficult to bowl on, and is considered, by most good judges, the easiest to bat on. Hence there is at least one sort of fast, dry wicket that favours the bowler, and one really wet wicket—wet, yet fastish—that is not only excellent for batting, but very bad for bowling. Moral: Don't fancy you cannot get runs just because the wicket is wet; and don't fancy you cannot bowl just because it is dry.

THE ON-DRIVE.

By permission of "The Book of Cricket."

III.

Slow wickets are not all wet. The turf on some grounds is spongey, and renders the pace quite slow, even though there may have been no rain for months. Nearly always, however, slow wickets are wet. Of these there are two sorts—the sloppy, on which the ball cuts through without any pace; and the sodden, or dead, on which the ball breaks—sometimes much, sometimes a little, but always coming slow off the ground. Slow wickets are not at all difficult for batsmen who know how to play on them—*i.e.*, who watch good length balls carefully as they rise from the ground and play them back, and who hit over-pitched or short balls hard but with judgment. It is not the amount of break that makes bowling difficult, but the pace at which the breaking ball comes from the ground. It is very common for batsmen to give up all hope of runs simply because the bowler can make the ball "do a lot." That is a great mistake. Balls that break without "devil" are easy to play.

IV.

When a wicket, previously wet, dries up slowly, it usually plays quite easy, being merely dead, or sodden. Drying quickly, however, it is liable to become either sticky or caked; and then the ball not only breaks a lot but does it very quickly. A really difficult wicket, whether caked on top or glue-like, is always the result of a hot sun on a wettish ground. Unless the sun comes out in force, a wet wicket is generally easy. When there is a nice, fresh, regular wind and no sun, a wicket sometimes dries up quite quickly, and yet neither glues nor cakes.

V.

The conclusion is that difficult wickets are not at all common even in a wet season—that is, on well kept grounds. Those grounds, however, which have much clay in their composition are often sticky to a degree whenever at all wet, sun or no sun. An over-doctored wicket is liable to play difficult if an unexpected shower falls; but, as a rule, wet wickets do not really favour the bowler any more than the batsman.

VI.

The chief reason for mentioning the above points is that many matches are spoilt simply

THE FORE-ARM HOOK.
By permission of "The Book of Cricket."

because the players fancy the wicket, if it is wet, is unplayable.

VII.

Everyone admits that when you win the toss you ought almost invariably to take first innings. Captains, however, when the wicket is wet, often find it hard to decide. If in doubt, take the innings. Not once in fifty times does it pay to put the other side in. Many captains are at great pains to decide whether the wicket is or is not difficult. That, however, is not the problem, but whether it will be more difficult during the first innings than at any other time, and whether, even then, it will be so much more difficult during the first innings as to make up for all the disadvantages of going in second, of which by far the most considerable is that the ground will soon become cut up and damaged. County captains hate winning the toss when the wicket is sticky. They can never be sure whether it will turn out advantageous to put the other side in. They prefer to lose the toss, and let the other captain have the responsibility of choosing. When in doubt they take the innings.

VIII.

"W. G." advises every batsman to have a knock, "even if it's only three full pitches," before going in. An over or two at the nets loosens your muscles, warms you up, and maybe gets rid of two or three of your worst strokes. A word of caution, however. The wickets at the practice nets are very rarely, even on the best grounds, of the same quality and pace as the match wickets in the middle of the ground. Hence, if you are not on the look-out you may defeat your object by "getting your eye in at the nets"—you get your eye in on a wicket of one pace, and pass off to mistime the ball on a wicket of another pace. For this reason it does not pay to practise more than for a few minutes before going in. Also, if you practise too long you tire yourself, and take the edge off your keenness. We all know the man who makes century on century at the nets but rarely double figures in a match. He is the extreme case. His towering drives before the match astonish the spectators. "Wait till Smasher comes in," they say. But Smasher usually has had his innings *par avance*, and falls a victim to the first good ball he receives.

IX.

A few words about nervousness and over-confidence. There are many degrees of nervousness, varying from paralysis to slight anxiety. Nervousness also affects different

AIMED AT THE ARTIST.
By permission of "The Book of Cricket."

people in different ways; some it renders imbecile, others it seems to stimulate. The commonest effect of it, however, is to make a

player alter his usual game. The hitter plays like Scotton, the careful bat launches out into wild extremes. Some, when nervous, can do nothing but play forward without looking at the ball. It is quite certain that nervousness can be overcome to a certain extent by an effort of will, but the best cure for it is to forget yourself, think only of your side, determine to do your best, and leave the rest to happen. If, on going in, you feel empty inside and "groggy" about the knees, you should straightway take care to concentrate your attention unremittingly on each ball bowled you. Nervous men often lose their wicket by thinking of something else when they ought to be thinking only of the ball.

X.

Over-confidence is the comrade of ignorance. He who knows much about cricket, and has any degree of intelligence, being fully alive to the innumerable mischances that may happen to him, takes every precaution, and never counts his runs till they are on the score-sheet. Humble-mindedness tinged with anxiety makes the most runs at cricket.

XI.

Confidence is the comrade of knowledge. It does not consist in believing you have powers you have not, but in believing you can use such powers as you have.

C. B. Fry.

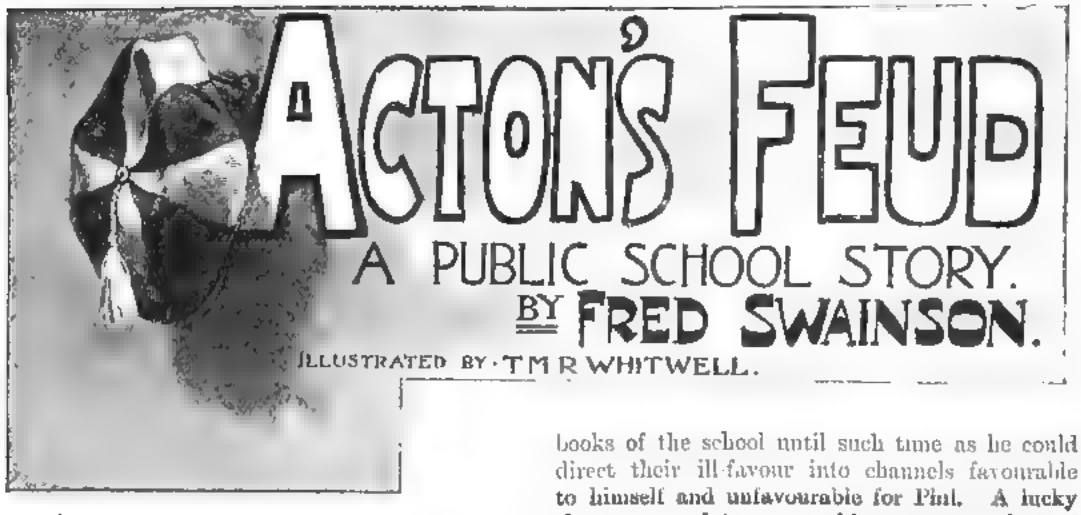
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Secretary.—Yes, runs scored from overthrows count against the bowler in his analysis just as though the runs accrued from a hit pure and simple. For instance, if a batsman hit a ball to the out-field and ran two for it, and if, when the ball was returned, the wicket-keeper missed it and it went to the boundary for four runs, you would put down six in the analysis just as if the batsman had hit the ball clean out of the ground. I do not know of any book really suited to your purpose. I do not think there is one. Perhaps "Cricket for Beginners," by A. C. Maclaren (Rivington's), might be of some use, or the "Cricket" volume in the "All England Series," by Lyttelton. Small-boy cricketers are best reared "by hand." What a good thing that you are able to run your club so well; you deserve very great credit. You have evidently got everything well in hand and are able to kindle enthusiasm. **N. M. S.**—Glad to hear from you again. There is reason in what you say—Rugby certainly deserves as much space as Association. The defect will probably be remedied next year; it is too late now, I fear. Your writing has improved. Your former letter misled me into fancying you were a mere critic; I see now you are a keen sportsman who deserves consideration. Good luck to you, therefore. **Ember.**—Sting, or "devil," in bowling is, I fear, difficult to acquire unless you have something of the sort inherent in your delivery. I know exactly what you mean. Do not, however, be discouraged; it is remarkable what may be done by perseverance. Try to keep the swing of your arm free and elastic, the muscles relaxed, not contracted, the action quick and lively. Do not think much about break; deliver the ball with as much finger-flip as you can; follow through well with your delivery, and run a step or two down the pitch after the ball. The very fact that your mind is intent on making the ball spin will, with perseverance in practice, tend towards the acquirement of "devil." **St. Francis.**—Settle played inside-left, as far as I remember, for Bury and also for England. Some critics say he ought to have played in that position against Scotland this season. **Enquirer.**—Yes; Mr. P. F. Warner's book, "Cricket in Many Climes," is excellent and very instructive if read with intelligence. **E. Kellow.**—You do not give me enough information to enable me to advise you, but you will find some compendious hints on hurdling and other races in the April CAPTAIN.

C. B. F.

NOTICE.—*Enquirers should not send stamped envelopes. Answers can only be given in* THE CAPTAIN.

THE C.I.V.



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VII.)

The tale is related by Carr, captain of St. Amory's School. Acton, a fifth-form boy, and a brilliant full-back, is seen by Bourne (the "footer" captain) and Carr to deliberately trip one of the opposing team. On this account Bourne refuses to give him his colours. Thus the feud begins. As the matter of the "foul" (for the school's credit), is kept quiet by those who witnessed it, the school in general supposes that Acton is denied his "cap" on account of the existence of a private quarrel between himself and Bourne, who promptly becomes exceedingly unpopular. Acton, posing as a martyr, seizes the opportunity to win the goodwill of St. Amory's in every possible way, and as a beginning starts regenerating his house—"Biffen's," hitherto the slackest, both in school and out of it. At the end of the term a crowd of Amorians gave vent to their feelings at the railway station by hooting Phil and cheering Acton to the echo.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE YOUNG BROTHER.

WHEN St. Amory's reassembled after the holidays Acton found himself firmly established in the good graces of the fellows, and, indeed, he was not far from being the most popular fellow in the place; but poor Phil was looked coldly upon by those who had been his chiefest friends, and by those who knew little of him he passed for a jealous bounder. Acton played up to his cards in beautiful style, and acted the forgiving innocent splendidly; but Phil, who was only a very honest fellow, did not play anything to speak of. Those who gave him the cold shoulder once never had a second chance of showing it him, for Phil was no end proud; but he had still one or two friends, who condoned his passing of Acton for the "footer" cap on the ground of "insufficient information" thereon. Roberts and Baines and Vercoe were not a bad trio to have for friends either. Acton was now in the Sixth, and a monitor.

His main idea was to keep Bourne in the bad books of the school until such time as he could direct their ill-favour into channels favourable to himself and unfavourable for Phil. A lucky chance seemed to open to him an easy method of striking at Bourne, and Acton almost hugged himself with joy at his windfall.

About a week after the holidays Acton had been skating on the Marsh, and as he was returning he came across Jack Bourne engaged in a desperate fight with a young yokel. There was a small crowd of loafers, who were delighted at this little turn up, and were loud in their advice to the fellow to give "the young swell a good hiding."

This little crowd, as I said, caught Acton's eye, and when he perceived that one of the fighters was a St. Amory fellow, he hurried up to see what was the little game.

Young Bourne was getting the worst of it. The yokel was a year or two older, was taller, and stones heavier. It was an unequal fight. Bourne was standing up to his man pluckily, and, thanks to the "agricultural" style of the clodhopper, was not taking nearly so much harm as he should have done. He was, however, pretty low down in the mouth, for there was not a friendly eye to encourage him, nor a friendly shout to back him up. On the contrary, the mob howled with delight as their man got "home," and encouraged him: "Gow it, Dick! Knock the stuffin' out of 'im!"

Acton had not been noticed, but he thrust himself into the mob, and said: "Stand back, you little beggars, or I'll massacre the lot of you. Give the boy room, you filthy pigs!" The "pigs" scuttled back, and for the first time Bourne really had fair play.

Acton took out his watch and assumed the direction of the fight.

"Time!" he shouted out. "You fellow, that's your corner, and if you stir out of it before I give the word I'll thrash you within an inch of your

life. This will be ours, Bourne." He strode in between the two, and pushed the yokel among his friends, whilst he dragged Bourne a little apart.

"Thanks awfully, Acton. That beast knocked me off the path into the snow-heap when he saw I was one of the school. I struck him, but he's a big handful."

"Don't talk, Bourne," said Acton, grimly. "It's only wasting breath. Keep cool, man; and you will pull it off yet."

Thanks to Acton's encouragement, young Bourne worked along ever so much better, so that when time was called he had taken no damage practically, but had scored a little on his own account.

"Sit down on my coat. You're doing famously. Whatever you do, don't let him swing you one in the face. You'll be snuffed out if you do. Keep him out at any cost, and try an upper cut after he swings. Waste no time after he's missed."

But although young Bourne scored no end in the next few rounds by following Acton's advice, his good efforts seemed wasted. The lout's face was as hard as a butcher's block. Acton saw that Bourne was visibly tiring, and that it was an almost foregone conclusion that in the end he would be beaten. He could hardly stall off the fellow's attack.

After the seventh round Acton saw that he must put all to the touch, or Bourne would lose. "Listen carefully, young 'un. You're jolly game, and that's a fact, but there's no good hammering on the fool's face—he can't feel. You must try another trick. It's the last in your box, too, Bourne, so make no mistake. St. Amory's for ever! When he swings, duck. Don't try to ward him off—he'll beat you down. Then, for all you're worth, drive home with your left on the jaw. On the jaw for all you're worth. You've seen the sergeant do it dozens of times in the gym. Keep cool, and look when you hit—on the very peak. Understand?"

"Rather!" said Jack, coolly but wearily.

"Time!"

The yokel came on in all the pride of his beefy strength, for he knew that he was going to finish the "swell" this round. He swung. Bourne ducked, and then, quick as lightning, the lad closed in, and, with the last ounce he had in him, drove his left on the jaw. He was true to a hair.

"*Habet!*" shouted Acton. "Don't give him time, Jack. Send him down if you can."

Bourne's "point" had the usual effect; the lout's head swam, he felt sick and sorry, and could not even ward off Jack's blows. He backed, Jack scoring like mad all the time, and when Acton finally called "time!" he dropped on to the ground blubbing. The fellow's eye was visibly swelling, his lips were cut, and his nose bled villainously.

"The pig bleeds" said Acton, cheerfully. "You have him now, Bourne: he's too sick to have an ounce of fight left in him. Time!"

The next round wasn't a round really; it was a procession, with Bourne, as fresh as paint from his success, following up the other blubbing with rage, pain, and sickness. Before Acton called, the fellow dropped to the ground and howled dismally.

"Get your coat, Jack, and then come here. He's done. Stand back you others."

Jack came back.

"Now, you pig, get up and apologise to this gentleman for having knocked him into the snow heap. I suppose your pig's eyes couldn't see he was only half your size." Acton got hold of the fellow by the collar and jerked him to his feet. "Apologise."

The fellow would not understand; he snivelled obstinately, and struggled aimlessly in Acton's grasp.

"Apologise."

"I wown't."

"Good," said Acton, grimly. With his flat hand he gave the fellow a thundering cuff which sent him sprawling. Acton then caught him by the back of his waistcoat and trousers and threw him headlong into the snow heap.

"Come along, Bourne," he said, with a smile. "You have fought a good fight this day, and no mistake. That fellow will have a fit the next and every time he sees the smallest St. Amory's fag's cap."

"I say, Acton, you're an awful brick to back me up like that."

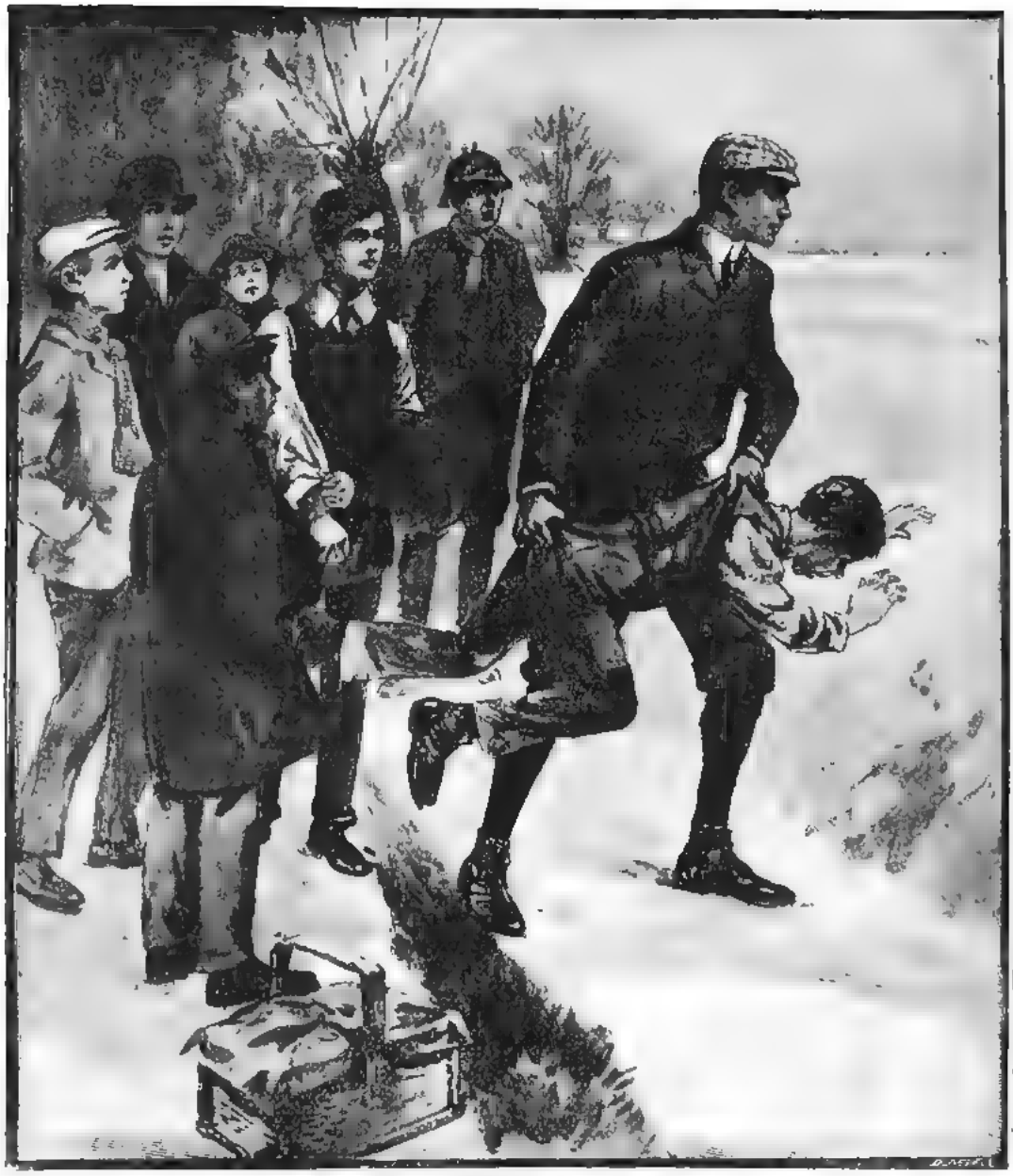
"Don't mention it, Bourne. Come and have some tea with me, and I'll pour oil into your wounds, or at any rate, I'll paint 'em."

So young Bourne had tea with Acton, and his host went out afterwards to Dann's the chemist's and brought back a camel's hair brush and some lotion. Thanks to this, Jack's scars appeared as very honourable wounds indeed.

From that day Jack thought Acton the finest fellow in St. Amory's.

"He did not spread-eagle that fool," he said to himself, "but let me have the glory of pounding the ugly brute into jelly, and made me go in and win when I was ready to give in to the cad. Why did not Phil give him his cap? There's something rotten somewhere."

As for Acton, as I said before, he regarded this little incident as a treasure trove upon which he could draw almost unlimitedly in his campaign against Bourne. "I'll strike at Bourne, senr., through his young brother. I'll train him up in the way he should go, and when our unspeakable



ACTON THREW HIM HEADLONG INTO THE SNOW HEAP.

prig of a Philip sees what a beautiful article young Jack finally emerges, he'll wish he'd left me alone. Jack, my boy, I'm sorry, but I'm going to make you a bad boy, just to give your elder brother something to think about. You're going to become a terrible monster of iniquity, just to shock your reverend brother."

Acton took not the smallest interest in the usual Easter Term games. Footer was only played occasionally, but there was one blessing, the fellows need not play the usual Thursday Old Game. As for cross-country running, paper chases, *et hoc genus omne*, Acton refused to have anything to do with them. "That sort," he said to Dick Worcester, "isn't in the same street with footer."

"Why not try and lift the Public School Heavy at Aldershot?" suggested Worcester.

"There's Hodgson in for it, Dick."

"A good man; but if you would only apply yourself seriously to the business I'd back you. You're a good weight, and got a longer reach than Hodgson."

"There's Bourne, too."

"Personally, I believe Phil is only pacing Hodgson to take him along quicker."

"It's an awful fag, and I believe Eton have got the Heavy safe and sure this year. A cousin of mine there says that their pet, Jarvis, would walk right through the best man we've ever turned out."

"Oh, that's their usual brag!"

"Personally, I don't think so. They have got a young Bermondsey professor—who is up to all the latest dodges—to coach. Our sergeant is a bit old-fashioned—good, but old-fashioned. Does not do enough with his right."

"I'm quite an amateur," said Dick. "Don't understand the finer shades of the art. Should have thought the sergeant good enough."

"*Dubito!* Anyhow, Dick, I'll think it over; and if I think I can make a decent show I'll have a shot. When does it come off?"

"At Aldershot. Oh!—last week in March."

"That gives me nearly two months. One can turn round in two months; and if I'm satisfied as to my coaching I'll certainly try at Aldershot. But what has a fellow to do on the half-holidays now? No footer, and one might do enough practice after tea for the Heavy. I wish Kipling would write a book every week. He is the only fellow in England who can write."

So Acton, on the half-holidays, prepared to read his novels by his fireside. Not that he was particularly fond of toasting himself, but because, for him, it was all he could do.

But Corker came to his rescue. The old man, after having had his back to the wall for an age, consented to monitors being allowed to cycle by themselves, and even to be *chaperon* to any fags who cared to run with them, and—important *proviso*—whom the monitors did not object to. Otherwise the old rule of no cycling *sans* a housemaster was in force.

Acton thereupon invested in a swell machine, and he and young Bourne, or Grim, or Wilson on the hired article, would cover no end of country between dinner and roll call.

By and bye Phil noticed that his brother was getting pretty thick with Acton.

"Rather thick with Acton, Jack? I don't think he'll do you any good."

"He has, anyhow, Phil."

"How?"

Jack explained.

"I'm glad you licked the animal, young 'un; but, all the same, I wish some other fellow had seen you through."

"I don't!" said Jack, hotly.

"I wonder," said Phil, drily, "what is the great attraction which a Sixth Form fellow sees in a fag? Above all, a fag of the name of Bourne?"

"Fact is, I don't see it myself," said Jack, shortly. "Better ask him."

"No, I don't think I shall. All the same, I would not dog Acton's footsteps quite so much."

"He's a monitor."

"Who'll make you useful. Take my word for it."

"We'll see."

"Oh! Certainly we shall."

Jack was thoroughly unhinged by his brother's dry bantering tone, and said hotly: "I cannot understand, Phil, why he didn't get his cap. He deserved it."

"There's no need for you to understand it, young 'un."

"My opinion is——"

"Not worth the breath you're going to waste."

"It's considered a shame pretty generally."

"I've heard so; but, still, that does not alter matters. However, I did not want to talk politics with you, Jack. Don't put your innocent little toes into any scrape—that is all I wanted to tell you. Here is half-a-crown for you to buy butter scotch, and while you're sucking it think over what I've said. What! Little boys given up toffee? Then I'd better say good-night, Jack."

Jack went out pretty sore.

About a week or so after this Acton and young Bourne sped down to the old Lodestone Farm, and as they pedalled in at the gate young Hill, the farmer's son, said to Acton: "The man's been here since twelve, sir."

"That's all right," said Acton. "Has he got the stable ready?"

"He's been putting it to rights the last hour."

"I say, Bourne," said Acton, turning to Jack. "Ever heard of the Alabama Coon?"

"The fellow who won that fight in Holland? The prize-fighter?"

"The very same."

"Rather!"

"Well, I've engaged him to give me a few lessons here. I'm going to try for the Heavy at Aldershot. Like to see the fun?"

"Rather!"

"Then come along."

Together they went into the stable, and therein found "The Coon," a coal black negro, busily shovelling sand upon the floor, smoking an enormous cigar the while.

"Making ready the cockpit," said Acton to Jack, who was staring open-eyed at the worker. "Lusty looking animal, eh?"

"My aunt!" said Jack.

"Hallo, Coon, you're about ready!"

"Yaas, sir," said the negro. "I'm almost through."

"Brought the mittens with you, too?"

"Yaas, sir, I have the feather beds."

"Then when you've peeled we'll start." The Coon put down his spade and slipped behind a stall.

"You see, young 'un, the sergeant at the gym. is a good old hand, but he is an old hand, so to speak—hasn't got the polish. Seeing that at Aldershot they tie us down to a very few rounds, if St. Amory's have to make any show at all they must get all the points they can first round or so. That's why I've got the Coon down here. He is the most scientific boxer on show."

"The figure will be pretty stiff, Acton, eh?"

"No matter about that if I can beat Jarvis. By the way, Bourne, you need not say anything about this to any one. I have particular reasons for keeping this quiet."

"All serene. I'm mum, of course."

"Thanks. You watch the Coon, and you'll pick up no end of wrinkles."

The Coon came out from behind the stall dressed in a vest, trousers, and thin boots; his black arms were bare, and he had exchanged his cigar for a straw, which he chewed vigorously. Acton changed his shoes and took off his coat, and the lesson began.

Acton's opinion of the Coon's knowledge was in Jack's mind absolutely corroborated by the display. His marvellous parrying of Acton's attentions; his short step inwards, which invariably followed a mishit by Acton; his baits to lure his opponent to deliver himself a gift into his hands; his incredible ducking and lightning returns, held Bourne fascinated. Everything was done so easily, so lithely, so lightly, and so surely, that Jack gasped in admiration. Acton in the hands of the nigger was a lamb indeed.

"This is an eye opener," said Jack. "I'll try that left feint on Rogers, the cocky ass!"

The negro stopped now and then to show Acton where and how to avail himself of opportunities; and Acton, who was in grim earnest, applied himself whole-heartedly to the business in hand, and, in consequence, as Jack afterwards told us, "you could almost hear old Acton travelling on the right road."

After about half an hour of instruction Acton said, "That is enough of jawing for the afternoon, Coon. Let us have three rounds to finish up with. Take the time, young 'un."

Jack, with immense pride, took out his watch and prepared to act as timekeeper.

"Better take it easily first two, sir, and put in all you know for the last. A little hurricane in the third round is my advice."

Jack had an ecstatic ten minutes, the final round putting him in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. "All I could make out was Acton's white arms mixed with Alabama's black ones, and the sand flying in all directions. Stunning isn't the word for it!"

As Acton and young Bourne pedalled leisurely home for roll call, Jack said, "I think Jarvis' chance of coliaring the Heavy for his place is a trifle 'rocky.'"

"I hope so."

"Crumbs! How Alabama does get home."

"So he jolly well ought."

Twice a week on half-holidays Acton and Bourne ran over to the farm, to find the Coon waiting for them in the stable, smoking an enormous cigar as usual, and reading sporting papers on the corn chest. Young Hill, the farmer's son, generally put in an appearance when the boxing was about over, and to Jack's utter disgust, plainly showed that he would rather that Jack was anywhere else than with Acton when the gloves had been laid aside. He seemed to have some business with Acton concerning which he evidently did not want Jack to hear a single syllable.

Jack did not quite see at first that he was one too many after the boxing was over and that Hill, at any rate, did not mean there should be a fourth to the deliberations of himself, Acton, and the Coon. Jack, however, soon tumbled that he was *de trop*, and the minute young Hill came in Jack would stalk solemnly and formally out of the stable and kick up his heels in the farmyard until such time as Acton should be ready for the run to school.

Jack certainly did not like this cavalier treatment, but found it rather a bore pottering about the yard, "looking at the beastly ducks"; but Acton was so profusely apologetic when he did come out that Jack generally smoothed his ruffled plumes and pedalled home at peace with himself and all the world.

"The fact is, Jack," said Acton, "young Hill has arranged for me to have the stable for our practice, for old Hill himself was rather against it, and as he has a prejudice against St. Amory fellows generally, but especially when they're of the Junior School—some of your tribe scuttled his punt for him on the moat, didn't you?—I thought you would not mind humouring the man's amiabilities. The Coon and he talk rot—sporting rot—and it would only bore you to listen to it."

Jack said, "It does not matter in the least. I'd as soon look at the ducks as listen to Hill. It's a bit *infra dig.* though that *he* should object."

"WHY, THERE AIN'T A BETTER, QUICKER, NEATER DAWG IN ALL LONDON AFTER THE RATS THAN WARMINT!"

As a matter of fact young Hill received letters for Acton which dealt with many things, the burden of most of them being "betting" and the other sweet things of the sporting shop. Acton was, as you will have seen, not the very green innocent who would come to much harm in this lovely form of diversion.

About a fortnight after the visits to the Lodestone had commenced, the Coon brought down with him a long-legged, thin-faced, horsey-looking individual, who introduced himself to Bourne as Raffles of Rotherhithe, and who laid himself out to be excessively friendly to Jack. He took, evidently, quite a professional interest in the sparring, and told Acton that "his left was quite a colourable imitation of the Coon's."

"Not colourable, anyhow," said Acton, with a wink at Jack.

"What do you think, sir, of Alabama's 'blind hook'?"

Jack, who had not the remotest idea what a "blind hook" was, said it "was simply stunning."

"Exactly my idea, sir. I see you know above a bit about the noble art."

Raffles, as he would have said in his own special slang, worked the "friendly lay" so well upon Jack, that that young gentleman was captured to the last gun; you can do an awful lot of execution by deferring to the opinion of a young man of sixteen, or thereabouts, as to the merit of relying exclusively on the left.

When the sparring was over Raffles shuffled out with Jack into the yard and whistled. A little yellow, ear-torn dog bustled out of some shed and trotted demurely by Mr. Raffles' right boot.

"See that dog, Mr. Bourne?"

"By the way, Raffles, how did you know my name was Bourne?" asked Jack.

"Mr. Acting mentioned that it was so. No offence, I hope, sir?"

"Oh, no!" said Jack.

"Mr. Acting mentioned to me as how Warmint might amuse you."

"Warmint! What the deuce is that?"

"Why, the dawg."

"Well, it's a pretty ugly brute anyhow, Raffles."

"It is so; it's the colour, yellow is a mean colour. But he's a terror to go."

"Where?" said Jack, uncivilly; for the man's manner, a mixture of familiarity and servility, had begun to pall on Jack's taste.

"Why, there ain't a better, quicker, neater dawg in all London after the rats than Warmint. He holds the record south the Thames."

"Is there a record then for rat killing? How is it done?"

"Turn a sack o' long tails on to the floor and let the dawg among them. He works against time, of course."

"Have the rats any chance of getting away?"

"No fear."

"Ugh!" said Jack, looking at the mongrel with intense disgust.

"'Is time for twenty—but I say, Mr. Bourne, if you like I'll bring a bag o' rats down and you can see for yourself. While the other gentleman, Mr. Acting, is with the Coon, we can bring it off in the barn."

"Man alive, no!" said Jack, with another spasm of disgust; "but if you've any other plans, Raffles, of killing an hour or so whilst Hill makes speeches,

trot 'em out. I'm sick of pottering round his yard like an idiot. Are you coming with the Coon again?"

"Pretty well every time. What do you say to a little game of billiards?"

"Where?" said Jack.

"Nice little 'ouse near 'ere, I know."

"No fear! That's clean against the rules. Besides, who wants to knock balls about with a sticky cue on a torn billiard cloth, where the whole place reeks of beer and stale tobacco? No thanks!"

"Young gents used not to set so much store by rules when I was a lad."

"We've changed since then, Raffles," said Jack, drily.

"A little shooting?"

"What?"

"Sparrers?" suggested Raffles, off-hand.

"Rot!"

"Bunnies?"

"That's better, Raffles. If you can get me half an hour with Hill's rabbits I'd risk that. Of course, there'd be a row if it was known. Acton won't inquire, I fancy, who's shooting?"

"Mr. Acton won't, Mr. Bourne, he's a gentleman."

"He's a monitor, though, Raffles, which is a different sort of animal."

Raffles of Rotherhithe did not appear to think that Acton's being a monitor was a clinching argument barring young Bourne's sport. Perhaps he had private reasons for his opinions Anyhow, he glibly promised to have a breech-loader and a ferret for young Bourne on the morrow.

"And old Hill? They're his rabbits, you know."

"That will be all right. Take Dan Raffles' word for it."

"Now look here, Raffles; I'll give you sixpence for every rabbit I shoot, and I'll pay you for the cartridges. You'll keep all the rabbits, but you will lend me the gun."

"Very good, sir," said Raffles, smartly.

"And, Raffles," said Jack, eyeing over that individual with a curious mixture of amusement and dislike, "you needn't be too beastly friendly and chummy. I'm going to pay you for what you do, and don't fancy I'm going an inch further than I feel inclined. I'm paying the piper, and I'm going to choose all the tunes."

"Orl right," said Raffles, considerably taken aback by the ultimatum. "I'll not be friendlier than I can 'elp."

"Don't," said Jack.

CHAPTER IX.

TODD PAYS THE BILL.

ANOTHER youth had come back to St. Amory's with resolutions as fixed and steady, though more legitimate than Acton's. Augustus Vernon Robert Todd returned to school with pockets more scantily lined than ever from the parental source, with his mind constantly fixed on the conversation which he had had with his house-master on that awful concluding day last term, and his chin still thrust out valiantly. Gus's square chin meant an undeviating attention to serious study, and Gus, armed *cap-à-pie*, against all his old friends.

For Todd had taken his precautions. His watch—a gold one, "jewelled in numberless holes," as its owner pathetically remarked—had been left with the family jeweller for three bright golden sovereigns, an eight-and-six brass turnip, which went jolly well, although its tick was a trifle vigorous under Gus's pillow, and an agreement. This document, drawn up by himself, Gus regarded as a very masterpiece of business-like acumen. Gus could have his gold watch back again within the year by paying three sovereigns, and buying the brass turnip for half a sovereign, the profit accruing on this latter transaction being, as Gus explained proudly, the jeweller's percentage on the loan. The family jeweller had informed Gus casually that he couldn't keep a wife and growing family on such percentages, but to oblige, etc.

Todd received Mr. James Cotton blandly and politely, and Jim, in his heavy way, mistook this airiness for non-paying symptoms on Gus's part.

"Had a good time, old cock, during the holidays?"

"Beastly," said Gus.

"Guvernor rusty?"

"No end. Been making the will again, and leaving me out."

"Perry *fiasco*, eh?"

"Yes, and other things."

"Well, I hope you can pay up all you owe me, old chap."

"Oh, yes!" said Gus. "I said I would keep my word, although you were so good as to have your doubts."

"All right, glad you can manage it."

"Here you are," said Gus, thrusting his hand into his pocket and bringing up his coins. "Three three for that rotten bet, and the other fifteen bob I owed you. It's all there."

Cotton opened his eyes.

"You said the governor was rusty, Gus?"

"So he was, beastly, but I can pay you all the same."

"Well," said Cotton, after a little awkward pause, "I don't want to clean you out quite, so pay half now and the rest next term. Would that suit you better, Gus?"

"Thanks, I don't mind," said Gus, airily. "Here's half, then."

Cotton left his friend's room considerably puzzled, but when he came next night with his books for his old jackal's attentions as before, he was more than puzzled, for Gus said: "Can give you half an hour, Jim."

"We won't be able to screw up enough for Merishall in that time, old man."

"Then you'll have to do the rest yourself, Jim. I'm not going to piffle about any more."

"Oh, don't be an ass, Gus! I've heard that footle before," said Cotton, with his heavy selfishness.

"Not quite, old cock, for this time I mean what I say."

"Oh, no, you don't!"

"Oh, yes, I do!"

"You wouldn't leave a fellow in the lurch like this after all I——"

"I was left in the lurch last term, Jim, my boy, and I'd rather you had a taste of it this go. Do you remember when old Corker was savaging me before all the school?"

The ghost of a smile flitted over Cotton's lips as he said: "Rather!"

"The entire school, from the meanest fag up to Carr, was laughing at me, and, by Jove! Jim, your laugh was the loudest and longest."

"It was your tips I was thinking of, and Corker's frothing through your list of names." said Cotton apologetically.

"All right," said Todd, acidly. "If you had left me alone I wouldn't have wanted those tips, and as for my names I did not christen myself. If you want half an hour to shake out your work roughly I'll do it, but I can't do more, Jim, honour bright."

"I don't want *that*!" said Cotton angrily, gathering up his books.

"Am deucedly glad you don't. And here, Jim, is the other half of the money. Since I'm not obliging you in any way, why should you me?"

"You're logical, Todd, at any rate," said Jim, with half a sneer.

"Didn't know you could spot logic when you heard it, Cotton," said Gus, with an equal amount of acid, and yet good-naturedly too.

"I suppose I clean you out?"

"You do. I've got a shilling to look at when you've taken up that heap."

"Is that your last word?"

"It is, but there's no need to quarrel—we're as we were before I began to take your hire, Jim."

"Not quite," said Cotton, who was hit by Gus's decision. "I'll leave you to your odd shilling and your forsaken tips." He stumped off to his own room, and called Todd pet names till bedtime. What made Cotton so angry was that, deep down in his own mind, he knew that Gus was about to do a sensible and a manly thing, and just because he himself was going to suffer by it he had not moral courage enough to speak out openly his better mind.

But Gus, smiling at Cotton's bad temper, took out his books, drew up a scheme for study, bolted his door, and commenced to work. He slacked off when the bell went half an hour before lights out, and spent the time left him in boring a hole in his solitary shilling. He then slipped it on his watch-guard, prepared boldly to face a term of ten weeks without a stiver.

CHAPTER X.

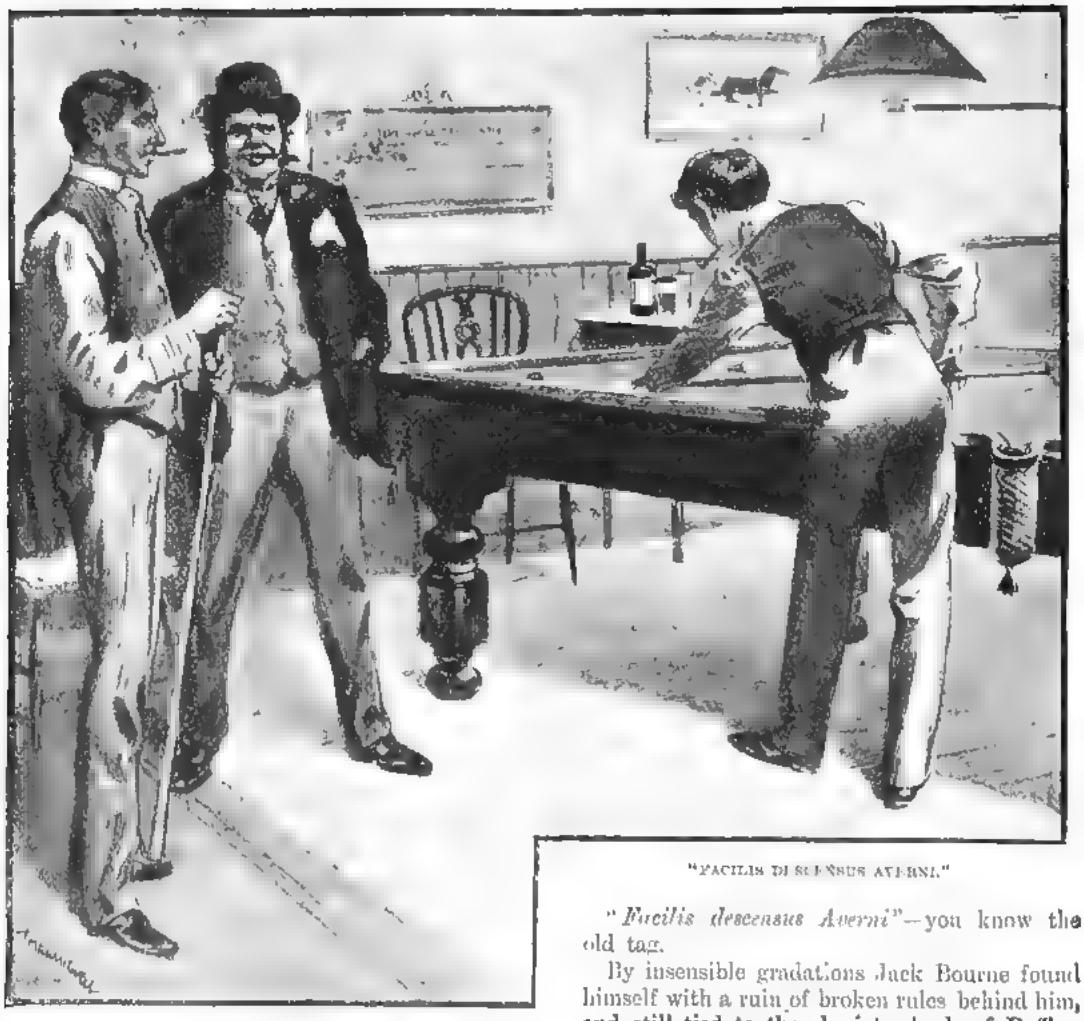
"EASY IS THE DOWNWARD ROAD."

AIDED by Raffles of Rotherhithe young Bourne went royally through half the rules of the school. He called the tune to that extent. In the first place, one may believe that when he called in the aid of that horsey gentleman he had no further idea in his head than that of passing away those dull half hours which Hill inflicted upon him.

But, like many a wiser man, young Bourne found it was easier to conjure up a spirit than to lay one, and having once accepted the aid of Raffles, he found it beyond his power to dispense with it, despite his brave word. So, unheedful of his brother's advice, he not merely put his innocent feet into the stream of forbidden pleasures, but waded in whole-heartedly up to the chin.

Raffles, as promised, turned up on the next occasion provided with a ferret and a gun, and all difficulties were smoothed over with the farmer. Thus Jack Bourne took his post as the noble British sportsman just behind the Lodestone Moat, whilst Raffles with his ferret worked the bank, which was honey-combed with rabbit holes. As the rabbits scurried out before the ferret, Jack blazed away noisily, and occasionally he had the pleasure of seeing a rabbit turning a somersault as it made its last bound. Certainly, Jack was not a dead shot, but when he contemplated the slain lying stark on the flanks of the bank, he felt the throaty joy of the slaughtering British schoolboy. He counted out to his worthy henchman four sixpences for the four slain with all the pride of the elephant hunter paying his beaters yards of brass wire and calico. Raffles was properly grateful, of course.

Then, as their acquaintance progressed, there were little competitions between Jack and Raffles at artificial pigeon shooting, Raffles having fixed up the apparatus, and Jack, from the 25yds. mark occasionally winged his clay pigeon. It was very good sport in Jack's opinion. Further, that little "'ouse" which Raffles knew of also soon made the acquaintance of Jack, and he and Raffles on rainy



"FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI."

afternoons snatched the fearful joys of hasty "hundreds up" or "fifties up," just as time allowed. Jack did not find the cue quite so sticky nor the charms of stale tobacco quite so unlovely as he had expected. The landlord who marked for the two worthies told our young gentleman that he had "a pretty 'and for the long jenny," and Jack felt he could not do less than order a little of his favourite beverage in return for his good opinion. And thus as ever. Under the expert tuition of Raffles, Jack became a little more of a "man" every day, and a little less of a decent fellow. He smoked, he could call for a "small port" in quite an off-hand fashion, he had played "shell out" with loafers at the little "'ouse," and he began to know a little more of betting, "gee-gees," and other kindred matters, than an average young fellow should know.

"*Facilis descensus Averni*"—you know the old tag.

By insensible gradations Jack Bourne found himself with a ruin of broken rules behind him, and still tied to the chariot wheels of Raffles, who dragged him wherever he would. Jack's pockets, too, began to feel the drain, but luckily—or unluckily, if you look at it properly—he was rather flush this term, and as he had more than the usual allowance he was not so used up as he might have been.

One thing bothered Jack, though he did not exactly put the idea that worried him into words. There was not much fun *really* in this shooting, billiards, etc., since Jack broke all the rules alone. Now if Poulett, or Wilson, or Rogers, or Grim had been with him that would have been jolly. Besides that, since he could give his old chums so precious little of his time, and had perforce to head them off when they offered to bear him company on half-holidays, they called him many choice names.

"I hear they sample all the public-houses between here and Westcote," said Rogers. "Look what a dissipated eye Mr. Bourne's got."

"Yours will soon be groggy, Rogers, my pet, though you are cock of your beastly water lilies." After Sharpe's memorable poem Biffen's house were always "water lilies" to the rest of St. Amory's.

"Ah?" said Poulett, "Jack carries Acton's notes to some yellow-haired dolly down at Westcote. She gives him milk whilst he's waiting for the answer."

"Go and poach eggs, Poulett."

"Don't do anything too mean, dear Jack, so that you'll make us blush for you."

"Keep Acton out of mischief, Jack, remember he's only a poor forsaken monitor. Show him the ropes."

"Good-bye, you chaps," said Jack, hopping on his bike, "here's Acton coming." The two would then pedal the well-known road to the Lodestone, and the elevating company of the Coon and Raffles.

"Don't let Raffles bore you, young 'un," said Acton to Bourne one day as the owner of Warmint hove in sight. "Make him useful, but keep out of mischief."

Jack, had he thought about the matter, might have reasonably asked Acton how he could make Raffles useful and yet keep out of mischief, but the Coon appearing at the stable door in all the glory of a fur-lined coat, with a foot of fur round the collar and half-a-foot round the sleeves, and a bigger cigar than ever in his mouth, drove Jack's thoughts in another direction.

Acton had really made marvellous progress under the Coon's coaching, and as Jack watched the usual concluding three rounds, he was puzzled in his own mind as to who could hold a candle up to his friend. This particular afternoon was to be the final appearance of the Coon, who was going to figure shortly as principal in some contest at Covent Garden, and Jack determined to miss no opportunity of catching the last wrinkles of the great professor's skill. Therefore, instead of sallying out as usual halfway through the performance in the stable he sat on the corn chest until Hill came in.

"Good-bye, Coon! Hope you come off all right in your turn-up."

"Good-bye, sir! Hope I'll train you when you start for the Heavy."

"I'll give you the chance if I do. Come along, Raffles."

When they were outside Jack said, "By the way, Raffles, this will be your last appearance down here too, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Raffles, "unless you make it worth my while to come down entirely on your account."

"H'm, no," said Jack. "I'm deucedly short now, and when I've paid for the last fifty cartridges, and the last rabbits, I'll be still shorter."

"Let it stand over, sir."

"No," said Jack. "I've had the fun, and I'll pay, of course. Let's have a last dozen pigeons at the 25yds. rise."

Secretly, Jack was rather glad that Raffles' *rôle* of entertainer was finished; for his stolen pleasures had lost a considerable part of their original sweetness, and their cost *was* heavy. It would be quite a change, too, to get back to Grim and the others, and be the ordinary common or garden sort of fellow again.

Raffles went and wound up the throwing apparatus, and set the clay pigeon on the rest. Jack took his breech-loader, raised it to the shoulder, and said, "Ready!" Raffles pulled the string, the dummy bird rocketed up, and Jack pressed the trigger.

For one second afterwards Jack did not rightly know what had happened. There was a blinding flash before his eyes, a-something tore off his hat, and something stung his cheeks like spirts of scalding water. His left hand felt numb and dead. This all happened in the fraction of a moment.

Jack looked at the gun in stupid wonder. The breech was clean blown out! With a groan of horror, he dropped the gun. He realised that he had escaped death by a miracle. He put up his right hand to his face, which felt on fire, and stared blankly at Raffles.

That worthy was scared out of his wits; but when he saw Jack was more or less alive, he managed to jerk out:—

"That was a squeak, young shaver. Hurt any?"

"Don't know," said Jack, blankly.

Raffles anxiously examined him, and it was with no end of relief he said: "Clean bill, sir—bar those flecks of powder on your cheek. Considering—well you're—we're—lucky."

"Rather," said Jack, dizzily. "That's my hat, isn't it?"

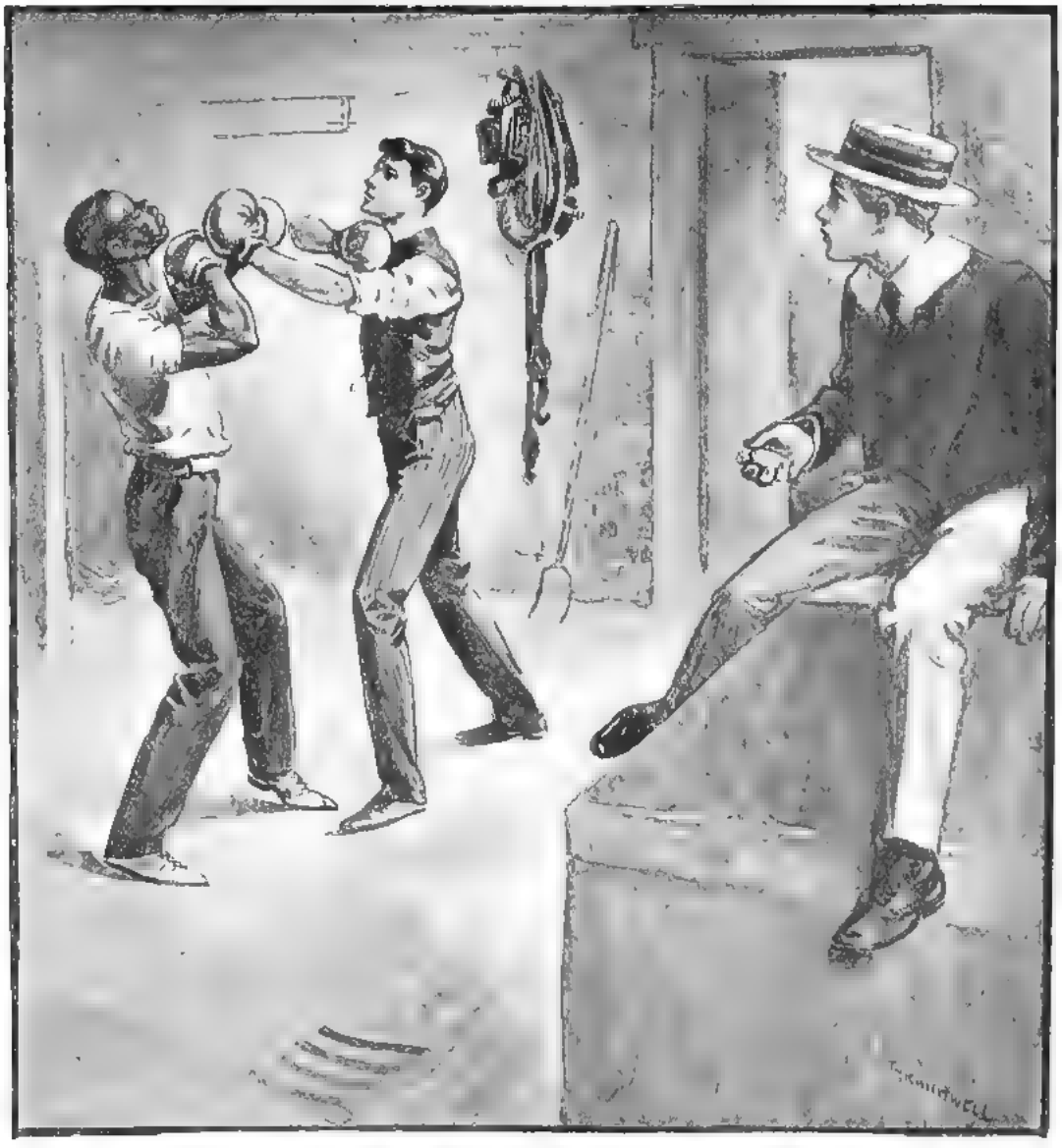
Yards away was Jack's "straw," and Raffles brought it. His face was white—white above a bit. There was a clean cut through the brim, and a neat, straightforward tear-out of an inch or so of the front just above the crest.

"Well," said Raffles, looking narrowly at that business-like damage to the hat. "All I can say is you're lucky."

"Lucky! Yes," said Jack. "I suppose I'd better go. Let's have the thing. An inch lower down, and I'd have had that piece of barrel in my head—or through it. It wants thinking over."

"I suppose, sir, you're going to——"

"Oh, the cash you mean! Eh?"



ACTON HAD REALLY MADE MARVELLOUS PROGRESS UNDER THE COON'S COACHING.

"Yes, that was my meaning."

"Your cash will be all right, man. Come down for it on Friday—can't you?"

"How if I can't, young shaver?" said Raffles, of Rotherhithe.

"Then do without it! Anyhow, I'm going now—I'm too sick."

"All right," said Raffles, sulkily. "On Thursday."

Jack, without another word, stumbled across the fields into the farmyard, and luckily found Acton ready for home. He shakily dropped into his saddle; and, with a mind pretty busy, he tailed wearily after Acton to St. Amory's.

After tea that day Acton went down to the farm *solus*, not having, as you will presently see, any need of Jack's company, even if Bourne had felt any desire to accompany him, which he didn't.

The monitor tinkled his bell, and in answer to the ringing Raffles lounged out of a barn, the inseparable Warmint trotting at his master's heels.

"Suppose we'd better go into the stable, Raffles."

Google

The odour of the Coon's afternoon cigar still hung about the place, and the stable was half dark, but as Acton had an idea that his conversation with Raffles would not be a short one, and the night was rather cold, they went in.

"Fire away, Raffles. Start at the beginning."

"Very good, sir," said Raffles, seating himself on the corn chest. "Agreeable to instructions received from Mr. Acting — "

"Acton," suggested that gentleman.

"Acting — I said so, didn't I? Very well! Agreeable to instructions received from you, sir, I prepared——"

"Don't be so beastly legal, you ass!"

'Let a cove tell 'is tale 'is own way, sir. We'll get on better like that. As I was going to say, following your tip, I prepared to show that young shaver, Bourne, a few things which as you told me he ought not to know of, and to do a few things which you told me he ought not to do — in fact, to put him on the way of breakin' every blessed rule that that beak of your school 'as drawn up for the guidance of the youth and the beauties under 'is and. What's the name of the beak, sir?'

"Oh, Moore!" said Acton impatiently.

"The young shaver spoke of 'im different."

THERE WAS A BLINDING FLASH BEFORE HIS EYES.

"Corker, perhaps," said Acton.

"That's it," continued Raffles. "Well, Corker 'asn't got a thoroughbred greenhorn in Bourne, Mr Acting."

"No. Young Bourne's head is on his shoulders, more or less. Get on."

"Well, we opened the ball with a little bunny shootin', for he couldn't stand Warmint's workin' among the rats. He shoots moderate straight, so I doctored his cartridges, or he'd have cleared out the bank. Not more than two in the half-dozen, sir. And then he couldn't understand it. What might Corker say to the bunnies, sir?"

"Oh, a thrashing, perhaps, and a stringing up for the rest of the term."

"We went to the 'Blue Cow' on wet days. Billiards, beer, and 'baccy, Mr. Acting, was the true bill there. What's the law on those fancy articles?"

"A thrashing for first course, and *etceteras* which you wouldn't understand."

"Well, he's earned 'em. We couldn't do any betting on the horses, since the Lincolnshire Handicap is not in sight yet, but he fluttered a little on the Sporting Club matches; and he was lucky — more than ordinary."

"You didn't wing him there, then?"

"Nothing to speak of. He may have dropped half a sov. altogether, but I doubt it."

"Then Raffles, you're a fool. Do you think I brought you down here to be moral instructor to young Bourne, you grey old badger? Couldn't you bag an innocent of sixteen or so? Besides, what the deuce do you mean by tipping me the wink as Bourne and I used to get on our 'bikes'? You always did it and I thought you were winding up the youngster hand over hand."

"Them winks," said Raffles, diplomatically, "was meant to show that I was moving, moving slow but sure. You've observed, Mr. Acting, yourself, as 'ow the young shaver had a head on 'is shoulders."

"Yes, but I didn't bargain for your's being off your shoulders."

"Well, what with bunnies, cartridges, and the 'Blue Cow,' and the other extras, he is about cleaned out now."

"Cleaned out!" said Acton, with intense irritation. "That's not what I wanted. I told you distinctly that I must have him five pounds deep at the least. How can I engineer my schemes if my sharpers can't cut? You'll look blue,

Raffles, when I settle your account, take my word for it."

"Not quite so quick off the mark, Mr. Acting. What do you value this piece of ironmongery at?"

Raffles fished up the gun which had burst in Jack's hands that afternoon from behind the corn chest and held it up to the light.

"A burst gun!" said Acton. "It's worth throwing away, no more."

"It was worth this morning, say fifteen bob, before Bourne blew its ribs out."

"Jove!" said Acton, "let me handle the thing." He looked at the torn breech and whistled with involuntary horror. "Much of a squeak, Raffles?"

"Touch and go, sir. He'll never be nearer pegging out than he was this afternoon; for he scraped the gates of his family buryin' place, in a manner of speakin.' It went clean through his hat—rim and crown."

"Did he know his luck?"

"Nobody better."

"He looked more than average queer as we trotted home. I thought he was digesting your little bill, Raffles."

"No; he only owes me a matter of shillin's. But I could say that I ticketed the gun at £5 or £6, when the old shooter wasn't worth——"

"Fifteen bob," said Acton, looking at the worn barrel.

"See where I have—where you have—the youngster tied neatly up? He owes me—or you—seven, eight, nine pounds, or any fancy figure I—or you—like to mention for that old piece of iron there."

"Raffles, we're in luck! Luck, it's served me better than all your downy work."

"It has," said that bright specimen of humanity, regretfully. "I can't pretend that I'd any hand in the blowing out of them blessed barrels."

"All right, Raffles; don't weep. You'd have done it, of course, if you'd thought about it," said Acton, with a curious sneer; "but this is my plan—as far as you're concerned. When young Bourne comes, you're to ask for £7 10s. And you're to be an adamantine Jew—you're to have the money instanter, or there'll be a rumpus."

"I twig. Make it seven guineas, though," said Raffles, generously.

"Seven guineas! So be it. You can suggest that unless you get the cash you would see Moore."

"Corker, D.D.? I'm on."

"Or Bourne, senior."

"The shaver's brother. I'm tumbling to the dodge."

"Bourne will curl up at this."

"Naturally."

"But you're still the blood-thirsty Jew."

"Moses, and Aaron, and the rest."

"You'll suggest at last that I be tackled for a loan."

"And you'll lend it him!" said Raffles, with an unspeakable leer.

"The business wants careful handling, remember. Young Bourne will think twice about borrowing, and, perhaps, if he could keep me out of it, would stand your racket, or Corker's either. So drive him lightly."

"You'll see him on the borrowing tack to-morrow, Mr. Acting."

"And the rest is my business."

"Where do I come in?"

"You can cleave to the seven guineas—if you earn 'em."

"Seven pounds ten, Mr. Acton."

"Seven pound seven, Mr. Raffles. Your own proposal."

"Orl right," said Raffles, resignedly. "I think I know them ropes."

"Good!" said Acton. "Then you can scuttle now to Rotherhithe, or where the deuce else you like. I'm off."

Acton wheeled out his bicycle and melted into the gathering dark, and his jackal lurched off to the station and reached Rotherhithe to dream of his seven guineas which he was going to get. Raffles felt sure of those seven guineas.

(To be continued.)

The Horse of the XXth Century

THE LARGEST MOTOR CAR RUNNING.
This is the first of the motor-omnibuses that are now running on the London streets.

By BASSETT HASTINGS.

So far as the calendar is concerned, the lapse of time between November, 1896, and the present month will hardly strike one as being anything phenomenal. In the world of motordom, however, a year or two is a long time. Although it is little more than three years since the motor-car made its first public appearance in "merrie England," it must not be imagined that motordom has been content to stand still in the interim.

It is the peculiar function of motor-cars and motor-cycles to make rings round all existing and antiquated methods of locomotion; and motor men, like their own machines, are not given to letting the grass grow under their feet. No doubt I shall here be met with the very pertinent remark that motor-cars do not possess feet. My reply shall be equally pertinent. If motor-cars have no feet, why do some of them wear shoes? But of that more anon.

THIS CELEBRATED FRENCH "FLIER" HAS OFTEN RUN AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

To return to our motors. It was on Lord Mayor's Day, 1896 that the first motor-car defied the traditions of Gog and Magog by ambling gently round the city precincts and proving to an extremely appreciative audience that "another Richmond" had indeed entered the field against horsed vehicular traffic.

Then followed "Emancipation Day," when

A PLEASANT DAY'S OUTING.
Run of the Motor Car Club to Birmingham and back.

the now historic motor race to Brighton was made the outward and visible sign of the first day's operation of the "Locomotives on Highways Act, 1896." By this Act, light locomotives (or motor-cars) of less than three tons weight were, for the first time in British history, allowed to run at their own sweet will. No longer were they to meekly follow, traction engine wise, a man with a red rag—an individual who was occasionally capable of an extreme speed of four miles an hour, but generally speaking was not. Henceforth motors were emancipated.

Since that historic event nothing has been more characteristic of the go-ahead spirit of the horseless vehicle than the rate at which it has increased and multiplied in all directions. Happily, too—although, owing to our old-fashioned prejudices, there was absolutely no scope for a motor industry in England previous to 1896, and the majority of the early cars were consequently of foreign manufacture—we Britishers have now every reason to be hopeful of the present state of motordom. The British engineer is fast rising to the occasion, and to-day some of the finest motor-cars, carriers, and cycles in the world are to be seen at those famous centres of the British cycle industry—Coventry and Holborn Viaduct.

In precisely the same way that a locomotive engineer builds his engines, according to the work for which they will eventually be destined—from the heavy but powerful "goods" engine and the noble "fliers" that are to haul his expresses, down to the tiny shunting "terrier," whose chief utility lies in its very diminutiveness—so, too, the motor engineer adapts his designs to the requirements of his patrons. He is, indeed, a man of many parts. He has some ideas, too, as witness the remarkable divergence of patterns shown by the photographs which adorn this article.

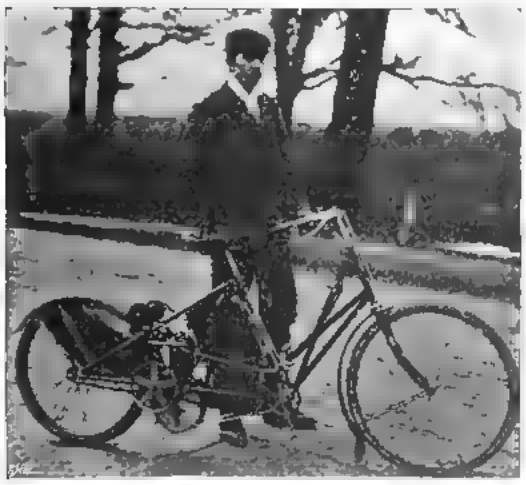
Of these, perhaps the most remarkable in appearance is that of the motor-van, belonging to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, the world-famous Strand booksellers and newsagents.

This unique-looking van hails from Cowes, Isle of Wight. So, too, does its engineer, Mr. Dunday, who is high in praise of the mechanism he tends with such evident care. Painted a bright red, it is from the rear not unlike an ordinary mail van; but as soon as one walks round to admire the horses the semblance vanishes.

In place of the effete equine there is snugly stowed away, in a manner that, to quote Lord Dundreary, "No fellah can understand," a powerful little steam motor of twenty-three indicated horse-power. This is sufficient to propel considerably upwards of four tons of van and books at an easy twelve miles an hour in the open country. Needless to say, when in London, the exigencies of the traffic generally reduce this pace to the "statutory eight."

BADGE OF MOTOR-CAR CLUB.

Once clear of the bricks and mortar, however, she is "given her head," and —well, it would require a bold man in blue to rein his horse across the road in front of four tons of literature and motor at twelve miles an hour. So far, however, the only serious obstacle the leviathan has encountered



THE SMALLEST MOTOR MADE.

A cycle which is warranted to give no "hangers on" a bad time. It will take you along at twenty five miles an hour with ease.

was a cab. They met on Ludgate Hill, and their first and only round resulted in an easy win for the motor.

The work that the motor gets through is only equalled by the inexpensiveness of its "keep." In London alone it is the means of supplying all the railway termini with the majority of their literary wares, whilst the monotony of the London streets is not infrequently changed for the breezy lanes of Middlesex, and even those of Hertfordshire—a recent run to the county town of the latter being easily accomplished in slightly above two hours, over a course of fully twenty-five miles.

Working at the phenomenal pressure of 225lbs. of steam to the square inch, the machine will readily mount gradients of 1 in 5, the average expenditure of petroleum for fuel being about two gallons per hour. As petroleum, when bought in bulk, can be procured for something like 4½d. per gallon, it will be seen that a total expenditure of 1s. is sufficient to transport between two and three tons of books and newspapers a distance of from eight to twelve miles.

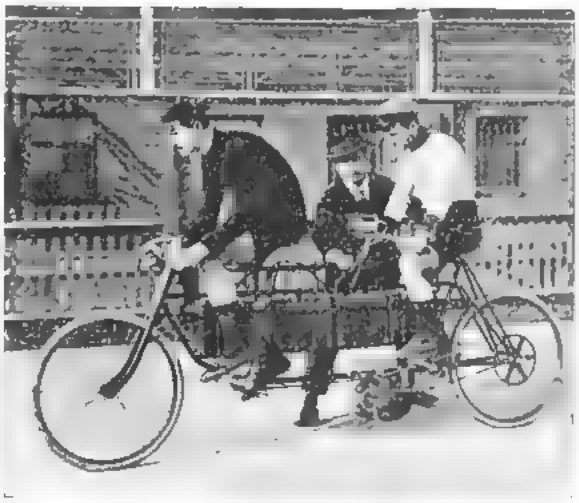
The first cost of a motor of this description is about £550, and its hauling capacity is about equal to that of three horses for short distances. Over longer distances, however, it possesses, in common with most other motors, a quality of which neither man nor beast, cyclist nor cart-horse, has yet learnt the secret. Do what one will to it, *the motor will not get tired;* and whether its journey is to be five miles or fifty, the driver is safe alike from the reproaches of his own conscience and the vigilance of the S.P.C.A.

Of the other motors illustrated, the tandem motor pacing machine, despite its diminutive motor, has nevertheless been invaluable to the record breakers. With a possible speed of forty miles an hour, it can easily give them the highest pace they are likely to call for, and still have a little bit in hand.

Another form of pacing machine, which can be ridden either upon the road or track, is the petrol motor tricycle. It is very speedy. Mounted upon one of these remarkable machines, Mr. C. Jarrott, of the Motor-Car Club, covered five miles in the phenomenal time of 8mins. 22secs., whilst racing against Mr. C. G. Wridgway at the Crystal Palace track, on the occasion of the M.C.C. meet on May 6th last.

When it is remembered that this speed, which is equivalent to a shade under thirty-six miles an hour, was attained upon a three-lap track—the corners of which are extremely difficult to negotiate upon a tricycle—and not upon a straightforward course, the merit of the performance, both of rider and machine, will appeal to everyone who has "triked" round a sloping bank at full speed.

The motor omnibus, although naturally not so speedy as the lighter forms of motors, will nevertheless be more than a match for the present horse omnibus. Not only is it capable of a speed of twelve miles an hour, but it can be readily started and stopped within the space of a few feet. Its original cost is about £700,



A MOTOR PACER.

Electric tandem motor pacing machine at the Catford cycle track, which has assisted many a record-breaker.

and, running expenses being extremely light, it should speedily repay the enterprising company which has recently placed it upon the London streets.

The De Dion motor safety bicycle, not the least advantage of which lies in its suitability for either a lady or gentleman rider, costs about £50. It has run from Coventry to Southampton (186 miles) in a day, and from the former town to London (ninety miles) well under seven hours. The "Victoria," too, travels well when one considers its weight and the number of its passengers. With its speed of sixteen miles an hour it could easily make rings round the fastest dog cart. Its cost is about £350.

THE VICTORIA OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
This is how we shall pay our afternoon calls very shortly.

In the matter of motor tyres, rubber is the substance most frequently employed; the cycles and many of the pleasure motors being shod pneumatically, whilst others are content with the ordinary "cushion" type of tyre.

One of the most ingenious forms of tyre for heavy traffic is that fitted to the wheels of

FREDERIC W. BAILY.
Hon. Sec. of the Motor-Car Club.

Messrs. Smith's van. These have their thick rubber cushions covered with a number of movable three-sided iron plates (technically known as "shoes"), which are clinched upon the rim in such a manner that whilst their outer sides protect the rubber tyres from the wear and tear of direct contact with the road, their inner sides, by impinging upon the rubber cushion, reduce to a minimum the vibration which is always produced by the employment of solid iron tyres upon uneven roads.

In the matter of speed, we have still a great deal to learn from France, where every encouragement is given to the motor industry. Not only is the French mechanic more scientific than his British competitor, and therefore fully capable of taking that scientific interest in his work that the motor-car demands of its constructors, but the greater explosive energy of French petrol, and the encouragement given by the far-sighted French authorities to speed tests upon the road, all tend to make the French cars faster than the British.

For instance, in April, 1899, when the annual criterium for light motor-cycles of under 200 kilos in weight was run off upon the 100-kilomètre road from Etampes to Chartres and back, the winner, Teste, mounted upon a De Dion tricycle, covered the sixty-two miles of give-and-take course in 116mins., or at the average speed of upwards of thirty-one miles an hour.

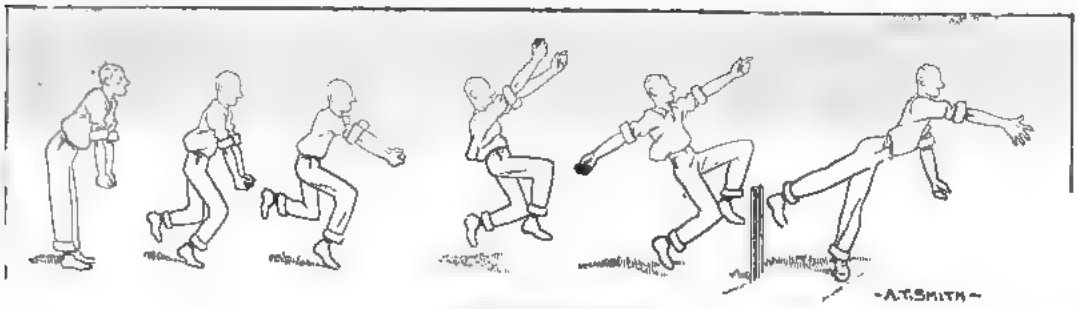
Even over far longer distances, the speeds have been by no means inconsiderable. The historic Paris to Bordeaux and back race—distance 720 miles—was covered by the late M. Levassor (of the great motor building firm of Panhard & Levassor) at an average speed throughout, both by day and night alike, of upwards of twenty miles an hour. Similarly, the Paris to Marseilles and back race, a distance of 1,050 miles, was won by a car travelling at a like speed; whilst, in order to secure a still more severe test, the Automobile Club of Paris has been discussing the two-thousand-mile course from Paris to St. Petersburg as a possible distance for the present year's championship.

Naturally enough, these competitions have long since found out the weak points of the competing cars; the result being that the majority of them, such as the Daimler cars, De Dion tricycles, and Bollée tandem cycles are now as near perfection as can be expected of mechanism made by mortal man.

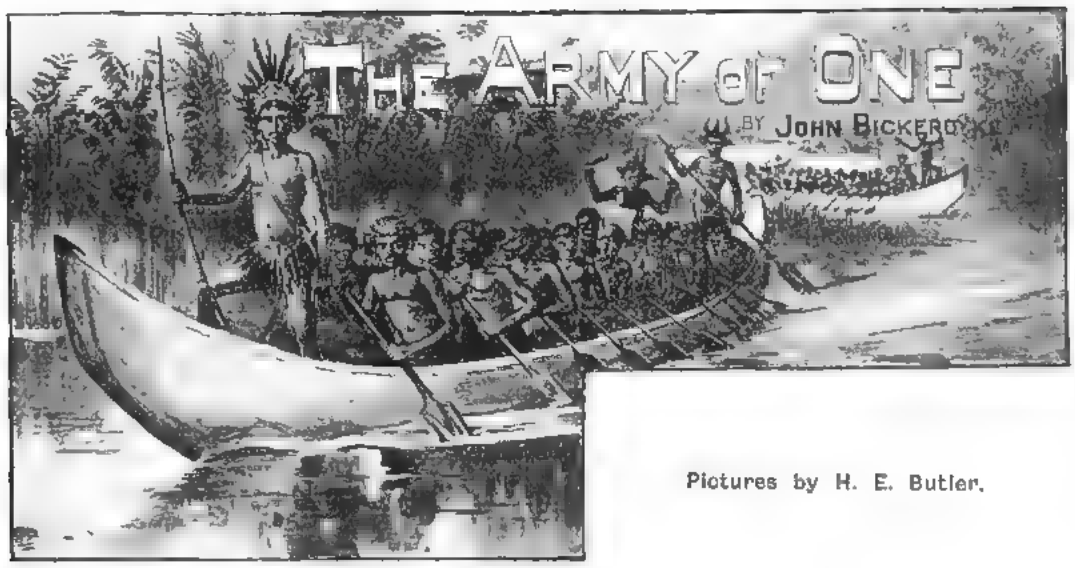
For instance, that well-known motorist, Mr. Sturmey, editor of the *Autocar*, has taken one of the Daimler cars from John o' Groats to Land's End, over a most trying route, measuring 1,600 miles, without a hitch. The car in question, which is of four-horse power, and cost £370, carried two people, 2cwt. of luggage, four gallons of oil, and sixteen gallons of water, besides occasional additional passengers taken up en route, *for a total cost of less than ¾d. per mile.* The speed throughout the whole journey averaged twelve miles an hour. Each charge of oil was sufficient to take the car a distance of sixty miles, whilst the remarkable saving in stabling expenses, as compared with those incurred with horses, formed not the least potent argument in favour of the horseless carriage.

Just one more example of the motor-car's tremendous strength. A Daimler car was recently driven to the summit of the Worcestershire Beacon by the Hon. Evelyn Ellis. The practical value of this test will best be realised when it is stated that the car carried five passengers, ascended the first 800ft. in 23mins., and successfully completed the remaining 1,800yds. at a somewhat slower speed, notwithstanding that the gradient was frequently as steep as 1ft. in 4½ft.

A MOTOR MEET ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



THE POETRY OF MOTION.



Pictures by H. E. Butler.

THE major told me this story on the Thames one evening while we were evading a summer shower under the noble clump of over-hanging beech trees by Moulsford Ferry. It is difficult to say what brought Sierra Leone into his ardent-faced, bald, old head—the surroundings hardly suggested the subject. Swifts were darting by, picking up in their flight the unfortunate mayflies, which, like us, were taking advantage of the umbrageous shelter. The meadows skirting the river were golden with king-cups, among which the squire's red cattle grazed, making useful spots of colour for the artist on the towing-path, who, crouching beneath his white umbrella, sought to defend his newly-painted canvas from the persistent rain-drops.

There were three laughing, merry-faced boys in a skiff beneath the boughs, and one of these offered the old warrior a cup of tea. Now, if there is one thing the major hates more than another, it is tea, and, maybe thinking the lads were making fun of him, he became irritated, and perhaps turned to Sierra Leone for an agreeable change of subject.

"It's wonderful what the British army can do," said he meditatively, as he watched the smoke from his cigar curling among the pale green beech leaves.

I bowed my head approvingly. It is a rule in our house always to agree with the old soldier, for he is not only impatient of argument, but Albert's godfather; and we shrewdly suspect that the ruby eyes of a certain idol which disappeared during the Indian Mutiny, in the course of a night attack led by our old friend, are now duly invested in consols, and may some day fall to the share of our darling boy. So, as I have said, we always agree with the major, and even assume an evergreen interest in his well-worn tiger stories.

"I was thinking of Sierra Leone," said he. "Did I ever tell you how a 'mean white' saved Maria and me from two canoe loads of howling niggers? He did a doosed impudent thing, but if it hadn't been for him I should not be sitting under these trees telling you the story. It must have been in sixty——. Hang me if I haven't forgotten the date! Any way, it's a long time ago. I had had an attack of fever, and Maria had caught it nursing me" (Maria was the first Mrs. MacMincer). "We were getting convalescent, so I asked leave to go on a shooting expedition to the other side of a creek, about thirty miles away from our camp. We had cleared the country of niggers for fifty miles or more, and shot an old scoundrel of a king whose chief amusement appeared to be cutting off the noses and ears of his subjects, bleeding them to death, and putting them on a bonfire before they had quite pegged out.

"The colonel, old O'Gorman, wanted to send some men with us, but I would not hear of it. I wanted to be quiet. We did the journey in the small hours of a hot, steamy morning, and about nine o'clock came to a little shanty, put up by some of 'ours' who had once encamped there for

shooting—about as dreary a place as you could wish to see. Sluggish, muddy water came flowing down the creek; sand-hills stretched away for miles along the coast, and between these and the forest was a line of low, scrubby bushes. There was no human habitation in sight, except a little wooden lighthouse built on a spit of sand. In it was a poor half-cast girl, dying of consumption, pining away for love of a sailor who had gone off on a man-o'-war. I'll tell you her story another time. She wasn't half a bad sort. If it hadn't been for her I believe we should have starved, for there was next to nothing to shoot, and she brought us eggs, and fruits, and things, which kept us going. It was fortunate she was there, because the journey proved too much for Maria, who got very ill, and the only other soul in the hut—and he slept outside it in a tent—was Tom Highlands, the 'mean white' I mentioned just now."

The major hates to be interrupted in his story, but I ventured to ask him what was a "mean white."

"A mean white," said the old soldier; "is a descendant of English people who were kidnapped and sent out to the plantations in the seventeenth century. Many of them married natives. If you had a grudge against a man you shipped him off one dark night. There were in my time a large number of persons, grandchildren or great-grandchildren of these poor wretches, who were working in the plantations at Barbadoes like niggers. Tom was one of them—a rum-looking fellow, with a huge body and a very small head. He was never so happy as when wearing an old cast-off red tunic and playing at being a soldier.

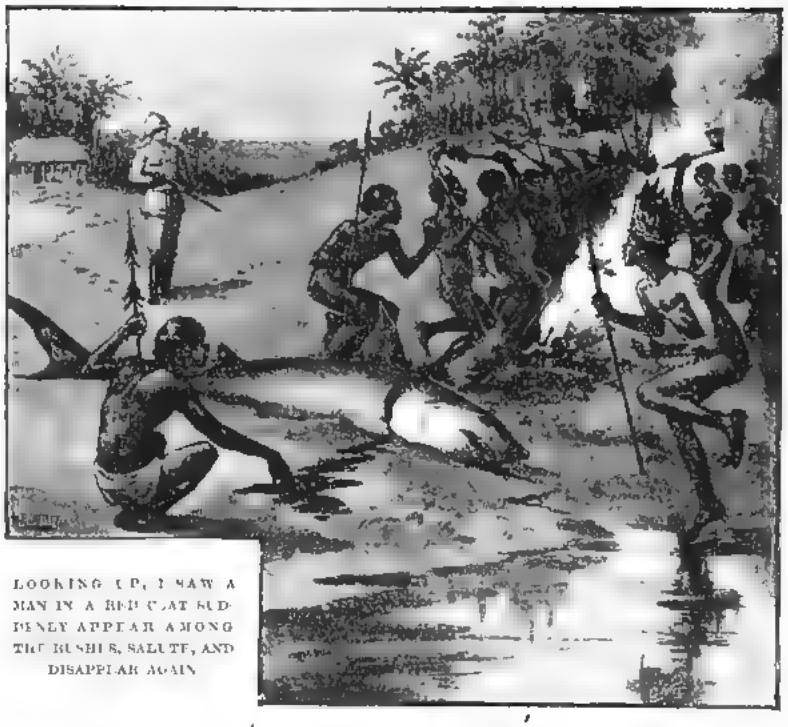
"We were beginning to think Agony Camp, as the place had been named, one of the dullest holes in creation, when we had a little bit of excitement which lasted me for some time, I can tell you. It must have been about the tenth day after our arrival. Maria was in bed, and I was returning to the hut, gun on shoulder, but nothing in my game bag, when I saw something alive in the creek. I was just thinking of stalking it when I made it out to be the head of a white man, who was swimming across. Of course, I hurried down to meet him, and piloted him through the mud. He touched the shore just in time. A long, dark snout came out of the water within a foot of his leg. In fact, I may say I saved him, for he didn't see the beast, and was coming out slowly, puffing and panting like a grampus. He was a fat, flabby, white-faced man, with sandy whiskers. He said something in German, but found I could not understand it, and then tried broken English, which was not much more to the purpose. The first thing I made out was that he was in a deuce of a hurry to press forward, and the next, that there were a lot of niggers after him. He had been trading at one of their villages up the creek, and got into some trouble in connection with the King's domestic arrangements. Well, the niggers were after him, he said, fully rigged out for war, with a witch-doctor to lead them, and goodness only knows what else besides.

"The position was rather serious, for the two of us could not well fight a whole tribe; so I lent the German a compass, and told him to make the best of his way up to Sierra Leone and send us assistance, hoping that I and Tom Highlands would be able to hold the hut until he returned. If Maria had been well enough we should all have

A LONG DARK SNOUT CAME OUT OF THE WATER WITHIN A FOOT OF HIS LEG.

gone together; but it was impossible to move her, as she wasn't strong enough to sit on a horse. So the chap went off, looking very white, wobbling his flabby cheeks as he trotted over the sand-hills, and leaving a trail behind him as the water dripped off his check shirt.

"When the fellow was out of sight I held a council of war with Tom. He advised against shutting ourselves up in the hut, for we should be certain to get roasted out as soon as our ammunition was exhausted. The best way, he thought, was to try and propitiate the niggers with presents, and start them off in the wrong direction after the German.



LOOKING UP, I SAW A MAN IN A RED COAT SUDDENLY APPEAR AMONG THE BUSHES, SALUTE, AND DISAPPEAR AGAIN

"Well, we waited very anxiously to see what would happen, and about two hours later began to hear the sound of distant drum-beating and yells. This got gradually louder and louder, and at last the prow of a large war-canoe crammed with blacks showed round the point. There were about thirty of them in it, and I was calculating whether Tom and I could manage the lot with my revolver and rifle before they reached the shore, when there appeared a second canoe, larger than the first, which was towing a half-dead shark behind it. I suppose the brute had got stranded higher up the estuary, and these niggers had taken possession of it to prevent anyone else doing so. As soon as they had got out of the creek, and were about opposite the hut, they ran the canoe on shore and landed on the sand. There were about fifty of them, coal black, as naked as your hand, and carrying the most gruesome lot of spears and weapons I had ever seen. The chief—at least I suppose he was the chief, for he was bigger and uglier than any of them—had an immense head-dress, and some paint smeared about him. I was going down to meet them, but they seemed in no hurry to leave the shore. The first thing they did was to haul the shark on to the sand, and some of them danced round it while the rest made a fire. There was a white-haired old nigger, who was bent and shrivelled with age, who gave orders to the others. Tom said he was the witch-doctor, and that they were going to have a fetish dance, which would make them very wild. He thought I had better go down and stop it if possible.

"I am not ashamed to say that my heart thumped about under my shirt as I went up to that old scoundrel of a chief and made friendly signs to him. Their lingo was new to me, but I soon made out by his signs that he wanted to know where the German was. I tried to tell them they were on British soil, and that they must clear off higher up the coast if they wanted to have a fetish dance, but I don't think they understood me. Anyway they showed no inclination to move; so after I had pointed out the way the German didn't go, I left them to their devilries and went back to reassure Maria, who had heard the yelling and drum beatings. I found the girl from the lighthouse in the hut. She was soothing Maria with the information that the niggers were all man-eaters, the worst tribe in the district, and that she and a few other local blacks would hide in the bush until the savages had cleared off. Maria asked me not to leave her, so I watched our visitors on the shore through a field-glass. I whistled in vain for Tom, and, I am now sorry to confess, called him a scoundrel for having deserted us in such an hour of danger, more particularly as I found he had carried off my revolver. Through my glass I could see the niggers cutting up the shark and dabbing their hands about their

bodies, dancing like wild things round the fire, while the witch-doctor waved his arms about and seemed to be performing some sort of ceremony. I stopped at the window for a long time, but the sight of those demons put my back up so that I couldn't stand it any longer, so taking my rifle and a pocket full of cartridges I went towards them, determined to pick off a few. Of course, it was a mad thing to do, but there seemed no chance of assistance coming from Sierra Leone in time to save us, and I thought I might possibly put them to flight if I engaged them before the witch-doctor had worked them up to a regular state of madness, when it would be certain death for any white man or woman they came across. Well, I marched down about half-way to the shark, when the witch-doctor spotted me, and began acting more like a lunatic than ever. I had just sighted my rifle for 150 yards, when I heard crack! crack! crack! crack! in the direction of the forest, and, looking up, saw a man in a red coat suddenly appear among the bushes, salute, and disappear again. It was Tom Highlands. There was no mistaking his burly body and little head.

"Two or three minutes later there was another small volley, and then Tom appeared about fifty yards further on among the bushes, saluted, turned on his heel, and was hidden from sight. The niggers, hearing the firing, stopped their dancing, and stood staring into the bush. As a matter of fact, I was as much puzzled as they were. For a few minutes nothing further happened, except that the savages crowded together, talking and gesticulating, now and again pointing at me, and then at the bush. At the end of a few minutes there was another small volley. Again the red coat appeared, but this time at least two hundred yards nearer me. I couldn't make out what Tom Highlands was after, but he kept up this game for about half-an-hour, during which I squatted on the sand-hill with my rifle at full cock. The niggers became more and more agitated, and finally rushed to their canoes and paddled hastily away along the coast. I could not resist sending a shot after them, but I think it fell short, and perhaps it was a good thing. You see, the beggars thought a whole regiment of soldiers was coming, and that these were sentries, or advance guards, which kept popping out at different places in the bushes. It is an old theatrical trick, sending the same man on and off the stage repeatedly. As I said just now, it's wonderful what the British army can do, even when it consists of only one man; but wasn't it doosed impudent of Tom Highlands to personate the British army in that way?"

"And I suppose your men came down from Sierra Leone in the evening?" I said.

"Well, no," answered the major, rubbing his chin reflectively between his thumb and the knuckle of his first finger. "You see, the German never got up there. The niggers must have sent a detachment through the bush and cut him off. Hullo, the rain's over! I say, let's get away from this beastly smell of tea and bread and butter!"

SOME DOGS I HAVE KNOWN.

By Tom Browne.

THE PARISIAN DOG—A BIT OF A DANDY.

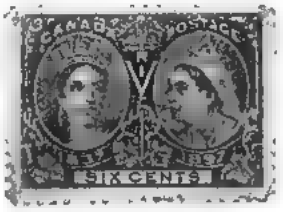
THE SMART DOG—AND A FAVOURITE WITH THE LADIES.

THE STAMP-COLLECTOR

Conducted by H. M. Gooch

THE STAMPS OF CANADA.

"WE hold a vaster Empire than has been." When Sir Lewis Morris penned these words he had no idea that by means of a postage stamp they would become the language of thousands upon thousands of loyal British subjects scattered in all parts of the world. And yet no other single stamp of our Queen's reign has been more popular than the 2c. Imperial Canadian issue, nor has any other issue seen so prodigious and far-reaching a circulation.



DIAMOND JUBILEE

Everyone—especially the boy philatelist — is pleased with the Canadian "Map" stamp, and finds endless amusement in counting the red dots, and trying to solve such problems as why South Africa is entirely coloured red, and why our West African colonies, such as Gambia, Gold Coast, etc., have been pushed from *terra firma* into the Atlantic Ocean! As we are going to talk about Canadian stamps a little this month, it may be well to start backwards, and so we have the "Map" stamp right before us.

FIRST TYPE.

I think I have already mentioned that there are three distinct varieties of this stamp, constituted by the colours of the stamp, viz., lavender, blue, and blue-green — but Mr. Ewan, of British fame, has been making this stamp a special study, and has discovered that there are some legitimate varieties of type, and one or two actual errors.

Owing to the delicate nature of the red portions of this stamp, scarcely any two copies will be exactly alike, although there are more or less pronounced varieties, as mentioned.

During 1898 there were two distinct designs issued, both having for their main feature a very unattractive portrait of the Queen, altogether too large for the oval in which it is contained. Early in the year, this design was issued with a maple leaf in each of the four angles, but on complaints being received that the denominations were not readily distinguishable, the leaves in the lower angles were substituted by small white tablets bearing coloured figures of value. These latter are the stamps in use at the present time, and the values of both issues are as follows—½c., 1c., 2c., 3c., 5c., 6c., 8c., and 10c. I scarcely think any values of either issues can become really rare, although while they can be obtained at a small percentage over face value, the stamps of the first design are worth purchasing.

NUMERALS ADDED.

The Diamond Jubilee stamps of 1897 are among the handsomest stamps that have ever been issued. Here, again, the emblematic maple leaves figure around the two portraits of the Queen — one showing her as she appeared in the year of her accession to the throne; the other, a present-day portrait. The set includes stamps from 1c. to

85, although young collectors will think themselves lucky if they secure all values up to 50c.

This issue should be worth more *used* than unused, as undoubtedly there was a raise-the-wind policy in their issue, and on this account collectors have been shy in investing anything like £3 7s. 6½d., the face value of the sixteen stamps comprising the issue, and for this reason it has hung fire, and is, I believe, still on sale concurrently with the small series. The ½c., 6c., and values from 8c. upwards should, in the course of time, prove good property *used*.

WIDOWHOOD.

Two of the prettiest stamps — ones having a touch of nature—are the 20c. and 50c. values of the 1892-93 issue. The design (see illustration) shows the Queen as a widow—the "Widow of Windsor." The same design has appeared on the stamps of Newfoundland. They have been and are extremely popular, and why the crude designs in use to-day should replace them we cannot understand. *Used*, these two stamps are well worth face value, and unused, in the course of time, they should become scarce.

The small series of stamps constituting the 1870-82 issues are chiefly remarkable for the length of time for which they remained in use, and the excellent profile of the Queen, looking to the right. This issue unused is rising in value, and, if possible, should be secured.

The 1868 issue, which is only a larger design of the subsequent small series, has been increasing in value, unused, for some time. The denominations are seven, ½c., 1c., 2c., 3c., 6c., 12½c., and 15c. Seven years' advance in market value is shown by the following table :—

	1893	1900		1893	1900
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
1c.	1 3	2 6	6c.	1 0	4 6
2c.	0 9	2 6	12½c.	2 0	5 0
3c.	0 6	3 6	15c.	1 6	1 6

A large quantity of the 15c. remained on hand when the small series came into use, hence this value can be obtained to-day at double face value.

1870-82.

The early issues of the Dominion must not occupy much space. Suffice it to say that they are sound stock in fine condition, and are ever on the increase in value. The early "pence" issues are becoming extremely rare, and the 12d. stamp is now worth something like £100 unused, while a genuine used copy is almost unknown. The 6d. value is one of the only two stamps ever designed bearing a portrait of the Prince Consort.

Canada should be a strong country with young collectors. It is to this colony we owe the wide extensions of Imperialism, also one of the greatest boons ever granted to the public, the establishment of Imperial penny postage, commemorated by the stamp which is described at the commencement of these notes.

PHILATELISTS' WAR FUND.

I have already penned a few lines concerning the Philatelists' War Fund, by which stamp collectors were invited to send in gifts of stamps to be sold by public auction, the entire proceeds being devoted to the War Relief Fund. The auction is past, and as a result over £1,000 will accrue to the above-mentioned fund, bearing striking testimony to the patriotism of stamp collectors.

The catalogue included some 350 lots, the names of the donors being appended; the whole put together into a handsome cover, embellished with a portrait of the Queen, and the colours of the Royal Standard and the Union Jack.

Among the highest prices obtained, were, Tuscany, 3 lire, unused, £93. A set of Trinidad stamps, 1891, ½d., 1d., 2½d., 4d., 6d., 1s. and 5s.; all surcharged "9d."; one of four sets printed on February 23rd, 1891, in commemoration of H.R.H. the Duke of York's visit to the island. H.R.H. donated this set, and has the other three in his possession—£30.

Similar sales are announced to take place in Scotland and Manchester.

STAMPS IN POCKET-BOOK FORM.

The Post Office Department of the U.S.A. has just decided on a novel plan of issuing the stamp most generally in use—the 2c. These are in future to be obtainable in pocket-books, containing 360 stamps, in blocks of six, with a cover. This innovation might well be copied by our own Post Office.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

COLUMBIA (CARTAGENA).—Messrs. Bright & Son have sent me some additions to the Cartagena provisionals, which were described a month or so back; these are of the same type, but in different colours, and perforated. There is also a surcharge of seven wavy lines, which is said to be a control mark. There are also three other provisional stamps; two of them formed by cutting down the design of the first provisionals, and type-setting, with new inscriptions; and a third, the 1c. black issue of Bolivar, 1891, surcharged with the seven wavy lines alluded to.

CRETE.—A very handsome set of nine values has been issued, three of which I am able to illustrate, although not being in a position this

month to say what the various designs signify. This is a most interesting series of stamps. The preceding issues of Crete have been more in the nature of provisionals. Colours as follows:

CRETE.

CRETE.

1 lepton, brown; 5 lepta, green; 10 lepta, red; 20 lepta, red; 25 lepta, blue and red; 50 lepta, mauve and red; 1 drachma, purple and black, 2 drachma, brown and black; 5 drachma, green and black. A drachma is worth about 8d.

GREAT BRITAIN.—At last there is to be a performance of the change in colours of the current ½d. and 1s. stamps. A notice has been issued to postmasters stating that the ½d. stamp, printed in green, will be ready for issue on April 17th, and the new 1s. stamp later on, probably by midsummer.

ICELAND.—A new value has been added to the current series—4 aur rose and grey.

MALTA.—A ½d. stamp may be expected here shortly.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.—Federation has long been in the air in the Malay States, and it has now become *un fait accompli*. Five of the current Negri Sembilan issues have been overprinted "Federated Malay States" in black. The values so surcharged are the 1c., 2c., 3c., 10c., and 25c.

TRINIDAD.—"A Stamp-collecting Reader of THE CAPTAIN" sends me the following cutting from the *Port of Spain Gazette*. Many thanks to our friend, whose thoughtfulness again proves the far-reaching circulation of this magazine.

Consequent upon the recommendation of the Commissioners' report on the Stamp Frauds, there will be a new issue of five shilling (5s.) stamps. These stamps have already arrived, and are now in the colonial treasury. They are the same size and design as those to be replaced, but are, we are told, purple. The use of the fivepenny (5d.) stamps is to be discontinued, and those now on hand will shortly be destroyed. The use of ten shilling (10s.) stamps has been discontinued. There being none in stock, no more will be ordered.

VICTORIA.—While various writers at home have been advocating the issue of "War Stamps," "Khaki Stamps," and the like (all of which suggestions we most devoutly hope will be scouted by the authorities), Victoria seems to have decided upon the issue of 1d. and 2d. stamps, to be retailed at 1s. and 2s. apiece—profits to the War Fund! The Victoria Philatelic Society has lodged a strong complaint against such a procedure, and we trust the complaint will have salutary effect.

By the way, would our readers like to see a khaki stamp issued? A volume of THE CAPTAIN will be awarded for the best reason (on a postcard) for such an issue. It will have to be a good reason!

WURTEMBURG.

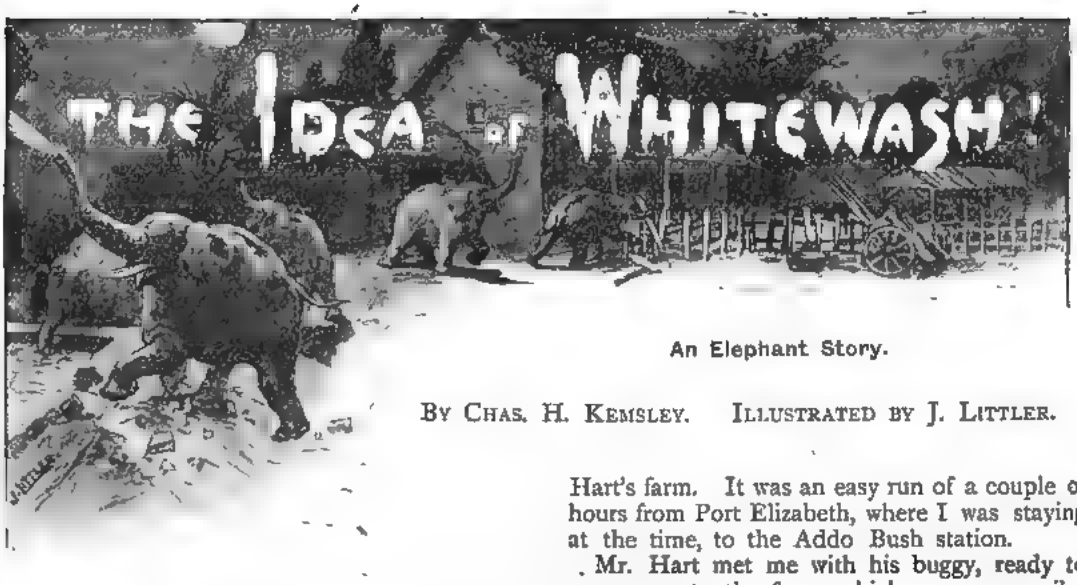
WURTEMBURG.—Two new values have been added to the current series — 30pf. orange and black, 40pf. claret and black. The type illustrated has been in use between twenty and thirty years now, and is strong evidence of the non-speculative condition of all issues of the German Empire.

The Stamp Editor of THE CAPTAIN *will be glad to receive early information of New Issues for chronicle in these pages. Full acknowledgment will be given for any information which can be used, and specimens will be promptly returned.*

Books or articles for review should be accompanied by particulars of price, etc.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss W. sends THE CAPTAIN out to her nephew in Cape Town each month, and asks me the value of imperforate and perforated penny British stamps of old issue. The value of these depends on various conditions of plate, watermark, perforation, etc., but those sent me for inspection are worth 1d. each. **Solitaire** has been a regular reader of these pages since we commenced, and is now one of the noble army of stamp collectors. Unfortunately "Solitaire" left his first collection, which had attained to four hundred varieties, in the train. If any reader of THE CAPTAIN has come across it I shall be glad to send him the owner's address. **H. Treherne** (1) wants a stamp catalogue listing German locals. He had better procure Messrs. Stanley Gibbons' "Local" catalogue, price 1s. (2) Yes, but I cannot give the names of hotels issuing them. (3) No! **Toblat** wishes to sell several hundred old penny red postage stamps—how can this be effected? I fear it is a difficult matter, as these stamps are worth but very little per hundred. **Bunny.**—Certainly. Anything up to £1,000 value. **Faithful Reader.**—Please be a little more explicit in your enquiries. There are many varieties of Orange Free State stamps, some worth 1d. each, others 20s. and over. **Aetas.**—Certainly, stamp collecting flourishes all through the summer months. Its permanent hold on enthusiasts of all ages precludes any distribution of interest into seasons. **Kruger.**—Why this *nom de plume*? You scarcely deserve an answer. But you can go ahead with your South African collection; the money is soundly invested. **War Fund.**—You are too late for the London sale, but I hear that similar sales are going to be held in Manchester and Scotland, which will answer your query.



An Elephant Story.

By Chas. H. Kemsley. Illustrated by J. Littler.

IT was during a brief visit to the Cape Colony that I chanced to meet an elderly English farmer, named John Hart, who resided near the Addo Bush. We were soon talking together as if we were friends of long standing, and the old gentleman turned the conversation to the subject nearest his heart, and for an hour I was compelled to listen, as patiently as I could, to a long discourse upon the hardships and difficulties surrounding a Cape farmer's life, until my poor head was in a whirl, in which drought, locusts, and rinderpest played an important part. Fearing an attack of brain fever, or something equally bad, I was about to make some excuse, and get away, when he suddenly remarked :—

"By the way, Mr. Martin, perhaps you would like to have a look over my farm. I should be only too pleased to see you any time you care to come, you know."

Now I had heard much about the Addo Bush, and was aware that elephants abounded there, and if there was anything I did want to see, it was a wild South African elephant.

"Thank you. It is very good of you. I should be delighted."

"Right! Will next week suit you? Yes? Well, come next week, and remain a few days with us. I'll show you round. That's settled. Good-bye."

I felt exceedingly pleased with myself, and came to the conclusion that I had not undergone an hour's martyrdom entirely for nothing.

Accordingly the following week I left for Mr. Hart's farm. It was an easy run of a couple of hours from Port Elizabeth, where I was staying at the time, to the Addo Bush station.

Mr. Hart met me with his buggy, ready to convey us to the farm, which was some miles from the railway line.

The scenery as we journeyed was exceedingly picturesque, the road winding in and out of a forest of trees in full foliage. The air was cool and exhilarating, and, leaning back comfortably on cushions, I seemed to feel I was drinking in new life with every breath I took. The attractiveness and newness of my surroundings, the strange quietness that prevailed around me, lulled me into a happy silence, which I did not care to break; but my host, with not a spark of poetry in his nature, soon interrupted the flow of my thoughts.

I sighed resignedly. I was to be called back sharply to the dull, tedious realities of a farmer's life. But his first words arrested my attention, and I was all ears.

"I hear elephants are becoming a nuisance again, and have already done some damage to the farm of Ben Smith. Whenever there is a drought we always have a difficulty with them."

"What did they do?"

"Paid a visit to his place one night, and drank up, and spoilt, the water he had been carefully conserving. I hope to goodness they won't come near my place!"

"Why don't you hunt them and exterminate them, or drive them away from the Addo Bush?"

"We hunt them sometimes, but we have to obtain a license to do so, as Government preserves them, and you have to go through a lot of 'red tape' before you can get a license. I hate elephants, and I hate Governments."

Thus conversing we came in sight of the farm-house, a white building, thatched roof, with a verandah in front.

Mrs. Hart, a pleasant, homely, middle-aged lady, welcomed us at the door, and we soon sat down to a good supper, to which I, having a keen appetite after the invigorating drive, did full justice.

On entering the breakfast-room the following morning I could not fail to observe that something had disturbed the equanimity of my host. He was pacing up and down the room in deep thought, and his face was puckered up in frowns.

"Good morning, Mr. Martin. We were talking about elephants. The brutes, as I thought, have been paying my farm a visit. Last night they made an inroad, and partly broke away the dam of my reservoir, letting the water run to waste, broke into the fields, and have eaten and destroyed a quantity of my crops. I tell you, farming in this country is not worth anything."

"I am sorry to hear that, and sympathise with you most heartily."

"I had a large gun set in anticipation of a visit, but the brutes are too knowing, and carefully avoided it. The only thing to do is to hunt them, and I am going to do so whether the Government likes it or not."

"I would like to make one of the party," I said eagerly.

"It is very dangerous," put in Mrs. Hart, who had just entered, and had heard the drift of the conversation. "Why, a great South African hunter from Central Africa refused to shoot elephants in our forest when he saw the nature of the country, which necessitates their being hunted on foot. I don't think you had better, George," turning to her husband. "You know how dangerous it is."

"It's safe enough, so long as one is careful. I must do something to stop them. Kill one or two, and the others will be frightened away for a time at least. I will get Ben Smith to join us. He is a good shot."

So it was arranged, and I felt as if I had reached the utmost limits of my ambition. The anticipated joy was all the keener because I had never, for a single moment, believed that there was a possible chance of my taking part in an elephant hunt. I almost danced with satisfaction.

That same day we set out. The party comprised Mr. Hart, his friend Mr. Ben Smith, myself, and a native boy, who, being charcoal black in colour, had been nicknamed "Whitewash." He was an experienced elephant trailer.

I soon found it was no light task I had undertaken. For some time we pushed our way on foot through thick bush, or edged past tall, slender trees, which grew thickly together. We stumbled on, tearing our clothes with the thorns, which often penetrated into the flesh.

At length Mr. Hart halted, and, turning round to us, said :—

"There is no saying where the elephants have gone, so I think we had better separate, and arrange to meet at the picnic vale. Here, Whitewash, you know the bush thoroughly. You know the spot I mean?"

"Yes, Baas."

"I don't want you to run any risks, Mr. Martin, and I will give you the lightest task. It is more open to the north. I think you had better go with Whitewash, and work your way round, and we'll meet eventually at the appointed place. My friend and I are accustomed to this sort of thing, and will go straight ahead. But mind, Mr. Martin, if you see any elephants, don't shoot unless you are certain of your shot, and leave a bull severely alone. They are dangerous brutes to tackle."

I did not exactly like the arrangement, nor the companion selected for me. Besides, I had hoped that I would have been allotted the most difficult and dangerous part of the hunt. However, being the youngest of the party, and a visitor, I could not but fall in with the scheme.

Whitewash seemed to understand his business thoroughly, and we were soon making our way quickly through more open and easier-travelling ground. But I was despondent of meeting with any elephants, and, handing my gun to the Kaffir, walked on ahead, cursing my luck, and, perhaps, arrangements in general, and paying only slight attention to my surroundings. Suddenly I felt a touch on my arm.

"Elephants, Baas," said the native boy.

"Where?"

"There," pointing through the bush, which was thick in front of us.

My heart gave a big thump. I saw them now. Five huge fellows, and, nearest me, a fine bull.

"Give me the gun," I said quickly.

"Baas, better not shoot. Too many of them. Tell old Baas what we saw."

"I never came all this way for nothing, and I am not going to return now. You can go if you are afraid."

"I no go without you. Old Baas sjambok me, I do that." He handed the gun to me, reluctantly enough.

I seized it eagerly, and pushed on quietly till I had a clear view of the bull, and raised my gun. The elephant, evidently suspecting something, raised its head, but the breeze was blowing

from the herd. My hand shook a little from excitement as I pulled the trigger. A thud told me that I had hit, but where? Then followed a series of terrific screams. The smoke cleared, and I could see the elephant, with trunk uplifted, its large tusks thrust forward angrily, glancing round quickly for a sight of us.

"Run for your life, Bass!" called out Whitewash

I needed no second bidding I knew perfectly well that I had only wounded the animal, and side by side with the Kaffir I ran but our movements were impeded by the undergrowth that barred the way. Behind us was the sound

THE INFURIATED MONSTER WAS GAINING ON US FAST, AND THERE SEEMED NO HOPE OF ESCAPE.

of the elephant, crashing through the bush in full chase, emitting a succession of savage, unearthly shrieks. The infuriated monster was gaining on us fast, and there seemed no hope of escape. We could climb no trees, for there were none in that part of the bush sufficiently large to give us protection. Involuntarily I glanced backward. The elephant was only sixty or seventy yards away, forcing his way through. Then I experienced that overwhelming sensation of fear which entirely paralyses a man's power of thought — his reason made subordinate to that one great desire of escape, the instinct of the animal — and drives him madly, blindly onwards—to destruction. On, on I sped, not heeding the words and cries of the native behind me, when suddenly Whitewash, with a bound forward, managed to grip me by the arm, and held me tightly. I struggled violently to free myself, hitting out at him with my fists, but he would not let go his hold.

"Stop!" he shouted in my ear, breathing hard. "I'll save you! Quick!"

Fortunately for myself I ceased my struggles, and the Kaffir boy dragged me under a sapling, telling me to wait there quietly. Then, with the quickness of lightning, he had gathered in his arms a quantity of dried grass and wood, placing it round the tree in a circle.

I watched these operations in a dazed kind of a way, understanding only that Whitewash was trying to save my life. The native calmly stooped down, without the least flurry, and struck a light. The wood crackled, and blazed up into flame. At the same instant the elephant, before hidden by the thick bush, burst out, and came crashing down, trumpeting loudly. The cry of fear which rose to my lips was instantly stifled, for, on seeing the smoke, the animal abruptly halted, sniffed the air with its trunk, gave a shriek of anger and disappointment, turned round, and trotted off.

I almost hugged the Kaffir boy, Whitewash, black and unclean as he was. What I promised him in that moment of excited joy I do not know, but I believe that had he kept me to all my promises, he would have obtained most of the worldly possessions I then had.

The following day the elephant was found dead, and I still retain two fine tusks, taken from the one and only elephant I ever shot. But at the time I made no great boast of my bravery, and perhaps dread of the Government penalties for shooting royal game was not the only reason that induced me to preserve an absolute silence on the matter. I rewarded Whitewash with the liberality he deserved, much to his delight and surprise at its amount.

"CRICKET IN MANY CLIMES."

THIS delightful book by Mr. P. F. Warner ought to find its way into every school library. Of photographs there is a liberal allowance—including that capital picture of Lord Hawke which appeared in THE CAPTAIN—and heaps of racy reading that leads one on from page to page in quite a fascinating manner. There are all sorts of anecdotes and humorous incidents. For instance, here is a bit of big hitting:—

Then Lord Hawke joined me, and the crowd yelled to the bowler, "Give the Lord another duck! Give him another!" But this time the Yorkshire captain made no mistake, and put together 51 "of the best." He hit two colossal sixes, one of which nearly killed a lady who was watching the game from the balcony of her house. The ball struck the woodwork about a foot from her face. My score was the highest that has ever been made at St. Vincent, and, I believe, in the whole of the West Indies. I made one drive straight over the bowler's head, which knocked a tray full of cakes clean off the head of a black woman who was standing near the ropes.

Speaking of West Indian cricketers, Mr. Warner tells us (p. 9) that "Englishmen will be very much struck with the throwing powers of these black men, *nearly all of them being able to throw well over a hundred yards.*"

These coloured gentlemen, it seems, take their cricket very seriously.

It was at Antigua that we met in the opposing team a black man, perfectly deaf, and a "stonewaller" of the best. At last he was stumped, and the fact being explained to him in stentorian tones, he sorrowfully retreated towards the pavilion. As he was walking away, however, Bromley-Davenport, who was umpiring at the bowler's end, stepped forward and explained to us that legally he was not out, as, without thinking, he had called "over" before the decision was given. One of the team went in search of the departed batsman, and at last found him behind the pavilion weeping bitterly. Still shaking with sobs, he was led back to the wickets; but his state of partial collapse became utter when Lord Hawke waylaid him, and attempted to explain at the top of his voice how the mistake had happened. "De Lard," he evidently thought, was abusing him, and his only response was to weep more bitterly. Poor man! His nerves were so shattered that he promptly ran two men out.

I have made these selections at random; the book is full of meat.—O.F.

An Indian Pastime.

I INTEND in the present article to tell you all about kite-fighting as it is managed in India. There the aim of kite-flying is that you may take tangle with someone else's kite, and cut it off or get cut off yourself. To this end the thread is covered with a paste of ground glass and rice, or other ingredient, called *manja*. The kite is so made that it can dive to right or left, or revolve rapidly on an imaginary axis, with a motion like the flight of a rifle-bullet.

The thread is rolled on a reel, so that it may be let out or taken in quickly. You may guess it is a pastime that requires no little skill, and grey-beards do not disdain to take part in it.

The rules of kite-flying decree that a kite once cut is the property of anyone who can catch it, and your thread may be grabbed by anyone, even snatched, as far as your reel, without your being able to protest. This makes kite-flying very exciting, and you may go out of an afternoon without a "pice" in your pocket wherewith to buy a kite, and come home having *looted* half a dozen kites and a hundred yards of thread.

BUYING THE THREAD.

"*Goodee wallah! Goodee wallah!*" is the cry of the kite man. And a tall, soldierly figure, more suited to the calling of a Sepoy than a kite-maker, comes into the compound.

On his shoulder, in a bamboo rack, are a large number of kites. They are all of paper instead of cloth, and have short fish-tails instead of the long tail of the English kite, which makes the latter

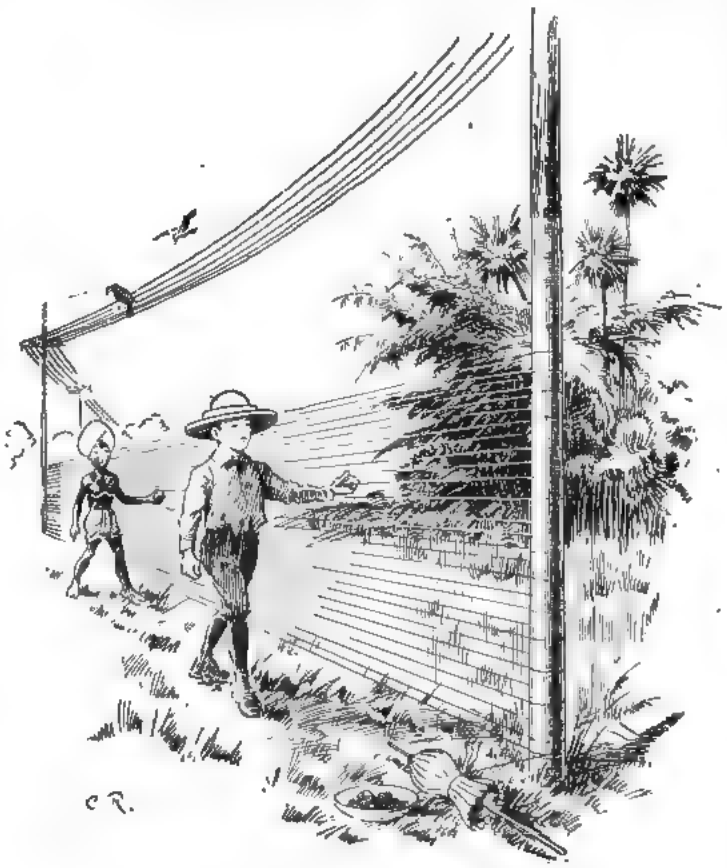
too clumsy for fighting purposes. The paper of which they are constructed is very similar to that used for making ornamental lamp-shades, and is stiffened by a thread, which runs round the edge of the paper and is enclosed in it.

The light bamboo framework that supports the kite is much the same as that of the English kite—one straight piece and the other curved (the cross piece is not necessary); but the straight piece in the Indian kite projects a few inches beyond the curved one, as the most useful shape of kite for fighting purposes is square.

In India—the land of colour—the kites, as you may imagine, are of every hue, from black to white. At the kite festival, when there are some thousands to be seen at the same time, twinkling like coloured lights against the deep blue of a tropical sky, the effect is truly remarkable.

In buying a kite the pliancy of the two bamboo ribs is carefully tested, for a stiff bamboo is liable to snap on a sudden jerk. Then the ribs are examined for knots, as nothing destroys the balance of a kite more than a knot in the bamboo of the right or left wing. No sooner has such a kite reached a certain altitude than it shows a leaning to the right or left, or revolves from time to time in an erratic manner, quite unfitting it for kite-fighting.

There is no difficulty in selecting a reel, the size and lightness being the only considerations. The thread, however, is a matter that exercises the discrimination. You can buy it in all colours—crimson, gold, or green—but the colour tells you nothing of the composition of the *manja*. Some preparations rot the string, while an excess of glass is as bad as an absence of it, and its presence is not easily detected. The expert prefers buying his thread plain, and can easily satisfy himself that it is smooth and strong. Good thread, though no thicker than ordinary sewing cotton, should be composed of from eight to twelve strands, which you can ascertain by unravelling the end. He then makes his own *manja* by pounding glass in a mortar till it is in a powder fine enough to strain through a piece of silk. Then he beats up a lot of soft boiled rice with this, and strains it through coarse muslin. It is then ready to put on the thread. This is one of the commonest *manjas;* but though glass is indispensable, the other ingredients are very varied. Egg is often used. As a rule, every expert has a secret composition of his own, which makes his *manja* invincible.



THE *manja* IS APPLIED WITH A RAG.

Having wound his thread round two posts wide apart—or two telegraph poles, as the boys in our illustration have done—the *manja* is applied with a rag, care being taken that it lies perfectly smooth on the thread; for any knot or lump will catch your adversaries' threads when you are fighting, and the friction that should have been distributed over many yards of your thread will be confined to one spot, and it won't be many seconds before your thread is cut.

The thread is next left to dry in the sun, which process is accomplished in a couple of hours, when you must be careful how you handle it, for it can

gash your fingers like a razor. The best sort of thread for kite-flying is Lucknow silk, which, though very fine, is composed of from sixteen to thirty-two strands, and cannot be broken by the hand. This is very expensive, a *tola* of the best silk being worth its weight in gold.

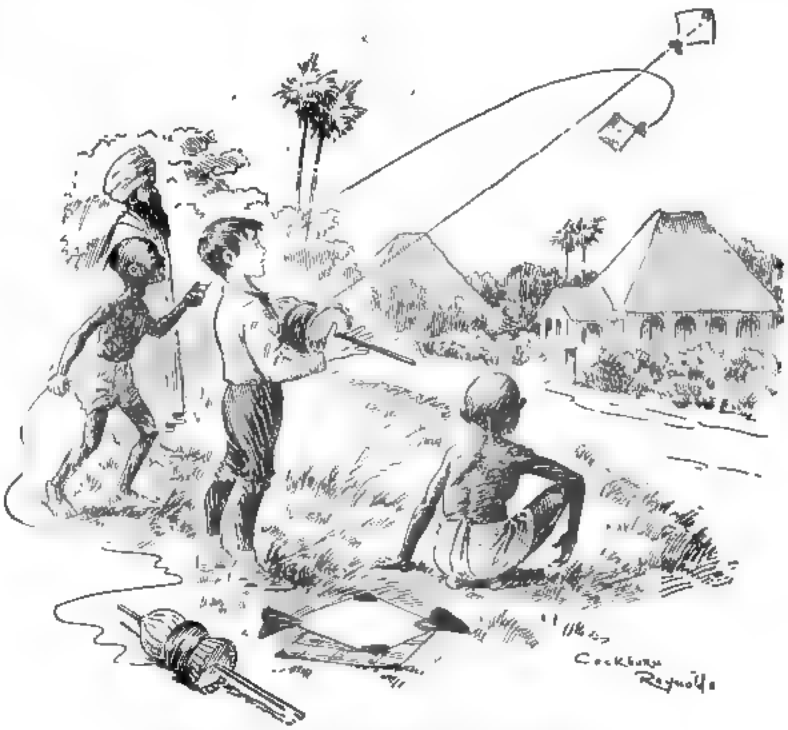
Besides thread and silk, very fine steel wire is sometimes used for kite fighting; but it is against the rules of the game, and detection would lead to lamentable results. However, it is hard to detect, as your opponent may be flying his kite from a house-top half a mile away, and is seldom visible. It is only after you have lost some ten or twelve kites in succession you can be certain of the fact.

Incredible as it may sound, it is quite possible to cut soft steel wire with good *manjaed* thread. The expert, suspecting his adversary of using wire, will contrive to make a long dive on it. Hauling in his own thread, hand over hand, he swoops down with all the force and momentum his kite is capable of, and, striking the wire within a short distance of his own kite, will thus, with its added weight, cause the wire to kink; and, provided his own thread does not break with the force of the blow, he will next let out quickly, and his thread moving swiftly in the groove of the kink, will soon cut the wire like a file.

This principle governs kite-fighting: Distribute the friction on your thread over as many yards as possible, and confine the friction on your adversary's thread to the same spot—if you can.

The tricks in kite-fighting are many. One of them is, before the tangle, to pay out a quantity of your thread on the ground, while you hold the thread to your kite in your hand. Directly you have got into tangle, taking the top—*i.e.*, crossing over his thread from above—by preference, you let go your thread, and the kite, not being controlled any longer, behaves as if it were cut, drifting forward in long undulating swoops. Your opponent, thinking he has cut you off, stops letting, and your rapidly-moving thread, crossing his stationary one, soon cuts him off, to his great astonishment. And it is not until your kite, coming to the end of its tether, rights itself, that he discovers the trick.

There are kites of other and more fantastic shapes that are flown in India, but they are in the minority, for the fighting kite must be square. The alligators, fish, hawks, etc., which the Chinese and Japanese fly, are only fit for ornamental purposes, and could not manœuvre rapidly like the square kite.



THE ENGLISH BOY GETS A LOT OF FUN OUT OF IT.

Kites are flown throughout the cold weather months until the end of March, when there is a kite festival lasting several days, during which the sky is literally dotted with them. Some kite-flyers boast of flying and losing fifty or sixty kites in one day, when the kite *mela* is on. The carnival over, not a kite is seen till the next season.

Hindoo gentlemen take great interest in kite-fighting. It is, however, beneath the English gentleman's dignity to indulge in such a pastime. But the English boy gets a lot of fun out of it while the season lasts.

THERE WASN'T ROOM FOR TWO — See page [illegible]

THE THREE SCOUTS

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by
George Soper.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I.—VIII.)

At the outbreak of the Boer War, three young men, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, and Guy Bunsen, formerly school-fellows together in England, find themselves obliged to leave Johannesburg. However, Bunsen shams ill, and remains behind. Geoff and Bunny, after an exciting journey, arrive, with their mother, at Maritzburg. Leaving Mrs. Bigby here, they go to the front on their own account as scouts. Coming into contact with the Boers, Geoff escapes but Bunny is captured. Having broken the bad news to his mother, Geoff goes down to meet his brother Hugh at Durban. They read in a Boer newspaper that Bunny is a prisoner at Pretoria; Geoff thinks of a plan to rescue him and one Jack Rosenthal, a friend, who is also in gaol there, which is that he should pose as a Boer, and Hugh as an English officer, his prisoner, whom he is escorting to Pretoria. Thus disguised they set out, meeting with several adventures *en route*, each of their horses being commandeered in turn. At length, shortly after leaving Harrismith, Geoff's "prisoner" is taken by a field cornet, whilst he himself is ordered to rejoin his "commando" with all speed.

CHAPTER IX.

"WAR'S WAR."

When Geoff realised that he might as well pursue the wind as attempt to overtake that officious field cornet and his prisoner by running after them on foot, he sat down by the roadside and fairly groaned. Hugh would find no immediate opportunity to shake off his escort; they would come up presently with the body of Boers which formed the cornet's little commando, and then it would be too late. He was gone; and Heaven only knew what would be done with him, and where he would be imprisoned, and how he was ever to be found again.

"Helpless and senseless idiot that I am," Geoff groaned. "I have lost both Hugh and Bunny by my blundering. Why was I ever born only to be such a hopeless failure in everything I undertake?"

"One requires much quicker wit than I have in order to get on," he reflected, sadly; and presently: "If only I had had the presence of mind to shoot the rascal straight away, instead of weakly allowing Hugh to be carried off by a lantern-jawed field cornet, just because he shouted at me like a schoolmaster at a naughty schoolboy! Oh! . . ."

Geoff ground his teeth, and imagined a thousand unspoken maledictions upon the head of the field cornet. The only consoling thought was that Hugh carried a revolver. It might possibly strike him, before it was too late, that both he and Geoff had behaved like unspeakably senseless beings in sparing the field cornet and allowing him to ride off with Hugh in tow—a kind of captive bear, with a ring through his nose, five times as strong as his keeper, if he only knew it and possessed the sense to exert his strength and free himself from captivity!

The more Geoff reflected the greater grew his depression and his indignation against himself for losing the game by sheer incompetent play.

"I don't deserve to win," was the upshot of his reflections, "because I'm an ass!"

Presently when he had arrived at this conclusion Geoff lay down in the shade to think what was to be done in order to make the best of an extremely bad and mismanaged job. And he had just begun to dose in his weariness and misery when the clatter of a horse galloping up the road awoke him, and he started to his feet imagining he knew not what new disasters.

But Fortune was kinder than he thought; for a cheery voice sang out his name, and Hugh came tearing up the hill, riding as though all the legions of evil were at his horse's heels.

"Jump up behind me, old man," he cried, pulling up for an instant. "I'll tell you all about it as we go. I daresay no one will be after us; but it's just as well to be on the safe side."

In spite of the joy of his heart and the intense relief that flooded over his spirit upon seeing Hugh safe and free, Geoff felt ashamed of himself for his late despondency. It seemed like a mistrusting of his brother's acuteness as well as a kind of non-faith in the Providence upon which Geoff steadfastly relied.

"I might have known you would work it all right," he said, as he vaulted up behind Hugh. "I've been an awful fool, old man; had the blackhump badly. I thought you'd gone, and that I ought to have banged off at that chap."

"No; you were right not to. The sound of shooting might have brought up those other fellows. Besides, I thought I could manage without—and, you see, I have."

"Well, tell me how you did it. I'll keep a look out behind to see if we're followed while you go on with your story."

"You remember that rocky path over the top of that big kopje overlooking the ravine down to the Cornelius River about two miles from where you waited? You know, just where I said if the horse slipped one might have a nasty header down the precipice? Well, the cornet chap made me go on ahead there, which was just what I wanted, for it fell out with the pretty little plan I had made for him. I rode on ahead, as per instructions; but I went faster than he liked to follow, and he shouted at me in Dutch. I suppose he was telling me not to be a darned fool, but ride like a sensible person over such a breakneck place. I was sprinting for a wider place I saw ahead of me; and when I came to this I suddenly turned my horse right round and dashed back again up the pass to meet him. He was then only five yards away at most, and he hadn't time to get his rifle up at me—it hung on his back by a strap—though I saw him grabbing for it. Well, here I am."

"I see," said Geoff; "you took the inside position, and there wasn't room for two."

"His fool of a horse did the trick; it put its head down, and tried to turn and bolt out of our way. He'd have gone over the edge anyhow, without the bit of a shove we gave them in passing, for his horse's hind legs were over the edge already when we came up. He made a grab at my bridle as we went by, but he missed it. I'm sorry for the fellow, but war's war. If anybody wants him they'll have to look about a thousand feet down. He was dead long before he got there."

"Poor chap! Yes, war's war. Perhaps he'd have died anyhow before it's finished; still, it's a beastly end, even for a rascally, thieving field cornet. I suppose you're afraid his men may come back to look for him? I don't think they'll go far. If he doesn't turn up I shouldn't wonder if they sneak back to their farms—they seemed a bit unwilling to go, I thought."

"Shirkers, beaten up at the last moment. Well, let them return to their farms. The more of them that do that, the sooner the war'll be over."

The brothers did not keep up their rapid flight for very long. They could see to a considerable distance behind them, and there was no sign of pursuing Free Staters; so presently they pulled up and gave the horse a rest, for galloping up a rise double loaded is breathless work.

The rest of that day was quite eventless, and by the evening a farm near Vrede was reached. Here the women-folk—for, with the exception of a few Kaffirs, there was not a man about the place—were kindly disposed. They seemed anxious to hear the last news from Ladysmith, and as Geoff was as anxious to oblige them in return for hospitality received, he gave them a strictly Free State version, piling on the glory—as he afterwards expressed it—on behalf of the Free Staters and their doings to such an extent that he succeeded in making all present very proud and happy, and ready to dispense the best of everything they had to offer. Geoff supped well that night, and slept luxuriously, doing in both these departments very much better than his unfortunate prisoner, who was locked up in the stable with a plate of scraps to eat, and a bundle of straw to lie upon.

Had he known the disposition of his hostesses towards him as well as Geoff did he would have been grateful for even such small mercies as these, for it was only at Geoff's earnest solicitations that poor Hugh received any food at all, for the women were for letting him starve upon a crust of bread.

"I must keep him alive, you see," Geoff pleaded, "rascally *rooinek* though he is, for I'm responsible for him, and have to deliver him in safety at the

railway station at Standerton. He starved for three days, poor chap, after Nicholson's Nek, trying to get back to his people. I told you about Nicholson's Nek—thunder! you should have seen your Free Stater fellows there! These Englishmen couldn't stand up to them at all—couldn't show a head over their little earthworks but it had a couple of bullet-holes for eyes and another for a mouth! Your people can shoot, and that's a fact!"

"I should like to take a thong to him, and let him sup on *sjambok*," said a strapping Boer wench. "What do they come bothering around here for, drawing off our best lads from the farms to teach them wisdom?"

"Ah, I expect your lad would rather be back at the farm here than whipping Englishmen outside Ladysmith!" said Geoff. "Well, take comfort—they won't want much more of it, and then your boy'll come back. What's his name?"

"Jan Petersen," said the blushing girl. "We were to be married at New Year—will he be back by then, do you think?"

"Long before that! Jan Petersen, did you say?" said Geoff bracingly. "I know him well—I saw him by Ladysmith! A splendid fighter, by thunder! They say he's to be the next field cornet in place of — in place of — I forget the fellow's name—— "

"Van Zaandyg?" asked the girl, eagerly. "Is that the name? It was he came and fetched our lads away. Is he dead, then?"

"Well, I don't think he's dead," said Geoff, feeling that one of the audience might be interested in this gentleman, and that therefore it would be a pity to kill him outright; "but he has done well and will probably get a step very soon."

"What, a commandant?" said someone, much impressed.

"So they say at the front," said Geoff, wagging his head, wisely.

Geoff was in great form that night, and with a little encouragement might easily have promoted the relations and friends of all the ladies present to the very highest positions in the Free State army. But it grew late, and his imagination was allowed a rest until breakfast time.

So successfully had he ingratiated himself in the favour of his hostesses, however, that luxuries of all sorts were pressed upon him for the day's consumption, and poor Hugh, after all, had his share of good things; for Geoff brought away with him sufficient for half a dozen greedy persons, being determined that destiny should atone to his brother for the scurvy treatment he had met with at the farm.

Standerton was reached without further adventure on the following evening, the two brothers entering the town in the orthodox fashion Hugh as the weary, footsore prisoner tramping alongside his armed Boer escort, who addressed him with scant ceremony when in the hearing of passers-by, many of whom mocked and jeered at the Englishman, calling him names and abusing him both in Dutch and English.

As Hugh somewhat naturally remarked to his brother that evening, discussing their enterprise, which, on the whole had prospered exceedingly well up to this point, the game was a more amusing one for Geoff than for himself.

"I don't know what it is that you say to me in Dutch when there are Boer chaps about," added Hugh; "but I should say you are being darned rude by the way they seem to enjoy your remarks."

"Be a wise fellow, and don't inquire into it too closely," Geoff laughed; "because where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be inquisitive."

"All right," said Hugh; "but if I ever get a chance I'll take it out of some of those Boer Johnnies for their impertinence."

"I can't encourage these wicked, vengeful feelings," said Geoff. "If I did I should be getting my own head punched for some of the insulting remarks I make about you."

"*Are* they so very insulting?" asked Hugh, grinning.

"You bet," said Geoff. "*Withering* sometimes, if only you knew."

"By George! I'll learn Dutch then, and half kill you the first time I understand any of your darned impertinence," laughed Hugh. "So look out, young feller, at the next secluded spruit."

CHAPTER X.

PRETORIA!

But secluded spruits were done with for some time, for with this evening the road travelling ended, and the train journey commenced. At Standerton station the brothers realised more acutely than hitherto that they had not much more time to spend together in planning and scheming for the things which should follow Hugh's imprisonment.

Had they known it, their time was even shorter than they supposed; for Geoff expected to accompany his brother to Pretoria; but this little plan was suddenly and cruelly nipped in the bud when the train ran into the station. For in the train were other British prisoners from the front, in charge of half a dozen armed and rowdy Boers, who insisted upon Geoff joining their party, while

Hugh was to be crowded in with the forty or fifty unfortunate Britishers occupying the vans specially provided for them.

Geoff, disgusted, and somewhat concerned, yet determined to play his part to the end, was obliged to agree to this arrangement.

"I suppose I shall see my sheep at Pretoria?" he said. "I have to get a receipt for him."

"Shoot him into the van, and come in with us," said a half-drunken Boer. "Who cares whether they give you a receipt or not? We'll give you a dozen receipts. Have you any money?"

"A little."

"That's much more important. Well, you can get rum at the counter there. You're a new-comer, and may stand drinks round."

Geoff contrived to whisper to Hugh a warning that he should hint nothing about their affairs to his fellow prisoners. Hugh winked in token that he had no intention of doing so.

"Get in, you dead-kop," said Geoff aloud in Boer English; "and don't die on the way, for I must have a receipt for you."

Then Hugh squeezed into the crowd of mournful captives travelling towards their weary haven of enforced, undesired peace; and to the sub-accompaniment of muttered curses and sighs he heard from them the story of their misfortunes—it was all one story, for this vanload was the result of a single haul by the Boers, one of the results of the treacherous, wily tactics so successfully employed by the enemy during the earlier stages of the war.

Hugh's heart bled for these poor fellows—brave, gallant, eager soldiers who had gone forth full of the delight that a strong man feels in the prospect of a good fight and an anticipated victory, and whose martial ambition had been cut off in the bud, never more to blossom forth—during this war, at least.

"One hoped to get on and do something particular, and get spoken about and promoted," said a young fellow dismally, "and this is the end of it—oh, *curse* the bad luck of the whole business, and the villainous wiliness of these infernal Boer sneaks!"

"It would make a fellow blow his brains out, if they hadn't taken one's weapons away," said another.

"And if one didn't always feel there was just a faint chance of escaping, somehow!" said a third, more sanguine.

Then someone asked Hugh how he had contrived to get himself caught, and Hugh, feeling that however permissible and even laudable it might be to deceive the enemy, it was not quite pleasant to lie to one's own people, steered as close to the truth as he could manage, contriving to convey the desired impression without actually making a false statement. Of course, this may be called prevarication, but as Geoff had very eloquently observed earlier in the day, or yesterday, "War's war." So Hugh explained that his capture had been effected after Nicholson's Nek, which was perfectly true; and that it had been effected by a field cornet and a body of Boers—all of which was scrupulously veracious as far as it went; and, after all, it may fairly be left in the hands of a man situated as Hugh was to decide for himself how far he need go in the telling of a story, and where it may be expedient to stop.

As for Geoff, being among enemies and therefore under no conscientious restrictions as to telling the truth, he did not tell it, or anything like it. Indeed, he romanced very freely indeed, and enjoyed himself amazingly in the process.

Moreover the Boers found him a very entertaining companion; for Geoff was the best of mimics, and delighted his audience with very excellent imitations of some of the national celebrities—such as the president himself—a representation for which Geoff was greatly renowned in Johannesburg—the great Cronje, and others.

"Where do you hail from?" asked one of the Boers in the carriage; "I seem to have seen you somewhere—you're not a farmer, I can see by your hands, and you speak like a town-liver, too."

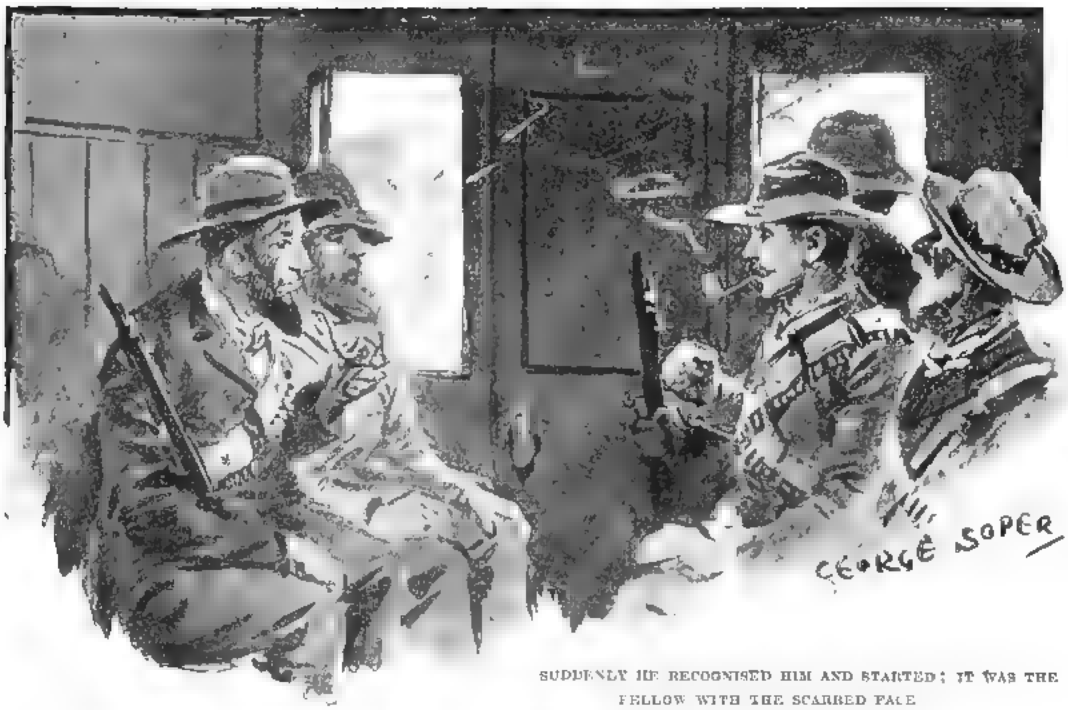
"Tell me where you've been, and perhaps I shall be able to tell you where you saw me," said Geoff, now taking particular notice of the man. Suddenly he recognised him and started; it was the fellow with the scarred face with whom he had quarrelled at a wayside station on the way from Johannesburg. The man, to Geoff's vexation, observed him start.

"What, you recognise me too?" he said. "Where did we meet?"

"At Johannesburg, wasn't it? Aren't you Karl Van Raden, one of the city police?" said Geoff, temporising.

"Not I—I'm a farmer, thank Heaven!" laughed the man. "When this cursed war is over I go back to my farm; I've been in Johannesburg, I may have seen you there. I seem to know your face, as I say, it's more like an Englishman's face than a Boer's; that comes of living among the Outlanders, no doubt."

"No doubt; I sit and write at a bank all day, you see, among English clerks, and, being a bit of a mimic, I suppose I've picked up some of their ways and looks—look here, here's an Englishman to the life, a rich Outlander reading the Dutch paper after Jameson's raid." Geoff assumed a



SUDDENLY HE RECOGNISED HIM AND STARTED; IT WAS THE FELLOW WITH THE SCARRED FACE

ridiculous expression and pose that evoked roars of laughter, thus changing the subject, which was an awkward one for him, and presently, feigning sleepiness, he closed his eyes and screwed up his face in pretended slumber. Geoff wished to think awhile, and was somewhat weary of the strain of entertaining his fellow passengers. It would have been awkward if the scarred fellow had recognised him, and the shock of his presence had somewhat disturbed him. Geoff felt that he must keep out of the fellow's way as much as possible, lest he should suddenly remember and suspect.

"Yet he could scarcely do that," he reflected; "for the last thing in the world that he would be likely to suspect would be that a Johannesburg refugee should be returning to Pretoria as a Boer, and actually depositing a British prisoner in quad."

This phenomenon would undoubtedly present unfathomable difficulties to anyone in the position of the scarred gentleman, should he be inclined to connect Geoff with the "difficult" English refugee at that wayside station. When at early morning the train stopped outside Johannesburg, *en route* for Pretoria, Geoff gazed in the direction of his old home, longing to know how it fared with a certain Boer maiden of whom he had heard nothing since the outbreak of the war. As a matter of fact, Vesta had written to him, according to her promise, but letters addressed from the Boer cities to persons in Natal and Cape Colony took a very long time to reach their destination at this period, and sometimes never reached it at all.

If circumstances had permitted of his riding instead of travelling by train, Geoff would have contrived a visit to his fair lady; but this might have been a dangerous thing, and it was just as well for all parties that matters had shaped themselves differently.

How the place reminded him of that crowded afternoon of the flight from Johannesburg! That had been a memorable day indeed, memorable for its own historical associations, but most memorable in his mind for the short but delightful conversation with Vesta. That conversation had set his heart at rest for ever, nothing could ever be quite the same again since that little interchange of ideas; for a bright ray of light had illuminated his days since that hour, and must for ever illuminate them now that Vesta had promised to love him and be true to him.

"When shall I see her again, I wonder!" thought Geoff somewhat sadly, as the train steamed out of the junction. "Not till the war's over, I suppose, *unless*——" That word *unless* opened the door to a whole train of thoughts, thoughts so absorbing and—presumably—so exciting that Geoff lay back with flushed face, turning them over and over and endeavouring to shape them to his satisfaction.

"By Jove!" he muttered at length, "it really isn't a bad idea; the only thing is——"

And once more Geoff's thoughts went off at full cry, like a pack of hounds in pursuit of the nimble fox. The upshot of those thoughts will appear presently in due order; all that may now be known of them is that they seemed to please their author mightily, so much so, that one of his fellow travellers awoke and asked him "why in thunder he was cackling and laughing to himself in such a manner as to shake the carriage and prevent others from sleeping?"

Geoff apologised and explained that he had been thinking of something funny, which indeed was the case.

Pretoria looked wonderfully empty as the train at length reached the capital city, and prisoners and guards trooped out of their carriages upon the platform and marched through the streets towards the prison-camp. Most of the Boers, like Geoff, possessed a horse, but some had been reduced by the operations of war to the status of foot-soldiers.

"What becomes of us when we've landed our prisoners?" asked Geoff of one of his companions.

"We give them up and then go back to the front," said the Boer. "That is, we are supposed to, but we are not such fools, most of us, as to return immediately without first looking up our friends and relations. I live at Potchefstroom, for instance, and it isn't likely I'm going back without having a look at my farm and the missus and so on."

"Naturally," said Geoff. "I'm sick enough of the war, I should like to stay away altogether."

"Ah, they won't let you do that, my son," laughed the Boer, "unless you can persuade them to take you on at one of the forts or prisons here at Pretoria. If you want that or anything else out of the authorities, though, you'd better be prepared for disappointment, for everyone seems to be in the kind of humour that whatever you ask him for he'd rather give you the opposite. Ah, that's the prison-camp, I expect! Look at the long sheds within the high palings; I'm told these are nicknamed 'Ladysmith Street,' 'Kimberley Street,' and 'Mafeking Street.' Some of them are pretty full of rednecks; we have over two thousand of the dogs under lock and key."

Geoff gazed with the greatest interest at the sheds and their surrounding defences. So far as he could see, there should not be much difficulty about getting out of such prisons as these. Doubtless the Boers trusted to the practical impossibility of a man in uniform escaping from the city and afterwards to the frontier, even though he should have contrived to elude the vigilance of his guards and scale the outer walls of the prison.

CHAPTER XI.

BUNNY MAKES A DASH.

And now, having brought the two elder brothers in safety to Pretoria, it is time that poor Bunny should have his share of attention.

We left him, it may be remembered, in an extremely uncomfortable position, hanging on, bull-dog-like, to the waist of his burly captor, who utterly refused to be pulled from his saddle, and, holding on to his horse's mane with one hand, fought like a demon with the other to release himself from Bunny's grip. Bunny knew how to collar, as many an opposing three-quarter had been aware in the old days at Cubberley. But there are differences between collaring a mounted man and seizing the nimble and dodging three-quarter who stands upon his own feet—until you knock him off them. Moreover, Bunny had happened upon a very sturdy Boer, which was bad luck for him.

"Let go, you mad redneck bull-dog!" cried the Boer, angrily, "or I'll smash your kop with my rifle-butt."

"Let go yourself, or I'll pull you in several pieces! I swear I'll have you off," Bunny shouted back.

Then the two continued their struggle silently, both doing their utmost. The Boer tried to get at his rifle, in order to jab at Bunny's head with the butt, but Bunny's arms were round the strap and he couldn't move it. Presently Bunny dragged his leg from over the horse's back. He had, at the outset, contrived to throw his left leg over behind the Boer; but now, getting his feet against the ribs of the animal, he obtained a tremendous purchase for pulling.

There could be but one result to this move. The Boer must certainly come over, but Bunny must just as certainly come with him, and would, probably, have the severer fall of the two.

So it happened.

The Boer felt in a moment that the strain of Bunny's tugs had suddenly and tremendously increased. He made frantic efforts to retain his seat. He dropped the rifle, and clung to the horse's neck with both arms. He gasped, he swore, he struggled. But it was of no avail. The frightened beast, now doubly alarmed by the rush of galloping hoofs behind it—for the other horse was in full pursuit—put on speed every moment, and, in spite of its double burden, went like the wind.

Suddenly the Boer, with a loud curse, realised that he was worsted, and let go.

It was a bad fall for both. Bunny was underneath, and struck his head so violently against the stony ground that, though he automatically

retained the tremendous grip he had taken of his man, and rolled over two or three times with him, he knew nothing about the matter.

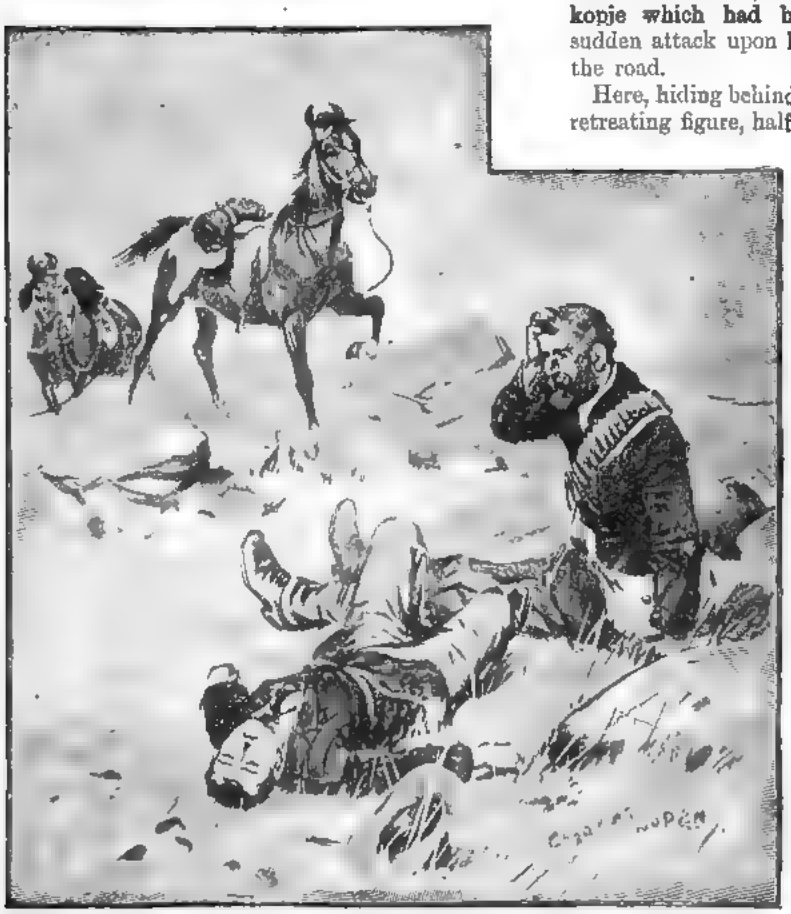
As for the Boer, he, too, lay quiet for awhile, dazed by the fall. The two horses, after galloping straight on for a hundred yards or more, wheeled round, and presently subsided into a trot, coming close up to the fallen humans, and trotting two or three times in a circle about them, heads up and tails outstretched, concerned and inquisitive. Then, seeing that the men made no movement, they drew up, and quietly began to graze, their bridles falling about their ears in an uncomfortable manner, and threatening to trip them up as they walked about in search of food.

The Boer was the first to recover his senses. He sat up, and looked about in a dazed fashion.

"Almachtig!" he muttered. "What has happened, and why sits a ton of lead upon my kop?"

His eye rested upon Bunny's unconscious form, whence it travelled to the horses quietly grazing close at hand.

"Aha!" he said. "I remember."



"ALMACHTIG! WHAT HAS HAPPENED, AND WHY SITS A TON OF LEAD UPON MY KOP?"

He raised himself stiffly to his feet. His horse lifted its head and neighed him a welcome—or, perhaps, its congratulations upon his recovery.

"Good beast," he muttered. "And Piet's beast, too. Whence came she then, and where is Piet? As for you," he continued, turning Bunny over with his foot, "you seem to be cooked, and serve you right for your silly trick. You might have done for me as well, and that would have been a pity."

Bunny gave a groan at this point, and the Boer looked keenly in his face.

"Alive, are you?" he muttered. "Then, with apologies, I will take precautions, for you are a *verdomt* awkward customer, though you seem but a lad." With which words the Boer deliberately took off the leather belt from Bunny's waist, and, using it as a strap, contrived to fasten his wrists very tightly together.

"Now we shall be all comfortable," he muttered.

And, judging rightly that Bunny would not be sufficiently recovered to get up and run away for some little while, he walked back towards the kopje which had been the scene of Bunny's sudden attack upon him, a good mile back along the road.

Here, hiding behind a rock, and watching Geoff's retreating figure, half a mile away, he came upon his companion, cursing, and swearing, and wishing to Heaven he had his rifle.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the other, "and mine is nearly bent double with my fall, or we could have had him nicely before he gets to that corner behind there."

Geoff, after waiting awhile in case Bunny should after all have got the better of his man and escaped, in which case he would quickly return to this place, had climbed to the highest spot he could find and gazed thence in the direction taken by the galloping horses, one of which carried both Boer and Bunny.

From this point he could see far over the plain beneath, but unfortunately the exact place in which both Bunny and the Boer lay at that

moment unconscious, was hidden by a shoulder of the hill, and it did not strike him that both men and horses might be congregated at this spot. Concluding, very sadly, that Bunny had been carried away by this time far out of sight, and that it would be foolish to attempt pursuit on foot, he had dejectedly turned his steps towards Ladysmith, and had presently returned home to make those dispositions for the recovery of Bunny of which we know already.

Then the two Boers returned to their prisoner and found him wonderfully better, most disagreeably so, from their point of view.

As a matter of fact, Bunny had recovered consciousness almost as soon as his Boer had disappeared. He had awaked dazed, and in much pain, to find that his wrists were tightly bound together, and that he could not move his hands to his head.

Glancing up, he now perceived his captor walking away, and two horses apparently at his service. If only he could move his hands in order to mount and ride one of them! But for the fact of being bound at the wrists, Bunny would probably have been but semi-conscious for an hour or more, wondering what had happened to him and where he was, and why his head felt like a battered coal-scuttle. But finding himself unexpectedly tied up, his brain was forced, as it were, to act, and soon Bunny was wide enough awake to be striving his utmost to loosen the strap. The Boer had buckled it, tucking in the end of the strap, in and out, under the three or four thicknesses that encircled his wrists, but by means of violent tugging with his teeth, Bunny contrived to work the end gradually free. He judged, rightly enough, that the Boer would not be likely to remain away long, so that he worked in desperate haste, for not only must he be free, mount one of the horses, and be off before the return of the fellow, but also he must secure so good a start as to be out of range of his rifle.

So Bunny tugged and tore and got the end of the strap out. But the buckle was an awkward matter to negotiate, and it took him much valuable time to unfasten it. Eventually, by screwing his left hand round over his right, at the wrist, he brought up reinforcements to assist the main army, which was his front teeth, and with the aid of his middle finger he contrived to get the buckle undone. But by this time he could see his man returning, with another, in the distance, and the strap must still be unwound, and a horse caught and mounted, and, to be fairly safe from rifle bullets, half a mile of veldt put between him and his enemies.

Half a minute now sufficed to free his hands altogether of the strap—all of which was done in a recumbent posture, lest the Boer should suspect and hurry back to prevent his designs.

Then, a free man, Bunny suddenly leapt to his feet. This was a dangerous moment, for he might easily be shot, he knew, while mounting or before. Bunny did not know that one of these good Boers had lost his rifle to Geoff, and that the weapon of the second lay where he and his man had fallen, bent and useless.

Therefore he placed a horse between him and the Boers, who were now a quarter of a mile away, shouting and running towards him. They had just realised how much better their prisoner must be feeling, since he was actually engaged in attempting to take his departure from among them without going through the ceremony of farewell.

Luckily for Bunny, their shouting engaged the attention of the horses, and these good beasts raised their heads and cocked forward their ears in an intelligent and faithful endeavour to ascertain what was required of them. Bunny seized the opportunity to capture one. He easily caught a trailing bridle and jumped upon the back of the nearest horse.

In another minute he had dug his heels into its sides, and was careering at full speed up the road. Presently he glanced back over his shoulder to see what his enemies were about.

To his great relief, neither of them appeared to have any intention of using his rifle in order to stop him. On the contrary, the two Boers seemed to be quarrelling, and even tussling, over the horse—perhaps arguing as to which possessed the prior right to it.

The fact was that each claimed the right. One, somewhat naturally, because it was his own horse, the other because the prisoner was his by right of conquest, and, as he argued, if he had not captured the prisoner Piet's horse would not have stopped, but would have gone Heaven knows where over the veldt.

How the argument would have ended, and which contention was theoretically right, need not concern us. Neither did these questions concern Bunny. So far as we and he are concerned the argument ended with a short, fierce fight between the Boers and the victory of Bunny's burly friend, who quickly mounted, leaving behind him a few very personal remarks for his companion to digest until they should meet again—and galloped after Bunny with all speed.

Bunny led him round by the kopje, being anxious to pass the spot where he and Geoff had made their first attack upon their captors. It was just possible that Geoff might have been stunned with the fall, as Bunny himself had been, but there was no sign of Geoff. Then Bunny, with

THE TWO BOERS SEEMED TO BE QUARRELLING AND TUSSELLING OVER THE HORSE.

half a mile start, turned his horse in the direction in which he believed Ladysmith to lie, for Yule's retreating force was, he knew, bound for the base camp, and the best thing he could do would be to make for his own people, just as, without a doubt, Geoff had done. At Ladysmith he would meet his brother once more, and they would start their scouting afresh. As for the burly Boer thundering along behind him, Bunny scarcely devoted a thought to him. He did not appear to have a rifle about him, therefore he did not matter. If he should happen to have chosen the better horse, and overtook him—why, there would be a fight, that was all, and a fight upon equal terms was a matter that never gave Bunny much anxiety.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RACE COURSE.

NEVERTHELESS, it would be the wiser course, he knew, to ride away from the fellow if he could, and Bunny rode as fast as he could get his animal to move.

He easily maintained his lead, being a lighter man than his pursuer, and the horses being about equal. But luck was on the side of the Boers this day; for before he had ridden half an hour he saw ahead of him, assembled about a farmhouse by the side of the road, a small commando of Boer troops refreshing themselves and chatting, some mounted, others on foot, their well-trained horses standing patiently behind them.

Bunny's pursuer shouted aloud. Bunny himself had already turned his panting horse out of the road and was now careering over the stony veldt. But half a dozen fellows quickly followed, while a couple of those standing dismounted in the open yard sent bullets after him.

Bunny bent forward over his animal's neck in order to offer as small a target as possible. He patted and caressed the panting beast, encouraging it with Dutch words. The good creature responded at once, making enormous efforts to increase its pace. But it was tired and winded, and without a doubt the fresh horses of the pursuing Boers would soon overtake it.

But the pursuing Boers were an indolent lot, and disinclined, it appeared, to engage in a long race over bad ground. They wanted to continue the meal whose enjoyment had been broken by this foolish race, therefore they adopted a quicker method of bringing about the capture of this flying redneck—they fired a volley after him.

Two of the bullets found their billet. One struck, scarcely more than grazing it, Bunny's left leg; the second hit his unfortunate horse behind the shoulder, and, with a plunge, it fell headlong, sending its rider, for the second time this day, turning somersaults upon the grass and stones of the veldt.

This, of course, finished the race, and long before Bunny could have regained his feet and mounted his horse—which for two reasons could not be done—he was surrounded and recaptured. Both the reasons against remounting were excellent—the first was that Bunny himself was dazed with the fall and sat in smiling incomprehension of what was going on around him; and the second that his horse lay as dead as last year's leaves close by its rider.

Bunny did not remember much of what followed these events. He had a dim recollection of being

rather kindly treated by his new captors, who took him from his first friend after hearing particulars of his capture and escape, and brought him to their camp, where he was attended by a Boer surgeon, who was kind and skilful, and afterwards sent on by rail to Pretoria. His first captor was dispatched, with the curt reply to the claims put in by him for rights over the prisoner, that, since he had been such a fool as to allow the man to escape once, he was not the person to be trusted with him a second time.

At Pretoria Bunny was put into the enclosure known as the Race Course, a camp hastily prepared outside the town for the increasing numbers of English prisoners almost daily brought in.

Here he passed his time in wretchedness. He was not treated unkindly, indeed, he might have claimed release by posing as a farmer and non-combatant, but that those who brought him in told terrible tales of his violence in the attempt to escape from his captors; in consequence of which reports he was not sent over the borders, like many other non-combatants, such as farmers and storekeepers, who had been taken while standing by their property in hopes that the tide of war might pass over and leave it intact.

As the days went by the numbers of prisoners brought into Ladysmith Street rapidly increased. A huge consignment arrived after the Nicholson's Nek disaster—a crowd of dejected, disheartened men, who had bravely resisted calamity up to the last moment, and had succumbed to the inevitable only when there remained not a single cartridge among them to fire in the face of the Boer hosts that surrounded them.

Among these poor fellows came Jack Rosenthal, whom Bunny knew pretty well, and from him he presently learned the sad story of the disaster which had so moved every loyal Britisher and Colonial when the news of it appeared in the English newspapers: a naked, incomprehensible story, without detail and without explanation.

"My old governor'll move heaven and earth to get me out of this," said Jack Rosenthal. "He'll probably offer old Paul a ransom of a hundred thousand pounds, or something of that sort; his ideas always roam to great sums of money, dear old chap, and he won't stint the cash to get me back, especially as I know he believes the Boers are going to hold us for several years."

"I hope he's wrong there, anyway," said Bunny sighing. "Great Scott! Imagine living in this place for two years or more—waiting and waiting, always waiting to be released."

"Well, old man, if the governor buys me out I'll get him to make an offer for you, too," laughed Jack. "He can afford to buy out the lot of us if he chooses to do it."

"Thanks, I think I shall have a shot for myself before that happens, or maybe Geoff will get me out somehow. Dash it! what an idiot I was not to escape when he did; that beast of a Boer stuck to his saddle like a limpet to a rock. I wish I knew what had become of Geoff! However, he's the slyest old rascal on the face of the earth, and if anyone can slip through the hands of a lot of Boer chaps and get right away, he's the man. Only, of course, he might have been shot before reaching camp. That's what makes me miserable; I simply pine to know for certain that he's all right!"

"If he is, we may hear of him before long," laughed Jack. "He's the sort of fellow to come and fetch you, if I know him; it's the kind of enterprise he would like above all things in the world."

Bunny shook his head. "I don't see how it could be done," he said, "though I agree it's the kind of thing he would love to try. No, if he appears here, I'm afraid it will only be in the character of prisoner." Many a conversation did Bunny and Jack Rosenthal enjoy during the days that followed Jack's arrival, and the subject of their debates was always the same, the feasibility or the reverse of an attempt to escape from their "durance vile."

Bunny, following the dictates of his own too venturesome nature, was all for "a flutter," as he called it, for liberty, ignoring the frightful risks involved in such a proceeding.

"If we could only get out of this place, I don't see why the rest of the business shouldn't be fairly easy," he contended. "I am pretty good at talking Dutch. You can talk a bit, can't you?"

"Not much!" said Jack. "I've been far less in the country than you have. My governor always had one foot in England, you see, while yours has always lived here. Why?"

"We might pass as Boers—we couldn't escape as Englishmen!"

"My good chap, I couldn't do that, I should be spotted at once!" said Jack, laughing.

"Stop a bit. You could have your face bound up, and pretend you'd had a bullet through your jaw—you wouldn't be expected to talk much then."

Jack Rosenthal roared with laughter.

"Upon my word, that's a deuced ingenious idea!" he said. "You're a bit of a genius, Bunny—upon my soul you are! But what about pretending to be Boers in an English uniform and an obviously English suit, such as you and I respectively are wearing?"

"We should think of some plan to overpower a couple of the guards at night, and bag their clothes. Make them drunk isn't a bad way—we've got money——"

Jack shook his head.

"They're too *slim* for that. We might overpower them sober, but I don't think we'd get them drunk."

"Well, we must study the beggars carefully, and see what's to be done. We might, perhaps, *buy* them, or one, and get him to provide us with clothes. There's no hurry—study their characters, and we may find a way out yet."

So it remained for the present, and Jack and Bunny set themselves to study their guards—without much success at first, for the opportunities of doing so were rare. But their studies were broken in upon by a notable and exciting circumstance. Late one afternoon, about a week or more after Jack's arrival, a fresh batch of prisoners were admitted.

Jack and Bunny were in the open space allotted to the inmates for exercise, when the gates opened and the new arrivals were shown in.

"New chums—poor beggars!" said Jack. "I wonder where *they* hail from, and how the war's going on!"

"Not too well, to judge from the number of prisoners that come in," began Bunny.

Then he suddenly broke off with an exclamation, his face flushed and his eyes brightened.

"Good Heavens, Jack!" he muttered. "Look at that tall chap, the sixth in the line. Who is it? *Who* is it?"

"I seem to know his face——" Jack began.

"It is—it *is!*" cried Bunny, almost aloud. "It's my brother, Hugh, Jack. I'm certain of it. You haven't seen him for ages, nor have I for two years; but I can swear to him. How could he have got here?"

"Poor chap!" said Jack. "He must have been bagged almost as soon as he landed. What ghastly luck! Don't look as though you recognised a friend, or they may keep us apart."

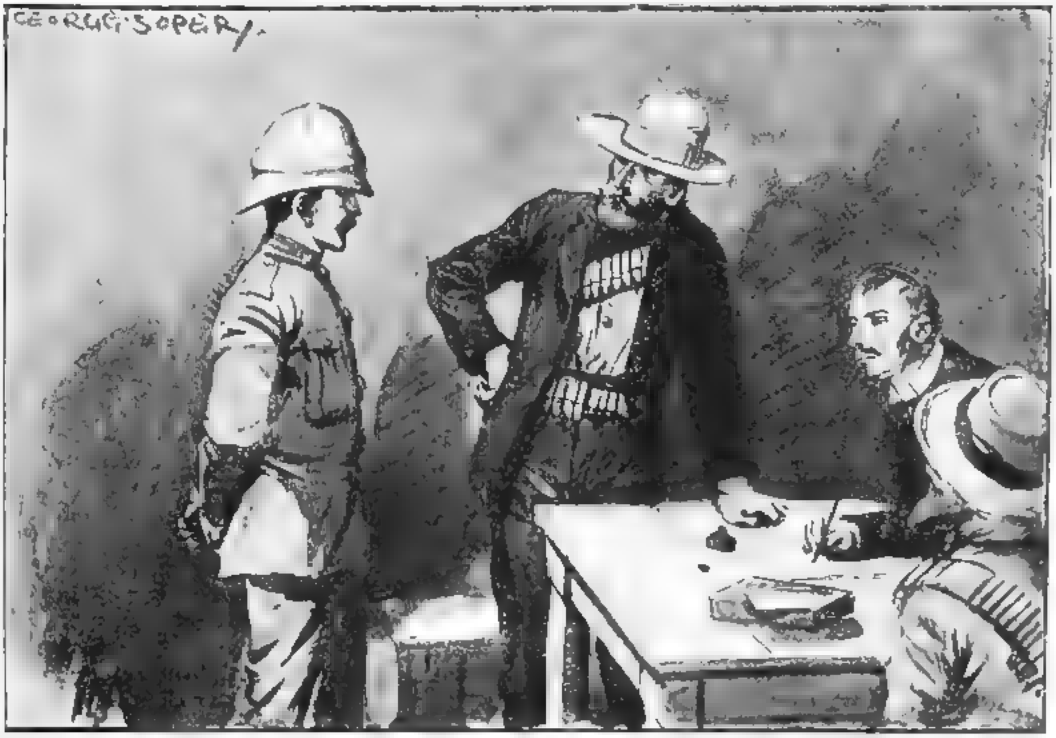
Meanwhile Hugh himself was peering about, all eyes, most anxious to learn whether Bunny was in this enclosure or another. Presently he caught sight of his brother, and a smile of delighted recognition passed over his face, followed quickly by a warning look. Then Hugh turned away again.

"He expected to see me, and was looking out for me," muttered Bunny, excitedly. "Do you think it can be part of some mysterious plot, Jack?"

Jack shook his head.

"Couldn't be," he said. "You can see that he's a prisoner. *He* can't get us out any more than we can get him out."

Hugh, together with the rest of the prisoners



WHERE SAT A BOER OFFICER ENTERING EACH IN TURN IN THE REGISTER.

brought in with him, was going through certain formalities at a table, where sat a Boer officer entering each in turn in the register.

Luckily Hugh remembered the name by which Geoff had gone throughout the enterprise, for he was asked, among other questions, who had captured him, and where. To this Hugh replied "Pieter Kuyper," and to the second part of the question "after Nicholson's Nek." He was then asked his name, which he gave correctly, and his regiment, which he gave as the Imperial Light Horse. This concluded his examination, and he was told to fall back into line.

"I don't believe we shall see him to-night, to speak to," said Bunny. "How confoundedly tantalising, isn't it?"

"Never mind, we shall get a chat with him to-morrow," replied Jack; "we must possess our souls in patience."

But if the sudden appearance of Hugh had been an agitating event to Bunny, something happened a moment later which was a hundred times more amazingly bewildering, exciting, and delightful. For as Bunny gazed towards the entrance gate, at which sat the registrar, a Boer entered suddenly. The next minute Bunny gripped Jack's arm with violence.

"Look at him, Jack—look at the Boer fellow who has just come in—speaking to the man at the table," he muttered. "*Am I raving, man, or is that my brother Geoff?*"

(To be continued.)

Fred Whishaw

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION."

(Contributed by readers of THE CAPTAIN.)

JOHN HALIFAX.

Of all the works of fiction which I have ever read, none produced so deep or lasting an impression on my mind as Mrs. Craik's well-known book, "John Halifax, Gentleman," and I must therefore chronicle John Halifax as my favourite character.

In her book the authoress portrays the life of a young lad called John Halifax, who picks up a precarious livelihood by tramping the country, and exists on odd jobs here and there.

In the course of his wanderings he comes to Norton Bury, where old Fletcher, the Quaker, who is attracted to him, employs him in his tanyard. In the course of time our hero and Phineas Fletcher (the son of his employer) become fast friends, "even as David and Jonathan."

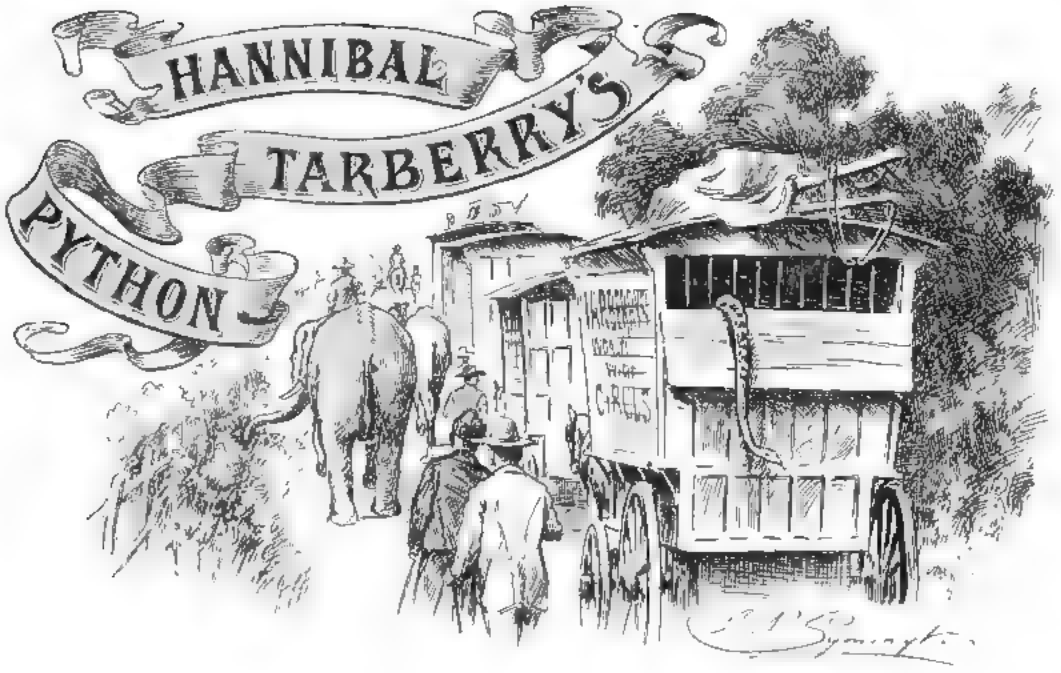
John rises steadily in his employer's favour, and by-and-bye, when he comes of age, he makes him his partner. Phineas, who has always been delicate, recovers from a serious illness, and he and John go to Enderley for a change, and there it is that the greatest event in the life of John takes place, because he falls in love. It so happens that there is also staying at Enderley a young lady and her father. The lady is Ursula March. Her father dies, and John is able to render her a service.

Shortly after, John and his friend return home again, but he cannot forget his love even though he and she are in very different positions of life. He loves her, and sometimes he believes his love is returned, and then it is that he says to his friend: "Why cannot I go to her, with my honest manhood—the manhood that I was born with—go to her, and tell her that I love her?" By-and-bye he falls ill, and seems to be dying. The doctors do not know his disease, but his friend—his Jonathan—does. He is dying of love. Jonathan, to save his friend's life, goes to Ursula, and tells her that John is dying because of his love of her, and beseeches her, if she loves him, to come to him. Ursula, who has loved John all the time, goes to him.

After a time, in spite of the opposition of Ursula's relatives, they are married, and then comes the story of their beautiful married life, and of their troubles and triumphs in their family, and then the story of their death. At the age of fifty John dies suddenly of heart disease, and his faithful wife, lying down beside the body of her husband, dies also. "In their lives they were lovely and beautiful, and in death they were not divided."

In real life there are a few John Halifax's, but a very, very few.

The record may be summed up in these words: His life was a tale of gentleness, and his death the triumph of a hero.—James Anderson.



A Pennsylvanian Yarn.

By W. Murray Graydon.

IN the grey dawn of a sultry August morning, a barefooted country lad trudged slowly down a grassy lane, shaking a willow switch at a herd of sleek cattle, who walked sedately in front of him. Arriving at the end of the lane, the cattle filed obediently through an open gateway into a pasture field, and the lad put up the bars behind them. As he turned away, a boy of his own age and size scrambled over the right-hand fence and dropped lightly into the lane.

"Hello, Dick Bender!" cried the new-comer in a shrill voice.

"Hello yourself, Tim Smollet!" retorted the other. "Where are you going—to the circus?"

"No; folks won't let me," said Tim in an aggrieved tone.

"Neither will mine," replied Dick. "It's a mean shame. I haven't been any place but to a camp-meetin' in all my life."

"Would you like to see an elephant, an' a camel, an' mebbe some more things?" asked Tim.

"Of course I would. What do you mean?"

Tim laughed mysteriously. "Come on then," he said. "There ain't a minute to lose. Our hired man was at the circus, over at Grantville, last night, and he says the storm made them so late in packing up that they'll have to take the old State Road to get to Dover in time for the afternoon performance. They didn't intend to start until three or four o'clock this morning, and if we hurry across field we may see them go by."

"Hurra! I hope we will," cried Dick. "It will be next best to seeing the circus itself."

He turned a handspring on the grass, and then hopped over the fence in pursuit of Tim, who was already making rapid strides across the field. Five minutes' run found the lads in front of the stiff hawthorn hedge, and, scrambling breathlessly through a gap, they emerged on the highway. Their arrival was indeed timely, and their hearts throbbed with joy and excitement, as they saw the caravan before their very eyes. Two big elephants and a camel were nipping the leaves from an overhanging locust tree, and behind them, along the dusty road, stretched a dozen gaily-painted vans, and as many trucks loaded with camp equipments.

But what was the matter? The procession was at a standstill, and half-a-dozen men were grouped about the nearest van, the upper boards

of which were down, showing the row of slender iron bars.

As the boys stood by the hedge, feasting their eyes on the unwonted scene, a corpulent little man left the group and came excitedly towards them.

"Who owns that land?" he demanded, pointing to a corn-field that began at the terminus of the hedge, a few yards distant.

"It belongs to my folks," replied Dick, wondering what was coming next.

"Well," said the little man, "you'd better go to the house and tell your dad to keep his chickens and cattle locked up. My big snake got loose a while ago, and went into that corn-field like a race-horse."

"A big snake!" ejaculated Tim and Dick, in one breath.

"Yes; a python 15ft. long, and as ill-tempered a snake as ever lived. The creature is worth a heap of money. We let the boards down to give it air, and it broke one of the bars and got out. If it hurts the corn any I'll pay damages. My name is Hannibal Tarberry, and I'm the owner of this travelling circus and menagerie, admission, forty cents, children half price. Well, I reckon it's light enough to start after the creature now."

Mr. Tarberry turned abruptly away, and gave some hasty instructions to half a dozen of his men. A moment later the party set forth, carrying noosed ropes and a big net; one man had a gun. The circus proprietor invited the lads to accompany them, and they accepted with mingled delight and dread. They kept well to the rear, prepared to retreat at an instant's notice.

The march through the corn-field was intensely thrilling. The spoor of the python was in view all the time—a broad depression on the ridges of earth. Here and there clusters of corn had been knocked flat, and Mr. Tarberry accounted for this on the ground that the snake was threshing his tail about from sheer delight at being free.

The corn-field came to an end, and up through the meadow toiled the little band, without catching a glimpse of his snakeship. Then they warily crossed the orchard and drew near the house. The inmates were blissfully ignorant of what had occurred. Mrs. Bender was scouring milk pails on the back porch, and the farmer was leading a horse across the barnyard to the watering trough. A cheerful melody came from the pig-pen, where the hired man was providing the morning meal.

Mr. Tarberry was the first to scale the orchard fence, and as he dropped on the other side he gave a yell that made Dick and Tim jump with fright. There was the python in full view, gliding swiftly across the open ground in the direction of the barn. The sun shone on the long fat body mottled with gold and black, and the flat, brown head was slightly raised, as though he already scented the brood of fowls clucking in the barn-yard.

The whole party were quickly over the fence, Dick and Tim as eager as the rest, and hearing the commotion in his rear the snake re-doubled his speed.

"Faster, faster, men!" called Mr. Tarberry to his followers, and then at the top of his voice he shouted to the farmer to get out of the way

"Look out, father, there comes the snake!" Dick chimed in.

But Mr. Bender, being a little deaf, only stared in amazement at the invading horde of strangers. As yet the python was hidden from him by the barn-yard fence.

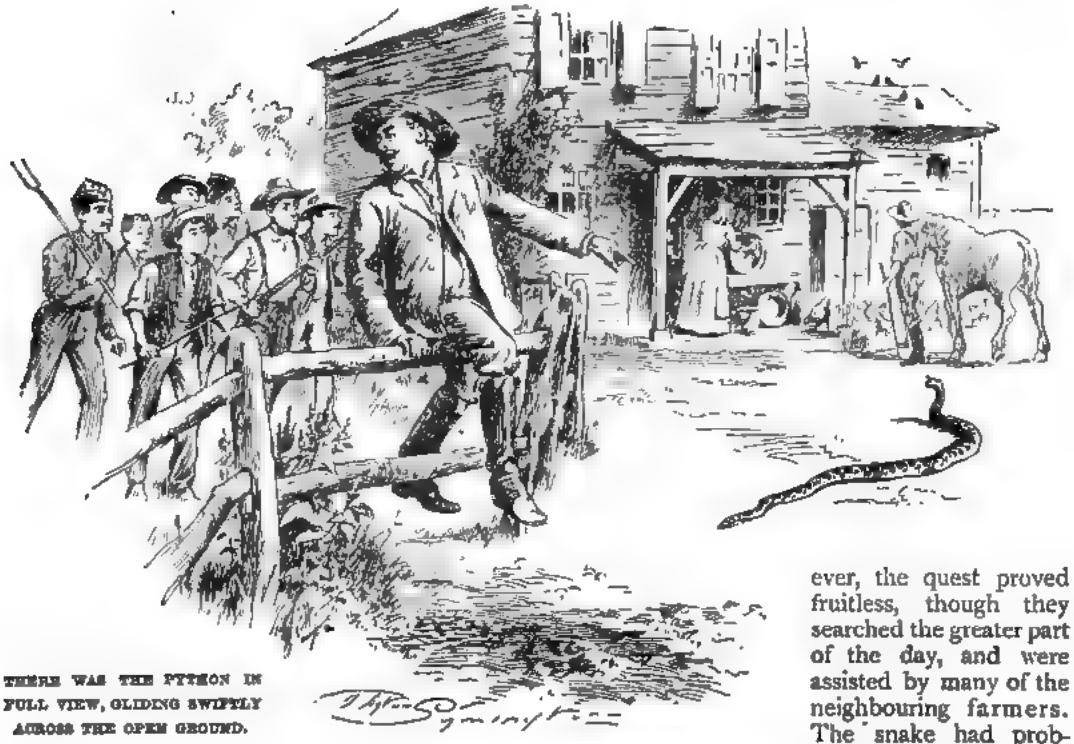
At this interesting moment the hired man and Mrs. Bender simultaneously caught sight of the monster. The woman swished into the kitchen, with a chorus of shrill screams, and the hired man fled for his life towards the corn-crib. The snake glided on with an angry hiss, and darted through the open gate into the barn-yard.

The scene that followed baffles description. The horse that Mr. Bender was leading broke loose by a vigorous jerk that stretched the farmer on his back; uttering piercing neighs of fright, the animal leaped the fence and tore down the lane like a whirlwind. Mr. Bender rose up as the snake came hissing towards him, and without delay he sprinted for the stone wall that bounded the lower side of the barn-yard. A black-and-white bull calf, heading in frantic terror in the same direction, butted heavily against him, and, for the second time, the farmer rolled over in the straw. Again he rose, and this time he gained the wall by a prodigious leap, and straddled the crest of it.

The innocent cause of all the commotion coursed swiftly on, steering a bee-line for the frightened fowls. For a few seconds the air rang with shrill cackling and fluttering, and the snake threshed around, like an escaped fire-hose under full pressure. Then the wild gyrations suddenly ceased, and the reptile bolted through the rear end of the barn-yard, with a big cock in his mouth, and vanished in a peach orchard.

As the circus proprietor and his men reached the gate, Mr. Bender stood up on the wall and surveyed them wrathfully.

"I'll have the law of you for this!" he shouted. "A thousand dollars won't satisfy me! I'll learn you to turn a varmint like that loose on my farm."



THERE WAS THE PYTHON IN FULL VIEW, GLIDING SWIFTLY ACROSS THE OPEN GROUND.

Mr. Tarberry stopped short, and gazed ruefully at the angry man.

"It won't pay to keep up the chase," he muttered. "I'll have more suits for damages on my hands than the whole blamed show is worth." Then he turned to Dick and Tim, and said quickly, "Boys, do you want that python? He's yours, if you capture him. You can either sell him for a big price, or earn money by exhibiting him round the country."

The boys were taken aback by this munificent offer. "I—I think we'd like to have him," stammered Dick at length.

"That's a bargain!" exclaimed Mr. Tarberry. "It's your snake from now on." He whispered a few words to his men, and then the whole party went briskly down the lane, followed by a volley of execrations from the indignant farmer.

Mr. Bender was disposed to put some of the blame on his son, but Dick explained matters satisfactorily, and was backed up by Tim. The boys did not admit that the python was in future their property; they felt some doubts as to how the statement would be received.

When Mrs. Bender was sufficiently recovered from her fright to be left alone, and the runaway horse had been brought back, the farmer and the hired man armed themselves with guns, and started in pursuit of the reptile, sternly refusing the boys permission to accompany them. However, the quest proved fruitless, though they searched the greater part of the day, and were assisted by many of the neighbouring farmers. The snake had probably concealed itself in some of the thick timber-land along the creek.

The travelling circus performed at Dover that afternoon; then it departed for regions unknown, greatly to the disappointment of numerous small towns, where it had been booked to appear. Mr. Tarberry was wise in his generation, and preferred losing the profits of these performances to paying for any loss of life and damage to property that might be caused by his fugitive serpent.

On the second day Mr. Bender and his neighbours renewed the search, with the same futile results. The next morning the reptile turned up at a point two miles distant, and commenced a career of devastation that continued uninterruptedly for a fortnight. During this period, men, women, and children, were frightened half out of their wits; chickens, turkeys, and an occasional sheep, were carried off; and a man on horseback was chased for three miles—according to his own report. These ravages were committed in different localities, and thus the searching parties were constantly baffled. At the end of the fortnight the huge reptile mysteriously disappeared, and the terror-struck people had a breathing spell.

Meanwhile Tim and Dick had abandoned the idea of capturing the snake and making profit out of it. After several consultations

they decided to relinquish their claim to it entirely.

"There would be a jolly row if people knew the creature was ours," said Tim. "They would want to make us pay for all the chickens and things that have been carried off; and, besides, we couldn't catch it if we tried our best."

"That's right," assented Dick, and so by unanimous consent the python became nobody's property—a fact which must have gratified his snakeship exceedingly could he have known it.

For three days no trace of the reptile was seen, and nothing was heard of it. Many persons believed that it had left the neighbourhood, and some asserted that it must have died of gluttony.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, Dick and the hired man harnessed two mules to the big wagon, and drove over to Mr. Smollet's farm for a load of locust fence-posts that Mr. Bender had bargained for. Tim was at home, and the two lads amused themselves in various ways, while Mr. Smollet and the hired man went to the orchard and loaded the posts on the wagon.

Finally, Tim proposed to his companion that they should go and get some apples, and on the way from the barn to the orchard they stopped at the wagon-shed to admire a trap the farmer had recently purchased. The building adjoined the barn, and was separated from the house by a wide piece of open ground. The farm wagons occupied the interior, and on each side was a high, narrow corn-crib, the doors to which were outside. Overhead was a loft, where sleighs and farm implements were stored.

Having sufficiently admired the trap, the boys came out and closed the folding doors. Tim opened the corn-crib nearest the house and looked in.

"Over in that corner is some popcorn," he said. "If you want a few ears, just help yourself. I'll come back when I've had a drink."

"All right," said Dick, "much obliged." And he entered the corn-crib, leaving the door wide open.

DICK ALMOST LOST HIS HOLD FROM FRIGHT.

Tim sauntered towards the house, and was halfway across the open stretch when he heard a rustling noise, and turning, he was horrified to see a monstrous snake glide from under the wagon-shed, and dart at a flock of chickens which were scratching the ground near-by. The fowls fled in squalling panic, and seeing the open door of the corn-crib, two of them fluttered in. With an angry hiss the snake glided after them, and Tim's head swam as he realized his companion's predicament.

The flapping and squalling of the fowls was Dick's first intimation of his danger, and he looked up from the heap of golden ears at the rear end of the corn-crib, to see the ugly brown head and yellow-and-black coils of the python blocking the doorway. With a yell of dismay he grabbed the open slat-work that formed the outer side of the crib, and went rapidly up, hand over hand, until his head touched the flooring of the loft. Glancing down, he saw the snake dart swiftly towards the chickens, who were cornered in the far end, apparently stupid with fright.

At that instant Tim ventured to peep in the doorway, and a glimpse showed him the situation.

"Hold tight, Dick, I'll save you!" he yelled. With that he vanished abruptly, and a second

or two later the doors of the wagon-shed were heard to fly back with a bang.

Dick was momentarily cheered by Tim's words, but the situation suddenly assumed a different aspect, and his heart seemed to sink clear down into his boots. As the python neared them the chickens flew up, and dodging the wicked head as it darted to and fro, they sailed into the outer air with lusty cackling. Thus baulked of its prey, the snake became ill-tempered, and determined to take its revenge out of Dick. Possibly the monster was actuated as much by hunger as by rage. At all events, it reared in the air and threshed the loose ears of corn violently with its slimy coils. A hissing noise came from the open mouth, and the ugly eyes sparkled like fire.

Dick almost lost his hold from fright. He yelled at the top of his voice as often as the flat brown head swooped towards him, and, with his feet, he tried vainly to kick some of the slats loose. The sight of the hideous reptile was more than he could endure, and, shutting his eyes, he clung tightly to the precarious support. Cold shivers chased each other down his back. He seemed to feel the slimy coils of the monster encircling his body and crushing it to a jelly.

Just when his brain began to grow dizzy and he knew that he must soon fall, he heard a dull, pounding noise overhead. Then one of the planks in the ceiling flew up with a sharp crack, and Tim's head and shoulders appeared in the orifice. Hope leant Dick fresh strength, and with Tim's aid he clambered through the gap. The plank was dropped in place, and the two lads made all haste down the ladder to the lower floor, and thence into the outer air. A glance showed them that the python was still in the corn-crib, and, with a quick rush, Tim slammed and bolted the door.

"Hurra! We've got him now!" he cried.

"Yes; and he nearly had me," said Dick, who was as white as chalk. "You got me out just in time."

At this juncture the wagon drove around from the orchard heavily loaded with locust posts, and the two men sprang to the ground. Mr. Smollet demanded the cause of the outcry, and became tremendously excited when the boys told how they had made a prisoner of the big snake.

"Wait till I get my gun," he cried. "I'll settle the varmint with a charge of buck-shot."

"No, no; don't do that!" pleaded Tim. "Keep the snake alive."

"We can earn lots of money by exhibiting him, Mr. Smollet," added Dick.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the farmer "Keep your eyes on the crittur till I come back."

But before Mr. Smollet could start after the gun, the python stuck his head through a broken place near the bottom of the corn-crib, and instantly the slats bulged and snapped. Out came the reptile on the ground with a savage hiss, and away went the farmer, the hired man, and the two boys, running as though the snake was at their very heels.

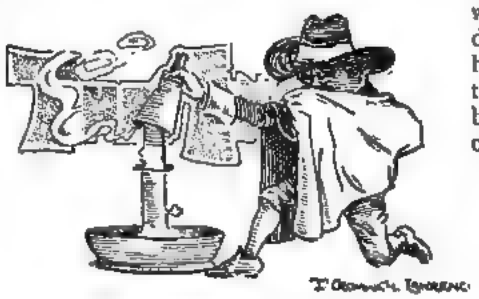
The team was standing in the middle of the road, and the mules, terrified by the sight of the monster, dashed at fearful speed down the hill.

At this very instant the python glided towards the house, seemingly unaware of its danger, and though the mules tried to stop when they saw the dreaded object in front of them, their headway was too great, and the heavy wheels went directly over the body of the python. The wagon upset at the foot of the hill, scattering the posts in every direction, and the mules were intercepted a little farther on by the hired man, who had fled in that direction.

The snake lay in the road, squirming horribly, with a broken back, but its struggles were soon ended by a charge of buck-shot from the farmer's gun.

The news spread quickly through the neighbourhood, and crowds of people came to see the dead monster during the afternoon and evening. It had probably crept under the wagon-shed to sleep off the effect of its orgies—little wonder that it woke up hungry and savage after such a long fast.

Dick and Tim were as much admired and talked about as the snake itself. They shared the python's skin between them, and the body was interred in a deep hole. But they never divulged the fact that the snake had become their property on the day of its escape; and some of the neighbours, who suffered by the reptile's depredations, are still hoping and longing for the return of Mr. Hannibal Talberry's travelling circus and menagerie.



A GENTLEMAN PRIVATE.

By E. Menhinic Morphew.

Sketches by G. M. Dodshon.

SITTING upon the extreme edge of the sofa he thoughtfully regarded his somewhat dirty hands, as he picked his inky fingers.

His hair was rumpled, his nose scratched, his lip cut, and he had a lump over one eye; yet one could see he would be good-looking when he grew up. His figure, which was scantily clothed in an Eton suit much too small for him, was composed chiefly of bones and tendons, as is usual with boys of his age, which was fourteen or thereabouts.

In an armchair on the other side of the hearth sat "the pater," and stormed away steadily on the subject of the term's report.

"Disgraceful, I call it, sir—simply disgraceful! A boy of your age—you ought to be ashamed of yourself! It gets worse and worse, I tell you! You're a disgrace, do you hear, sir? Utterly good for nothing—good for nothing!"

* * * * * *

Although only a private in a territorial regiment of the line, he differed from the ordinary run of Tommies, in that he was a gentleman. This was evident in many ways. For one thing, his speech betrayed him, and then there were his quiet, confident ways and well-kept hands, together with a hundred other little things that made it plain to his comrades that he was "not their class."

Therefore, with the exception of a little rough chaff and a few still rougher practical jokes, he was pretty severely let alone by them in the barrack-room and in the canteen. He took whatsoever fell to his lot so very quietly and unconcernedly that his room didn't understand him one bit, and his officers regarded him with some suspicion, and were a bit stricter with him than with the rest of the men.

One night, a little before "lights out" was sounded, Private Byrnes (right-cot man to the gentleman private) whose last pint of beer from the canteen seemed to have disagreed a bit with his temper, was lying in his cot, face downwards, with his head between his fists, muttering wicked things in a painfully distinct tone of voice.

"Wot's hurting you?" said the man next him. "If you go on like that you'll offend his precious lordship next yer."

Byrnes went on steadily, not heeding the interruption.

"Garn!" said the other reproachfully, and suddenly seized with a fit of holiness. "Garn! You've got er mouth like er deserted parrit-cage!"

Having nothing with which to reply to this terrific denunciation, Byrnes turned his attention to the man on his left, and expressing his private, personal opinion of him to the room in general, said that he was "a tender-'anded young lady," embellished with sundry other uncomplimentary adjectives. In answer to which the "young lady" flung his boot full at Private Byrnes' head.

"Guess yer must 'ave bin a little bit off the top when yer made up yer mind to join us bloomin' Tommies, my fine paper-mashy toff," remarked Byrnes, raking in the rack above his head for a missile.

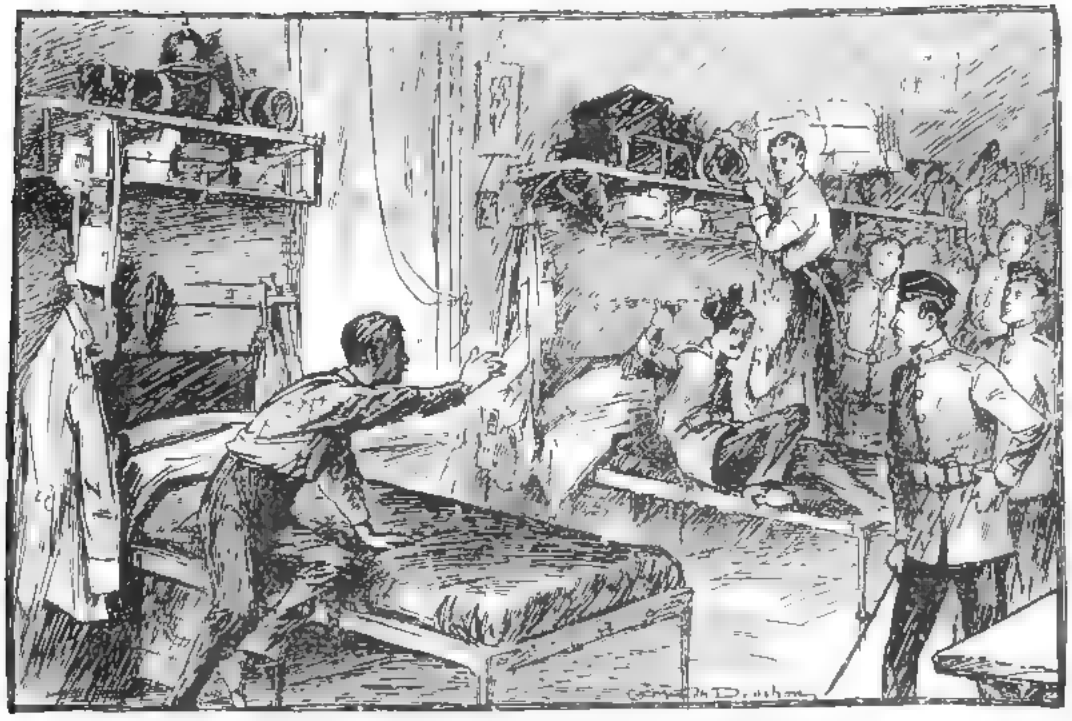
After a little further exchange of the retort courteous, a ring was formed and the men stood up to each other.

For an instant they eyed each other keenly. Then Byrnes went in with a rush. *Whack!* He came out with his nose bleeding freely.

He went in again, ducking his head, and advancing with a hand-over-hand style of motion. The gentleman private promptly took "the measure of an unmade grave," and a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of his mouth as he picked himself up and continued the conflict.

Smack! Smack! Smack! One hit a flush on Byrnes' cheek, two upon his opponent's.

Thud! Thud! Back danced the "paper-mashy toff" with the red imprint of eight angry knuckles over his ribs.



THE "YOUNG LADY" FLUNG HIS BOOT FULL AT PRIVATE BYRNES' HEAD.

On came Byrnes once more, sawing the air like a windmill.

Plunk! The gentleman private had smashed in his winning hit, for Byrnes reeled, threw up his arms, and fell in a heap upon the floor.

When the officer on duty came his round, he found the worthy Byrnes well qualified for hospital, owing to a broken rib, not to speak of the fact that, in the words of the old song, "his mouth had somehow got concealed behind his ear."

"How's this?" asked the officer, and Byrnes, who was a staunch man, replied:—

"Fell against the form, sir."

"Fell against the form, man?" asked the officer, looking hard at him.

"Yes, sir," answered Byrnes steadily, "as I 'ave said, sir."

Looking round, the officer caught sight of the gentleman private's face, which was rather pale, except where Byrnes' knuckles had left marks.

Calling him outside the door, he gazed intently into the steadfast eyes.

"Weren't you at Winchester with me?" he asked.

The gentleman private flushed scarlet.

"Yes, but for Heaven's sake shut up about it!" he said pleadingly.

"Shake hands!" replied the other. "I remember you well. You bossed your final, didn't you? You never did well in exams., I remember."

"Did I ever do well in anything," said the gentleman private, smiling ruefully, "barring sports?"

Now, because Tommy Atkins has an unbounded admiration for the man who can use his fists well, the gentleman private had a better time of it from that day.

Later on, when the football season commenced, and his comrades found that in him they had the best centre forward that the regiment had ever possessed, his popularity increased by leaps and bounds at each match.

He was a corporal when he played for his regiment against the King's Own Slapdashers, who had held the Army Championship for five seasons, and were fearfully cocky over it too.

But pride will have a fall, and the King's Own Slapdashers had had their day.

The gentleman corporal shot five goals to their three, and thus the Royal West Dunstershires beat the Slapdashers upon their own ground, and wrested from them the championship.

Thus they spoiled the Egyptians.

That night the Dunsters carried their centre

forward shoulder high round the square, and cheered themselves hoarse.

His star was in the ascendant.

War time. War, war, everywhere! All England wrote, read, talked, and thought of nothing but that fearful, yet glorious argument of nations—in the nineteenth century one can hardly call it the argument of kings.

However wicked and wasteful a means of settling disputes it may seem to explore, with bayonet, bullet, and shell, the insides of people who have nothing to do with the quarrel in the beginning, war will always be glorious for the simple fact that in these times, when so few people are ready to die for anything, Tommy is ready to lay down his life for—something—perhaps he isn't very clear in his own mind what, and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, the spectacle, the brilliant uniforms, the gay trappings, and the stirring music, are simply adjuncts to this crowning act of self-sacrifice. It is this thought—even if perhaps we don't know it—that makes the passing of a marching regiment bring tears to the eyes of some, and a choke in the throat of others, while we all tingle with pride, and, cheering ourselves hoarse, feel inspired to do great deeds.

The Dunstershires were among the first of the horse and foot "ordered to Table Bay."

Have you ever seen the sailing of a transport? There were many sad leave-takings among the gallant Dunstershires. There was the senior subaltern's newly-made bride, and the colonel's many-years-wedded wife, and everybody's mother and sisters, and the old father, just a little tottery on his feet, who blew his nose with suspicious violence.

The gentleman private—he was a sergeant now, though—had no one to wish him God speed.

It was pretty stiff fighting all the way up through Natal, right into the heart of the Transvaal.

The Dunstershires were always well in the thick of it and covered themselves with glory, but their roll call grew shorter every day.

"GREAT BRITISH VICTORY!" SHOUTED THE PAPER BOYS.

GREAT BRITISH VICTORY.

SPLENDID CHARGE OF THE DUNSTERSHIRES.

HEAVY LOSSES.

Thus read the newspaper placards late one Saturday night as all London was turning out of theatre and music hall.

"GREAT BRITISH VICTORY!" shouted the shrill-voiced little paper boys.

Hurrah! Hearts thrill with pride and enthusiasm. Papers are snatched with eager hands. How about our dear ones over there? The heavy black lettering looms out under the flare of London's lights.

HEAVY LOSSES.

Perhaps it is hundreds, perhaps thousands, and for each one a score will surely mourn.

"*Great British Victory!*" How was it won?

The troops had made a night march to within about three miles of the enemy.

The Boer position was a horse-shoe shaped ridge of kopjes encircling a plateau, upon which was posted a number of guns.

It had been raining heavily during the night, and the men were soaked to the skin and bitterly cold. At daybreak the rain cleared off, and our artillery took up the best position they could find and opened fire. The Boer guns one by one replied, and soon the infernal concert was in full blast.

After about two hours' pounding with that highly-coloured, heavily-scented invention, lyddite, the Boer guns were knocked out. Knocked out by "the Terror of the World, the Right of the Line, and the Pride of the British Army," as runs the proud boast of our Royal Horse Artillery.

And now the infantry advanced to the attack. They advanced in skirmishing order, taking advantage of every bit of cover, and firing smartly by sections as they came within reach of the enemy. At 150yds. range they advanced steadily, without faltering, across the open veldt under a heavy fire. But the men were falling fast.

"NOW THEN, ALL TOGETHER—ER-R!"

"Splendid, men, splendid!" shouted the colonel, his little black eyes shining with excitement. "Now then, all together—er-r!"

"Charge!" shouted the major, and caught the dying form of his chief in his arms.

With a hoarse howl of rage the Dunstershires rushed forward under an appalling fire from the kopjes above.

The major was down! A captain sprang forward, pointing them still upward with his sword. A shot struck him on the breast. He threw up his arms and fell.

Another leapt forward. Another! At fifty yards from the trenches the hillside was a veritable shambles. The Dunstershires stagger! Their sole remaining officer, a subaltern but three weeks joined, is in command.

"Play up, school!" is on the tip of his tongue, the time is so short since he left the playing fields of Eton. "Come on, men, come on!" he shouts, and falls with a sob.

The men are wavering. They are giving way.

The gentleman sergeant springs to the front.

"Dunsters, remember Majuba!" he cries, and leads the way, ever upward.

Where he is led, there the British soldier will follow. The Dunstershires rally, and, led by their sergeant, rush up the few remaining yards of the ascent.

Once in close quarters with the enemy, the British bayonet does its work, and the best man wins. The Boers fly in disorderly retreat. Out gallops "the Terror of the World, the Right of the Line," and pounds away at the rear of the fugitives.

The general, who has watched the storming of the heights at a distance, shuts his glasses with a snap and a relieved exclamation.

"Magnificent! Brave Dunstershires!"—and the ever glorious —th, those darlings of society, dance daintily out over the open plain. The Hon. Meeking Meeking stops humming "El Capitan" to flourish his sabre and shout:—

"Now then! At them —th! In you go!"

They went! They went!

They were as weary as reapers when they rode back that evening.

At sundown the general said:—

"Bring me the man who led that attack. He should have his commission for this day's work."

Half an hour later a bearer company brought him on a stretcher, the gentleman sergeant—badly hurt. The doctors shook their heads sadly over him, and put "dangerously" against his name in the casualty lists.

But it takes a lot to kill a man who is on his promotion, and the gentleman sergeant did not die. He got better very quickly instead; and when the British troops entered Pretoria there was a company of the Dunstershires that was led by a man who had once served as a private of the line.

HOW TO BUILD A CANVAS CANOE FOR HALF A GUINEA.

By Lawrence Sturrock and Hugh Baillie.

Before going into the details of this article, we hasten to assure any reader of The Captain who may be doubtful about his ability to build the canoe, that, as we have done so ourselves and found no serious difficulty, he may, with a little patience and perseverance, make a perfectly trustworthy article.

Here is a list of the principal necessaries, with their estimated cost:—

	s.	d.
Keel: 1 piece white deal wood, 12ft. × 3ins. × 2ins.	0	9
Bow and stern posts: 2 pieces white deal wood, 1ft. × 4ins. × 2ins.	0	4
Gunwales: 2 pieces white deal wood, 14ft. × 3½ins. × ⅞in.	2	0
Bulges: 4 pieces white deal wood, 10ft. × 3ins. × ⅞in.	0	9
Ribs: 2 doz. barrel hoops	0	2
Deck supports: 1 large barrel	0	1
Screw nails, copper tacks, and other sundries	1	0
Boiled linseed oil	2	0
Paint	1	0
Canvas: 36ins. wide, 5yds. about	2	5
Total	10	6

Now to work. First take your keel, and, having planed it square, measure 1in. along one of the edges of one of the 3in. sides, and draw a line from this point to the end of the opposite edge, and cut off the piece. Now, at the end of the 2in. side measure in ¾in. from either edge, and 4in. along either edge, and join the points (Fig. 2). Do the same with the corresponding side, and saw off the marked pieces.

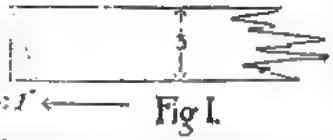


Fig 1.

Lay the keel aside, take one of the posts, plane it square, measure 1in. up one of the edges of one of the 4in. sides, join this point with the end of the edge opposite, and saw off the piece (Fig. 3). Then plane the post to coincide with the end of the keel (Fig. 3B). Treat the other post in the same manner, fitting it to the keel as before.

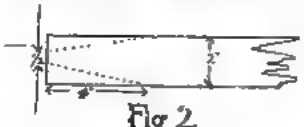


Fig 2.

Now fix the posts to the keel with 5in. screws, boring holes with the brace and bit in which to sink the heads. Your joints will then be as in Fig. 4A.

Now take the gunwales and tie them, not too firmly, on either side of the posts, so that equal parts project from either end. Then stand between them, and, pressing outwards with your knees, insert two wedges and hammer them towards the bow and stern, until the gunwales are about 2½ft. apart in the middle. You must here make sure that the curves in the gunwales are the same on both sides. To do this, take a piece of string, stretch it from the middle of the keel to the bottom of one of the gunwales, mark the distance, and try it on the other side. Do this several times at different places, and if the distances always correspond, the curves are correct. This being so, secure the gunwales to the posts with screws.

Fig 3A.

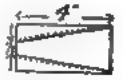


Fig 3B.

Now take the canvas, and having doubled it to find the middle line, lay it along the keel, centre to centre, and tack it with copper tacks 1in. apart, from end to end. Double the canvas down either side (Fig. 5), and drive tacks ½in. apart through both

layers. Take a barrel-hoop, and press it down between the gunwales until it touches the keel and is flush with the gunwales, making it of the shape shown in Fig. 6 at A, and having secured it with ¾in. screws, cut off the projecting ends. Place the rest of the ribs in the same manner, about 4ins. apart, as far up as possible. Of course, as you come nearer the bow and stern the curves of the ribs will become less, as in Fig. 6, B.

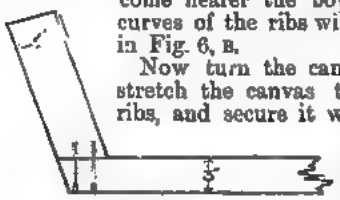


Fig 4

Now turn the canoe keel up, and stretch the canvas tightly over the ribs, and secure it with copper tacks 1in. from the bottom of the gunwales. Give the canvas a thorough coat of oil, and shove in the bilges before the oil is dry in the following manner:—

Take one of the bilges, and having planed it smooth, shove it in between the ribs and the canvas about 2ins. up from the keel, and secure it to the ribs with small screws. Put in the rest of the bilges in the same way, 2 on each side and 3ins. apart; the bilges will slip in easier if rubbed with oil. Cut off the superfluous canvas at either end, leaving about 1in. to spare. Double this in, and drive tacks through both layers, being very careful to leave no creases. Allow the oil to dry thoroughly, by which time the canvas will have shrunk quite tight. Then give the canvas another coat of oil, rubbing it well in, and you have finished the most difficult part of your work.

Fig 5

Take your barrel, and, having taken it to pieces, secure one of the staves across the gunwales with screws, about 4½ft. from the bow, and saw off the projecting ends. Do the same with the stern, and then place staves about 1ft. apart between these and the posts. Now take a thin piece of wood, about 3ins. broad and a suitable length, and fasten it on the top of these staves. Cover this with canvas, tacking it over the gunwales, and oiling it like the other canvas.

Then take a piece of ½in. wood about 6ins. broad, and cut it to the curve of the gunwales and the exact length between the decks. Fix it to the gunwales with screws, and put two or three blocks below to support it. Do this on the other side, and finish off the well by putting a strip of

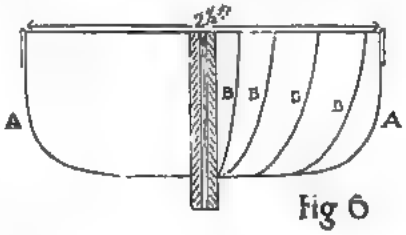


Fig 6

mahogany round it. The canoe is now ready for painting, which can be done according to taste.

To make a paddle, procure a pole about 8ft. long, and cut a slit in either end. Into these slits put the blades, and secure them with screws (Fig. 7). These blades should be made of some strong wood, and be about 8ins. wide and 12ins. long. A board fitted to the bottom of the canoe makes a very good seat. This canoe makes a very steady sailing boat, but when used as such a little ballast would do no harm. The best sail is the leg of mutton, as it has all its driving power low down and therefore lessens the danger of capsizing.

Should the canoe be made for two persons, the well can easily be enlarged.

Your canoe is now complete and we wish you many a pleasant cruise in it.

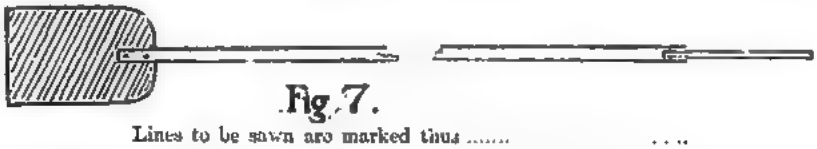


Fig. 7.

Lines to be sawn are marked thus ....

BRABANT'S SCOUTS.

THE BUTTONS OF BIG SHIPPING LINES.

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS A. JOHNS.

IT is not my intention in this short article to give a history, or dwell upon the importance of the merchant service, but merely to present to the reader a few remarks that may be necessary for the purpose of identifying some of the accompanying buttons which are worn on the uniforms of the leading shipping lines.

(1) West India and Pacific Steamship Co.

(2) British India S. N. Co.

(3) Cunard Line.

The nautical connection of these buttons is apparent at a glance — the coil of rope, the anchor, and the flags flying at the staff, and among them, too, an "effigy," which will always appeal to Britons, that of "Britannia," who, according to the song, is said to "rule the waves." In No. 1 we find her represented in the centre of the West India and Pacific Steamship Co.'s button; and in No. 2, accompanied by her faithful attendant, the lion, who has the world under his paw, she is looking both regal and picturesque. The lettering around denotes British India Steam Navigation Company.

(9) New Zealand Steamship Co.

(8) Orient Line.

(7) Prince Line.

The lion rampant, with the globe and the crown, is the button worn by the Cunard line, and is probably intended to signify that the company carry the royal mail, and that its ships travel over a large part of the water surface of the globe. The double V.R., with the crown above, and the rose, thistle, and shamrock underneath, in No. 4, bears its own title, as also Nos. 5 and 6. The Prince of Wales' feathers in the centre of the flag (No. 7) is that of the Prince line; while No. 8 belongs to the Orient Steam Navigation Co., the crown signifying authority to carry the royal mails. No. 9, the New Zealand Shipping Co. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. (well-known as the P. and O. line) is No. 10, whose device—the rising sun above the anchor—is emblematic of the Orient, or eastern quarter of the globe, in which direction the ships, in the early days of the company, were

(4) Royal Mail S. P. Co.

(5) Dominion Line.

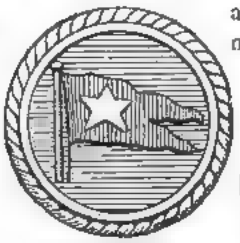
(6) Pacific Steam Navigation Co.

(10) P. and O. Line.

constantly extending their journeys. No. 11 is worn by the Union Steamship Co., and the C in the centre of the flag in No. 12 belongs to the well-known Castle line. The flag of the firm who possess the *Oceanic* is seen in No. 13, being the White Star line, while in No. 14 we have the Allan line button.

(11) Union Steamship Co.

(12) Castle Line.



(13) White Star Line.

(14) Allan Line.

In Nos. 15 and 16 the emblem represents the name of their respective lines, the Anchor and the Beaver. The C.S.C. on the latter stands for Canada Shipping Co. No. 17 belongs to the well-known firm of Thos. Wilson, Sons & Co., Ltd. The Natal line of steamers' button (No. 18) has the firm's name on the circle; while Lamport & Holt have their monogram in the centre of No. 19.

(15) Anchor Line.

(16) Beaver Line.

(17) Wilson Line, Hull.

(18) Natal Line.

The eagle, shown in No. 20, belongs to the American line; the owners of this and the Red Star line being the International Navigation Co., whose initials are below the eagle.

(19) Messrs. Lamport & Holt.

(20) American Line.

(21) North German Lloyd.

(22) Japan Mail Steamship Co.

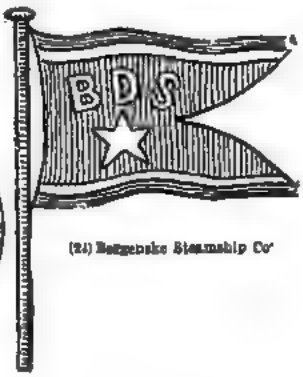
(23) City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.

"Norddeutscherlloyd" means North German Lloyd, No. 21—the term "Lloyd" indicating a club or combination of merchants, originally derived from Lloyd's Coffee House, London, a resort of merchants. The key is the symbol of the town of Bremen, where the vessels sail from, and the anchor that of the company. The wreath is an ornamentation combining the two emblems.

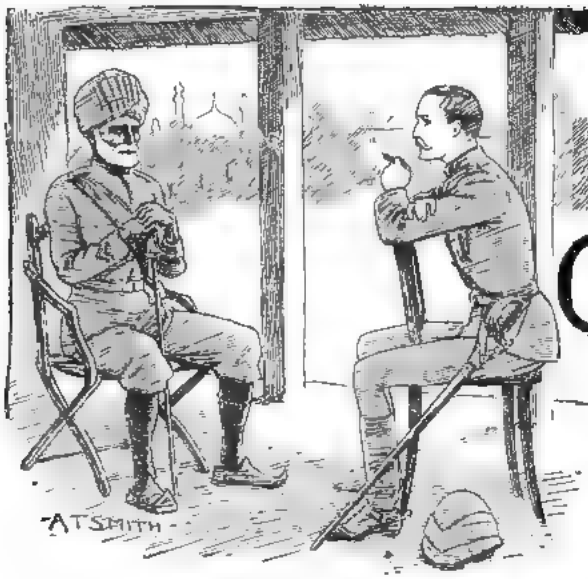
The Japanese characters above the anchor in No. 22 mean "Nippon Yusen Kaisha." The English of which is Japan Mail Steamship Co., Ltd. The initials N.Y.K. are simply an abbreviation of the above.

The Irish harp and anchor in No. 23 belong to the well-known cross channel service of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.

The small flag (enamelled red, white, and blue), No. 24, is the cap badge worn by the officers of the Bergenske Steamship Co. The initials B.D.S. stand for three Norwegian words, "Bergenske Dampskibs Selskab," which, in English, means Bergen Steamship Co.



(24) Bergenske Steamship Co.



THE SAHIB'S OLD ORDERLY

A Tale of the Indian Mutiny.

By G. Raven Dale. 270

Sketches by A. T. Smith.

I.

OLD Subedar-Major Nawāb Ali Khan thought for a minute or two, and remarked :—

"Yes, sahib! This bungalow which your Highness has built is pleasant to look upon, and, doubtless, comfortable to live in; but I can remember a time when the house that stood on this very spot was red with flame, and the sahib's horses were burnt, tethered in the stable yonder."

"How was that?" I asked.

"The *badmaashes* from the bazaar in the year of the Folly."

He referred, of course, to the Mutiny. Many natives prefer to call it by this term; and it is not inapt.

"You remember that well?"

"Well, sahib? How can I but remember it well? I was a *jowān* then, and things which take place when the mind is a clean slate are bound to leave some marks on its unscratched surface. I had not been in the service ten years, and had already become *havildar*—but I tire your honour."

I hastened to assure him to the contrary, and endeavoured to lure him on to speak of his own doings during that time, when, if it was not easy for British officers to know how to act, how much more difficult must it have been for those native soldiers who wished to remain loyal to their salt?

"The contingent, sahib, was different in those days. Instead of the one battalion of infantry, it consisted of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all under one colonel sahib. Of course, we had not much to do with one another. We of the *paltan* did not know, or care, much about the *rissalah*, or the *battri*, as we had our own affairs to look after.

"Major Rivers Sahib commanded us. A wonderful shot he was, too, and could look a charging tiger in the face better than any man I ever saw. When my father brought me to the *paltan* to be enlisted, he had at once taken me to Rivers Sahib—he was a lieutenant then, and adjutant of the infantry—and presented me to the son of his old commanding officer.

"It was a great thing for me to have this claim on the sahib's notice. At spare times he made a point of taking me with him on his shooting expeditions, and in that way I learnt to know every inch of the surrounding country.

"By-and-bye, when I had been dismissed my recruit's drill, and had got a little sense and knowledge of things, I became Rivers Sahib's orderly. I was young for the position, and this caused some jealousy among the older Sepoys. One especially, Fakir Mohammed Khan, was very wroth that I, a mere child in his eyes, should be preferred to him, who had fifteen years' service and much knowledge of the world. For this reason Fakir Mohammed tried to get me into trouble in every way he could.

"On one occasion he stole a *talwar* from a man of my company, broke into my house whilst I was away, and buried it in the earthen floor. I was accused of the theft, and the sword was found in the floor of my house. However, sahib, my innocence was proved, the guilt was brought home to the right person, and Fakir Mohammed was dismissed the regiment.

"In course of time I was promoted to be a non-commissioned officer, and then my duties prevented my being the sahib's orderly. Nevertheless, I was still a good deal with him, and always took command of the beaters in his tiger shoots. On one of these occasions the sahib had saved my life, and that increased my affection for him, if it could be increased.

"Soon after this event Rivers Sahib went on leave to England. Whilst away he was promoted major, and when he returned he had married, and brought a beautiful young English mem-sahib back with him. But the days of the Folly were at hand, and matters were going crookedly.

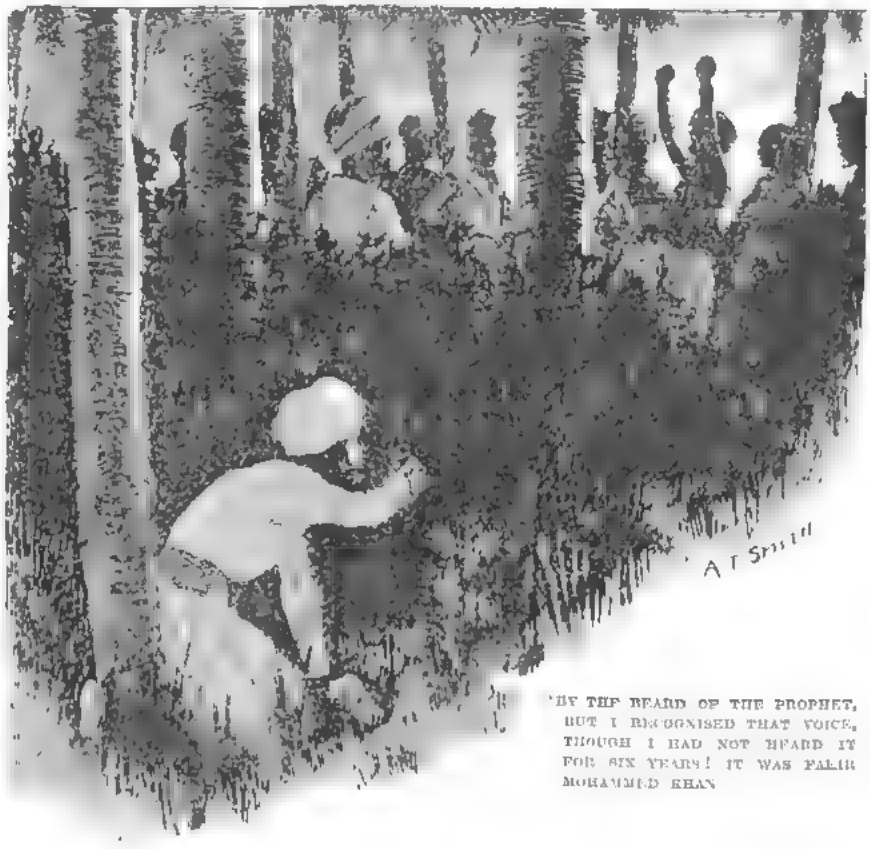
"The Sepoys had secret meetings among themselves, and became insolent in their bearing to the English officers. Some of us, who were loyal, bided our time and watched. What could we do? Men's hearts were filled with madness, and all Oude and Bundelkhand were in the hands of the insurgents.

"Unfortunately for us, the native officers were all bad, or perhaps *Shaitan* had sealed them for his own. They lied, and told the sahibs they were loyal, and would control the men.

"One morning there was a parade of all the force. The colonel sahib told them that he marked their dissatisfied bearing, and had heard of secret meetings. After parade all the native officers came forward of their own accord. They swore they were true, and took the most solemn oaths that no harm should reach any of the Europeans in the station. Those oaths they took, every man on that which his caste held most dear. Forsooth, they were mad—or would they ever thus have blasted their souls?

"That evening I happened to go to a grove of palm trees, an unfrequented spot some distance from the regimental lines. As I was in the midst of the *tope* I heard voices and footsteps approaching. I remained quiet and listened. I recognised several voices, and amongst them that of the subedar-major, who angrily told the others to be more quiet if they did not want the English officers to hear of their meeting. Sentries were then told off to give warning of anybody's approach.

"I can tell you, sahib, I lay still, scarce daring to breathe. My position was horrible. The men I was tied to by race and religion were there to plot the destruction of my friends and benefactors. Sahib! you have a proverb, 'Blood is thicker than water.' For one moment I hesitated, then, setting my teeth, I crouched down to hear all I could.



"BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, BUT I RECOGNISED THAT VOICE, THOUGH I HAD NOT HEARD IT FOR SIX YEARS! IT WAS FAKIR MOHAMMED KHAN

"Several men spoke. One was for rising that night; but another, more cautious, said the *bandobust* was not complete.

"'What was the good of rising,' said he, 'if they had no regular system? The roads from the station were all open, and many would escape. No! Let them wait till the morrow. Then, having closed the roads, the morning's work being done and the sahibs sleeping their mid-day sleep, let them rise like a rain-fed torrent and sweep the accursed white man from the face of the earth.'

"One fellow asked what was to be done with the children and the women.

"'Kill them! Kill them!' was the answer. 'The spawn of Satan; the brazen hussies, who go about shamelessly with face uncovered! To kill the serpent and to spare its young—to quench the fire and to leave the spark—is a fool's work.'"

"By the beard of the Prophet, but I recognised that voice, though I had not heard it for six years! It was Fakir Mohammed Khan, come from I know not where.

"Ultimately they made their plans. Armed parties were to slip quietly away and take up their positions by noon on the different roads; then, on the signal of the twelve o'clock gun, each bungalow was to be attacked simultaneously, whilst a separate party was to keep those who were supposed to be well inclined away from the fray.

"I gasped with choking horror; the sweat ran off me in streams, and each beat of my heart seemed like the distant report of a heavy gun.

"At last the meeting dispersed, and the men returned silently by ones and twos to the lines. For long I did not dare to stir, lest some chance laggard had remained behind. Then, raising myself with difficulty, for I was stiff and cramped from my strained position, I silently and cautiously made my way from the *tope*. Without being seen I came to the hedge of the major sahib's compound, whence I crawled along towards the house till I heard the hoarse cough of the *chowkidar*.

"The man rose up from the plinth on which he had been sitting, and I made up my mind that he had seen me. No. By the Grace of the All-Powerful he was only moving to the other side of the bungalow, where I followed to see what he was about, and saw the old rascal roll himself up in a pile of bedding and go off to sleep. Then I cautiously roused the major sahib and told him what the plans of the mutineers were.

"'How many men will stand by us?' he demanded.

"I answered that the Eurasian drummers, some fourteen in number, and about sixteen of the men were safe. He thought a bit, glanced at his sleeping wife, and said:—

"'With eighteen of us English it makes up a total of nearly fifty fighting men. We must surprise the mutineers before they can get to their arms, and so quell them.'

"'Yes, sahib! But what can fifty do against twelve hundred, backed up by all the *badmaashes* of the bazaar? The approach of our party would only give the alarm and hurry on the outbreak. Besides, what would become of the ladies and children, with all the sahibs away from them? Their *only* chance of safety is flight.'

"After a pause he agreed. 'You are right, *havildar!*' he said. 'We must collect all the women and children outside the station, leave a strong guard to protect them on the march, whilst some of us go and try to bring the Sepoys to reason. Here is a pass key for all the bells of arms. Do you go round them and get as many muskets and as much ammunition as you can. Carry them to the old temple beyond the river, and tell the men you trust to meet at that spot before eight o'clock to-morrow morning. I will warn the sahib-log.'

"I went towards the building which contained the arms of No. 1 Company, as it was situated furthest from the guard. No good! The man in charge of it was lying on his mat across the front of the door, and, from his uneasy stirring, seemed to be awake. 'I'll go round them all,' I thought, 'before I decide which one to try.' No. 3 Company, *kote*—nobody outside and all dark and quiet within. Putting the key into the lock, I gently commenced to turn it. The lock creaked and someone stirred inside; I remained quite still. The occupant seemed to settle down again, so I let the bolt slide gently back—waited a moment to hear if there was any more movement, and then crept away.

"No. 4 Company *kote* was within thirty yards of the quarter guard sentry; so I had to be very careful. Half-way to it I was under cover of a large peepul tree. The sentry challenged, '*Halt! Who ome dar?*'

"The voice of a boy coming from the direction of the family lines answered. He came forward and said he was the son of the colourman of No. 4 Company; his mother had been taken very ill, so he had come to call his father.

"'*Bohut achha!*' The boy roused the colourman, who, after carefully locking the door, went off with the urchin.

"Half past twelve, and I should probably have no one to fear but the sentry till two o'clock, at which time the reliefs would be paraded in front of the guard-room.

"I covered key and keyhole with the cloth of my garments to deaden the sound, and turned the

"WE FIRED A VOLLEY RIGHT AT THEM. DOWN WENT HORSES AND RIDERS IN MAD CONFUSION."

lock. It worked easily; I opened the door and went in.

"It would not do to take the muskets in use; they would have been missed first thing in the morning. Luckily, in two large chests the spare weapons were stored, and also the spare arms of another company which was on detachment duty. I calculated I could carry about ten at a time, with their bayonets, and also a certain amount of ammunition. Two journeys—if I could make them—would give us twenty stand of arms.

"Clang! The quarter gong struck one.

"The temple was two miles away, and I calculated that I should be back soon after the reliefs had been made.

"I deposited the arms and returned. Half a mile from the lines I heard the gong strike two. Would the colour-man be back at his post? No, he was not; and my second journey was as successful as the first.

"I dared not make a third attempt, as it was after four when I returned. I went to my house and lay down, to appear as if I had been there all night. Soon there was a general stir in the lines; all the men turned out, and I took an opportunity to speak to two of my friends, and asked them to pass the information on to others. It might have caused suspicion had I been seen talking to many.

"At six o'clock the whole corps paraded. So far as I could see, the loss of the spare arms had not been noticed, nor my absence for the greater part of the night observed. I had seen the major sahib ride back to his bungalow a quarter of an hour before parade, but at the time we fell in he was present on his big black charger, looking quite unconcerned.

"When parade was over I took some company accounts, as an excuse for getting near him. He told me he had warned all the sahibs, and that everything had been arranged. Then I went to the old temple, and was the first to arrive. Presently one of the officers of the regiment came, shortly followed by one or two civil sahibs and some of my friends; in half an hour all the ladies, children, and faithful Sepoys had collected. We placed the helpless ones in the centre and set off on our way. We *might* be cut up, but still we had a fairly good chance of escaping. No news of our flight had then reached the mutineers; the faithful Sepoys and Eurasian drummers had joined us so warily that no alarm had been given, and, as the sahib-lōg had taken care to ride or drive out of the station in different directions before coming by circuitous routes to the same spot, no remark was likely to be made on account of their going out in the early morning to eat the fresh air. You may be sure the *saices* were carefully looked after, lest any should escape to warn our enemies. For some hours we journeyed on. The colonel, the major sahib, and three other officers had remained behind to do what they could with the contingent; if the worst happened they were to ride and catch us up.

"Time went by; our uneasiness on their account increased. Suddenly we heard the galloping of horses, and three sahibs appeared, pursued by some hundred of the mutinous cavalry. We were quite hidden, and the sahibs galloped right amongst us before they knew our exact position; then we turned our attention to the pursuers. On they came, all together, ignorant of the trap they were running into. One young drummer had, in the excitement, pointed his musket without any order. A sahib next him put one hand over the nipple, and smote him to the ground with the other. Crash! Thirty yards away we fired a volley right at them. Down went horses and riders in mad confusion. Before they could recover themselves we sent another into them, for we had reserved half our fire, and that completed their rout. Wheeling round, the surviving horsemen made off. The wings of fear took them back swifter than the wings of hate had brought them.

"Only three officers! Where were the other two?

"We crowded round the survivors to learn the fate of the others. They hurriedly told us, and afterwards I heard the whole story.

"To put it shortly, the five officers had stopped in the lines till ten, by which time they hoped that the column would be well away from the station. Then, mounting their horses, they had caused the 'Assembly' to be sounded, and surprised the men by parading them again—but this time without arms.

"When formed up, the colonel sahib told them he knew of their intended treachery, and called the subedar-major out to the front. There and then he had shot him with his own hand, whilst the other officers called out that they would shoot down any man who left the ranks. Meanwhile the quarter-guard had heard the shot by which the subedar-major fell, and, taking their arms, had reached the corner of the parade ground unobserved. They fired, and the colonel dropped from his horse.

"In a moment all was confusion; the ranks were broken, and the men rushed for their weapons. The officers galloped to their fallen chief, and two of them lifted him up. Then, charging through the mob, they made off at a hand gallop as shots began to whistle over them. Across the river they pulled up; the colonel sahib was quite dead, and two of them had severe flesh wounds.

"By this time a part of the cavalry were in pursuit, so they had to leave their dead comrade and continue their flight.

"How it happened none of them knew, but though Rivers Sahib had been with them most of the way, he had been missed some three or four miles before they joined us, and the pursuing cavalry had prevented their turning back to look for him.

"Had my service been in vain? Had the sahib, for whom I had risked my life, perished?

"But our small party *had* to push on; we might be attacked again, and it was necessary to go as far as we could on this the first day of our flight. The thought of the major sahib, alone and wanting help, troubled me. At last I made my plans, but did not tell anyone of them, because I feared the chance escape of any of the servants might cause news of me to be taken to the mutineers. I dropped behind a bit, and then slipped into the jungle at the roadside; the little column got further and further away, till I lost sight of them in the distance. I took off my uniform, and, arranging my underclothing like that of a poor agriculturist, turned to go back. I retraced as far as I could the track taken by the officers in their flight. In this way I came to a deep nullah, which they had crossed, and saw the marks of horses' hoofs where men had ridden down one bank and up the other. Away to the left was a chattering and screaming, as of foul birds over their prey. I went towards the noise. First one great bald-headed vulture, and then another, got up, lazily flapping their wings, flew a short distance, and came down; the exertion was too much for their gorged stomachs.

"In the middle of a seething mass of quarrelling birds I found a black horse. It was the major sahib's, but there was no sign of any man about. In leaping the nullah the horse had evidently jumped short, dropping its hind legs into the nullah, and broken its back. The rebels had not disturbed it; bridle and saddle were all complete. Evidently the sahib had got away from there.

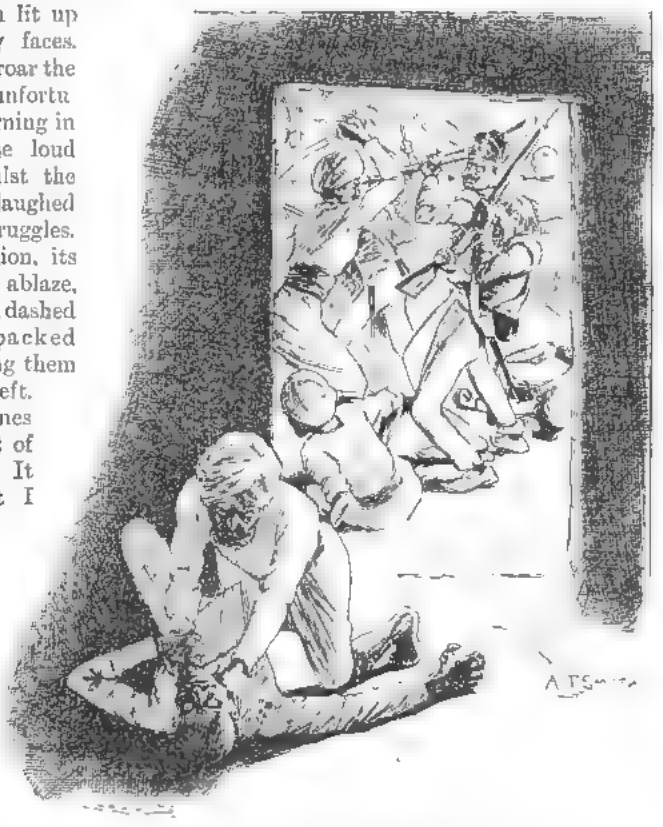
"Some little way on I came to the wretched hut of a Gwala, who had taken his cattle out of the station to search for the scanty grass. I saw something shining—it was a spur with a broken strap. Evidently the sahib had come here after his fall, and had been befriended by a cow-keeper. Hastily going into the hut, I found a uniform hidden under a charpoy. Yes! the sahib's chance of safety was good; doubtless he was making across country in disguise, mounted upon the pony of the old man, who regarded me with evident fear. Now it was time to look after myself.

"I set off to try and catch up the little column, feeling light-hearted and happy. I did not fear capture. God had protected me so far, why should He not continue His care over me?

"Perhaps I did not use proper precaution, and I was getting very weary. At any rate, towards evening I walked straight into a party of the

rebels. I was seized and disarmed in a moment. Forced to walk back, I could scarce drag one leg after the other.

"Darkness had set in when we arrived at the station. I remember passing the bungalow which stood on this very spot. All the thieves and *bad-maashes* from the bazaar had looted it, and now the thatched roof was in flames, which lit up a sea of angry faces. Amid all the uproar the screams of the unfortunate horses, burning in the stable, rose loud and shrill, whilst the crazy devils laughed to see their struggles. One Arab stallion, its mane and tail ablaze, broke loose, and dashed through the packed throng, upsetting them to right and left.



"IN A MOMENT I HAD THROWN MYSELF ON MY ENEMY."

"At the lines they held a sort of court-martial. It came out that I was suspected of having warned the sahibs, and of having stolen the muskets. They had, in truth, no evidence against me, but Fakir Mohammed, my old enemy, was there, and seemed to lead them by the nose; besides, they were all mad with rage at the miscarriage of their plans. I was condemned to be hanged next morning.

"That hound, Fakir Mohammed, obtained permission to be one of those set to guard me during the night; and, like the base cur he was, set to work to jeer and gibe at a bound and helpless man. But his poor taunts could not hurt me; the bitterness of death was past, and I was so dead tired that I fell asleep.

* * * * *

"I was awakened by the sound of strife and firing. The Mohammedans and the Hindus had quarrelled—partly over the division of the loot, and partly because of some cattle the Mohammedans had slaughtered.

"My own guard, except Fakir Mohammed, rushed off to take part in the scrimmage. My bonds had been loosed during the time I slept; how, I know not. Perchance some Sepoy, less stony-hearted than the rest, had done it to give me a better chance of enjoying my last sleep on earth.

"In a moment I had thrown myself on my enemy. He cried out, and I clenched his throat with the grip of a giant to prevent his doing so again. I got him down and dashed his head again and again on the hard stone floor, till I felt it cave in like one squashes a hollow sweetmeat. Then I fled.

* * *

"Sahib, I need say little more! After some days of wandering I joined the force to which the others had gone, and the first person I met was my major sahib, so my service had not been in vain."

Old Subedar-major Nawāb Ali Khan then rose, made his salaam, and left me pondering on many things.

WRITTEN BY FRED. GILLETT. ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GILLETT.

SIR BLUNDERBUSS, K.C.B.,
Would frequently prowl in quest
Of glory and fun,
With a pipe and a gun.
(His motto was, *Sum es est.*)

To furnish his stately home
He called on the great Miss X.,
Who kept a small store
Of horrors, and wore
Alpaca and pale-blue specs.

His object in coming here,
He said, was to buy a ghost,
For which he would pay
(To-morrow week, say)
A couple of pounds at most.

"We have," said the great Miss X.,
"A number of ghosts on haunt.
This way, if you please.
We give guarantees,
They're horrible, weird, and gaunt."

Sir Blunderbuss felt "the creeps,"
Combined with electric shocks,
Crawl over his scalp,
Which rose like an Alp
Distorted with postman's knocks;

For sprits, and spooks, and ghosts,
And phantoms, and spectres grim,
Were turning their eyes,
In bleary surprise,
Point-blank at Miss X. and him.

"First, how do you like that rogue
In green, with the scarlet nose
And cynical smile?
You'll find him docile.
We sell a good few of those.

"That group in the corner, there—
You might fancy one of them—
They crawl on all fours

Clank chains and bang doors,
Between two and six a.m."

"How much is the feller in spats?"
Sir Blunderbuss here put in.
"The one with a tusk,
Faint odour of musk,
Side-whiskers, and half a chin?"

"You'll find him a dear," said she,
"So full of uncanny tricks,
And amply supplied
With family pride—
Price (second-hand) *twelve-and-six*

"Banshees in B flat he sings,
I've heard people call his moan
A real work of art!——
Sort of *wake-with-a-start-*
And-feel-you-are-not-alone!"

Sir Blunderbuss closed with this,
Requesting Miss X. in haste
To pack up the thing,
With paper and string,
Asbestos, and cotton-waste.

Then, seeing her back was turned,
He opened the door! The ghosts,
With shudders and groans,
And clanking of bones,
Came gambolling out in hosts!

Yes, wraiths of the Moated Grange,
White ladies, and freaks of gore,
All up to their ears
In daggers and tears,
Yelled horribly, "Free once more!"

They haunted the land for miles.
Brisk City men catching trains
Were stopped and made late
By seven or eight
Mahatmas in sheets and chains;

And villas, and grocers' shops,
And mansions of millionaires
Were haunted; and some
Bad spectres would come
To interrupt household prayers;

Till very soon every house
In Borderland was "To Let."
For no one would stay
As tenant. They say
Those houses are vacant yet.

In sorrow Miss X. went mad,
Of stock-in-trade rich bereft.
Six hundred and four
Fine spectres, or more,
She had. There is still one left—

And that is the one she sold
Our hero that fatal day
(The one with a tusk
And odour of musk),
For which he forgot to pay.

THE POST-BOY'S SONG.

I'll give you a toast to drink, my lads;
And I'll chant you a jolly lay
Of a midnight chase, at a headlong pace—
"Tally-ho!" on the King's highway.
I've a laddie brave with a lass to save,
And an angry squire in cry;
But the Bay and Black will answer the crack,
And gallop until they die.

CHORUS:

Then ho-jolly-ho! for a life so free!
A good straight road and a gallant gee—
A Post-Boy's life for me!

On the breast of the breeze comes a sound I know,
Of hoof-beats far away,
'Tis a Roan and White, in the dead o' night,
Pursuing my Black and Bay.
With a thud and a dash through the mud we splash,
And we rather relish the hunt;
There's a wary mind in old Tom behind,
But a good straight road in front.

CHORUS: *Then ho-jolly-ho! etc.*

On and on—and gallantly on—
With a swirl, and a sway, and a swing!
With echoing horn Tom's greeting the morn,
For the night is on the wing.
"Hark, for'ard, away!" 'Tis break o' day,
We're seen in the morning light.
Our steeds never stop, and they'll run till they drop,
For we *must* beat the Roan and White.

CHORUS: *Then ho-jolly-ho! etc.*

I'll give you a toast to drink, my lads;
And I'll finish my jolly lay
Of a midnight chase, at a headlong pace—
"Tally-ho!" on the King's highway.
They've stolen our lead—they've doubled their speed—
They're fresh—and *our* nags are done—
When . . . that angry squire sticks fast in the mire,
And the Black and the Bay have won!

CHORUS:

Then ho-jolly-ho! for a life so free!
A good straight road and a gallant gee—
A Post-Boy's life for me!

R. S. WARREN BELL.

A Prize of ONE GUINEA is offered for the best musical setting of this song. See "CAPTAIN Competitions for June."

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clericus.—I hope to deal with the subject shortly.

"Bad Boy."—Consult THE CAPTAIN, November last.

J. W. L.—Send stamped envelope, and I will give you name of coach privately, or consult our advertisement pages.

H. R.—The Civil Service Commissioners, Victoria Street, S.W.

A. R. H.—The West India Regiment is certainly the best suited for poor men, owing to the extra pay and facilities for leave.

"Eager."—There is no recruiting for the Cape Mounted Rifles in London, at the present time. Their headquarters are at Pietermaritzburg.

"Nervous One."—From what you tell me, you are the last person in the world to take up medicine. Give up reading medical books, and don't worry yourself.

A. J. C.—Perhaps Messrs. Pitman & Sons, of Southampton Row, W.C., could tell you.

A. C. N.—I have already dealt with the subject in THE CAPTAIN last July, and in the replies to numerous correspondents. Why not get a bound volume?

E. N.—The initial training for all branches is the same. You specialise in your last year.

C. H. F.—Apply to the Emigrant's Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., enclosing penny stamp for handbook.

"Lex."—You will be required to keep your terms by dining in the hall of the inn to which you belong, not less than three times in each term. Twelve terms must be kept, and at the end of them, the examination for Call must be passed.

F. W.—The college at Hollerley Bay is just the place for you, if it can be managed.

C. B. (1) On payment of a premium of £50 or £60 a year. (2) Your best plan will be either to advertise in some trade paper, or see if you cannot get a personal introduction to some flourishing farmer or market gardener. If you advertise, you must take great care and thoroughly investigate the business before you put your money into it.

A. E. M. F.

"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX").

(1) **The Esquimaux Puzzle** (SOLUTION).—There are two errors into which the young puzzlist is commonly apt to fall. One is, to take certain things for granted; the other, to read carelessly the printed conditions. This puzzle was devised by me for the express purpose of teaching my readers to be wary, and to make sure that they understand clearly what it is they are asked to do before attempting the solution of the most innocent-looking problem. At first sight it would certainly appear as if my Arctic puzzle were nothing more nor less than the little "magic square" with which we are all so familiar. If that were so, there would be just eight easy answers, one of which is shown in diagram A.

A.

6	1	8
7	5	3
2	9	4

B.

$8\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
$7\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$
$3\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$8\frac{1}{2}$

This arrangement will add up to fifteen in eight different directions. But nothing was said about "magic squares," and the conditions called for "as many directions as possible," and did not stipulate that the numbers must be all *different* numbers. This makes all the difference in the world, and admits of the answer B, in which arrangement, it will be found, we may add up fifteen in as many as ten different directions—the four sides, the two long diagonals, and the four short diagonals. It should also be noted that "a number"—not "a figure"—was to be placed in every division, and that a fraction is as much a number as an integer.

(2) **A Boat-race Poser** (SOLUTION).—The number of possible selections is 145. My space is quite insufficient for me to give a detailed solution, but the problem really resolves itself into this: In every different selection three men must be left out, and the answer is:—

$$\frac{11 \times 10 \times 9}{1 \times 2 \times 3} - \frac{6 \times 5 \times 4}{1 \times 2 \times 3} = 145$$

If we required the total number of the different possible arrangements in the boat, the answer would be 106,560.

(3) **Overheard in an Omnibus** (SOLUTION).—The gentleman must have been Maude's uncle.

Stacks of letters have been under examination, but, strange to say, not one single correct solution has been received to the little "Esquimaux Puzzle," and only extremely few competitors got the correct answer to the "Boat-race Poser," many falling into the same error as the author of a well-known algebra book, and giving the number of selections as 185. This arises in consequence of overlooking that forty combinations with A (calling A and B the two men who can row on either side) on the stroke side would give just the same crew, though differently placed, as when B was alone on the stroke side. This is the pitfall of the puzzle. The relationship puzzle was not at all difficult, and the majority solved it.

I have awarded the prizes of 7s. each to the following:—Class I., H. S. COLLEN, 78, St. Saviour's Road, Jersey; Class II., H. G. DAVIES, "Trelawne," Middleton Road, Muswell Hill, N.; Class III., SIDNEY J. WARD, 17, Abington Avenue, Northampton. Under the circumstances there will be no "honourable mentions" this month.

I will now give three

PUZZLES FOR THIS MONTH.

(1) **The Grocer and the Draper.**—Please look at the illustration at the back of frontispiece, which shows in progress a curious little contest that I once witnessed in a country shop. The "Grocer and Draper" had two rival assistants, who prided themselves on their rapidity in serving customers. The young man on the grocery side could weigh up two one-pound parcels of sugar per minute; while the drapery assistant could cut three one-yard lengths of cloth in the same time. Their employer, one slack day, set them a race, giving the grocer a barrel of sugar, and telling him to weigh up forty-eight one-pound parcels of sugar; while the draper divided a roll of forty-eight yards of cloth into yard pieces. The two men were interrupted together by customers for nine minutes, but the draper was disturbed seventeen times as long as the grocer. What was the result of the race? This is a little poser for the arithmetical beginner, and should present no difficulty to the novice.

(2) **Chocolate for the Army.**—A forwarding agent had to pack in a box of equal length and breadth, and of necessary depth, 800 slabs of chocolate for South Africa. Each slab was $3\frac{1}{2}$ins. long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ins. broad, and a $\frac{1}{4}$in. thick. Not more than a dozen slabs were to stand on edge, and there was to be no waste space. Give the interior dimensions of the box. This is an interesting little study in packing, and much easier than it looks.

(3) **The Hungry Boer.**—If Commandant Cronje had not surrendered when he did, some of his men would have suffered terribly from hunger. This fact suggests the following profound problem, which is quite capable of solution, strange though it may seem. How many hard boiled eggs could a healthy, hungry Boer eat on an empty stomach—his own, of course? This is not a conundrum.

There will be three classes, and three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the best solutions, which should be addressed to "SPHINX," THE CAPTAIN Office, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C., and be received not later than June 12th.

For age limits see "CAPTAIN Competitions for June," page 283.

SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT is requested to send in his address, which has been mislaid. He is the winner this month of One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN for his essay "I *Could* Talk." The O.F. thinks he acted very sensibly.

"*I Could Talk.*"

I want to write to you fellows about myself; sorry, I am sure, that it's about me, but as I have no one else to write about, it's either that or nothing.

I was born, brought up, and educated in the country until I was eleven, which is a mistake in the first instance, as every boy ought, in my opinion, to be sent away at least a year before. At school I did as others did, I wasn't a dunce and I wasn't a genius. After being there five and a half years I left without the slightest idea of what I was going to do next.

BRIDGE OVER TUGELA AT COLENSO—AFTER THE BOERS HAD BLOWN IT UP.

(*Sent by A. Booth.*)

My pater, who is one of the go-ahead sort, did not let me worry about that long, and a week after Christmas I found myself out driving with him, going to nowhere, but bent on having a talk about my prospects.

I am afraid that after this next piece of information I shall sink ninety-nine per cent. in the estimation of about half of you, but I cannot help it, it's not my fault, and I am awfully proud of it myself, so here it comes. "My pater is a miller!" Now don't sneer, I don't mean a man who drives a little windmill himself, but the boss of a jolly great steam affair turning out hundreds of sacks of flour a week.

After all that, I am going to return to my drive, just reminding you that I am the eldest of six, and we all have to be set going in turn. The pater started by saying that he should let me do whatever I had set my mind on, and, taking the other five into consideration, he would back me up as well as he could. Of course I could go to the 'varsity, but he did not think I should do much good there unless I meant to be a clergyman (which I didn't), and there would not be much of a show for the others if I wanted, as I did rather, to go into a crack regiment.

To cut it short, after talking about doctors, farmers, and one-hundred-and-one other cribs, I finally decided that for a time, at any rate, I would try the mill.

Although I soon began to like the mill, the mill did not like me. The dust got to such an extent on my lungs that, to my disgust, the doctor told me to chuck it altogether, and I had to think about the parson job again, for if there was one thing I could do more than another *I could talk.* I had, and have, a good voice, and it was the troubles I got into at school over chatting that finally decided the point. The boss said that as I could talk he would try me instead of a traveller he was advertising for, and I started my first round on a bike to a couple of small towns in the neighbourhood. I did well, and the pater was so satisfied that the next week I took another round, and so on, until I now go out four days' travelling, one day to market, and on the Saturday settle my accounts in the morning, and have the afternoon off for recreation. The life is varied—sometimes in a large town, other times driving or cycling round the country, selling flour to the bakers. No samples are needed, and they are as a rule pleased to see you, and help to make one's life as pleasant as possible. Only one hint is wanted. Get a knowledge of the article you are selling, and, if possible, spend a little time with a baker before you start, and you will succeed, if

you have plenty of confidence and are a good conversationalist.

SIDNEY HERBERT.

"Well Done!"

First Citizen: "Did you hear that Lord Dundonald entered Ladysmith last night?"
Second Citizen: "Well Dun-Donald!"

"FIRST MATE."

Paul Kruger and his old friend Steyn.

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

Paul Kruger and his old friend Steyn
Were walking hand in hand;
They laughed like anything to see
Their armies so well manned.
"If we could win this war," they said,
"It really would be grand!"

"If seven 'Bobs' with seven Whites
Lammed at us for a year,
Now, do you think," old Kruger said,
"That they could make us fear?"
"I doubt it," said his old friend Steyn,
And leered a wicked leer.

But he was very wrong, you see,
For ere six months had passed,
The capital town of his "Free State"
Was in our hands at last;
And Kruger and his old friend Steyn,
Stood looking on—aghast.

JOHN COX.

The Battlefield of Life.

I am but a private soldier yet
In the ranks in which I fight,
Our weapons are neither swords nor spears,
But Honesty, Truth, and Right.

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."
(Drawn by Geo. Monks.)

Each time we conquer a secret fault,
Or some tempting sin we shun,
We add another small victory
To our list of battles won.

And though I'm only a private now,
By numerous foes beset;
I will be brave and not lose heart, for
I may be a colonel yet.

MABEL SHEPHERD.

The Sovereign and the Sage.

A sovereign, being desirous to confer a liberal reward on one of his courtiers who had performed some very important service, desired him to ask whatever he thought proper, assuring him it should be granted.

"VERY SORRY, ARTHUR, BUT I'M ENGAGED TO BILLY JONES FOR THE NEXT DANCE."
(By Geo. Monks.)

The courtier, who was well acquainted with the science of numbers, only requested that the monarch would give him a quantity of wheat equal to that which would arise from one grain doubled sixty-three times successively.

The value of the reward was immense; for it will be found by calculation that the sixty-fourth term of the double progression divided by 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, etc., is 3,223,372,036,854,775,808. But the sum of all the terms of a double progression, beginning with one, may be obtained by doubling the last term and subtracting from it one. The number of the grains of wheat, therefore, in the present case will be 18,445,744,073,708,551,615. Now, if a pint contain 9,216 grains of wheat, a gallon will contain 73,728; and, as eight gallons make one bushel, if we divide the above result by eight times 73,728, we shall have 31,274,997,411,295 for the number of the bushels of wheat equal to the above number of grains—a quantity greater than what the whole surface of the earth could produce in several years, and which in value would exceed all the riches, perhaps, on the globe.

ALEX. LINGFORD.

From Cambridge.

(Caius College is pronounced "Keys.")

There was a young student of Caius,
Who always *was up* to all sprauss,
He was caught by a proctor
And hauled fore the "Doctor,"
Who said "You'll *go down* if you plaius."

JUMBO

Height and Weight.

The measurements of a boy should be:—

At 10,	53ins.	high and weigh	67lbs.
„ 11,	54½ins.	„ „	73lbs.
„ 12,	56½ins.	„ „	80lbs.
„ 13,	58½ins.	„ „	88lbs.
„ 14,	61ins.	„ „	98lbs.
„ 15,	63½ins.	„ „	111lbs.
„ 16,	66½ins.	„ „	126lbs.
„ 17,	68ins.	„ „	140lbs.
„ 18,	68ins.	„ „	148lbs.
„ 19,	68½ins.	„ „	150lbs.
„ 20,	69ins.	„ „	150lbs.

F. G. BRISTOW.

[I print this list as it reached me, but if anything is wrong I shall be glad to receive corrections.—O.F.]

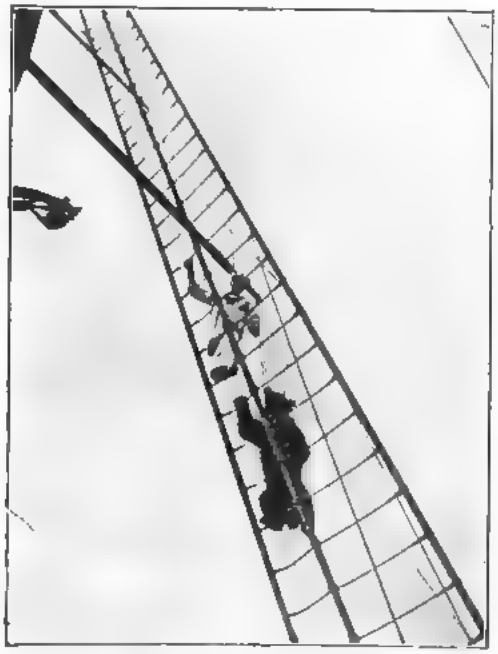
Photographic Illustrations of Stamps.

Many readers of THE CAPTAIN, who are both amateur photographers and stamp collectors, would like to be able to photograph and have pictures of their stamps; but many are debarred from this by the fact that they have no cameras, lenses, etc., suitable for "copying." I lately found out rather a good way, which I will now describe, for getting illustrations of any stamps you wish.

Get a quarter-plate printing frame, and fit into it an old negative, with the film cleared off; then place any stamps you want illustrations of, with their backs to the glass, and occupying a space which a lantern slide will cover; then go into your dark room and put an Ilford special lantern plate over the stamps (the film will be next to the front of the stamps), and expose for 20secs., at 18ins. away from an ordinary gas burner, develop the lantern-plate, and, treating it as a negative, print from it, and you have the illustration, just as if the stamps had been photographed while mounted on a white background.

N.B.—All the stamps should be good specimens, and should not be thinned at the back, or have any paper or part of the mount sticking to them.

D. W. HARRIS.



THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN A FEW YEARS AGO, OF THE PET BEAR ON H.M.S. "ANSON" GOING UP THE RIGGING, OVER THE TOP, AND DOWN THE OTHER SIDE—THE BAIT USUALLY BEING A HALF-FILLED TIN OF CONDENSED MILK.

From Winchester.

What is the difference between Xerxes and Tom Richardson?

One whipped the Hellespont, the other hit the Styx (sticks).

J. D. DENNISTON.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Second Mate.—Not bad at all. If cardboard is too big for an envelope, put it between two other pieces of cardboard, enclose them in brown paper, seal and post. **South East.**—Your poem, "A Young Hero," is much too long. Thirty-six verses! It is not very good, and it is not very bad. It is respectable doggerel. **Mabel Falkner and T. Shaddock.**—The O. F. thanks you. **Sidney Jones.**—Sorry you've gone to the trouble of parodying "Soldiers of the Queen," because the original is a bad model. The secret of its success is the infectious swing of the chorus. However, you've done well—very. **Ted Smith.**—The most novel thing in "Football at our Asylum" was the recitation of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" *without making a collection*. **Khaki** (1).—Rather smart. By the way, what is "philosiphy"? **Owen Parry.**—"A Song of the Sea" is not as good as your previous effort. I like little poems in three verses. **Edith George.**—Spring has *come*, my dear, so your verses are too late. **Khaki** (2).—You are a braw, bonnie patriotic Scottie, I can see, but your poem is far too long. **Lieutenant.**—Sincere, but tame. Try something simpler. **Muriel Kershaw.**—It goes to my heart to have to say to ardent young poets: "The Editor regrets he cannot make use of your contribution," but it's the kindest thing to say in the long run. **A. D. Dean.**—(1) Poetry *oozes* out of a genuine poet, like sap from a tree. Frankly, I don't think it oozes out of you, but I am with you in hoping that would-be poets will soon stop writing parodies on "The Absent-Minded Beggar." One can have too much of a bad thing, and a parody, unless very well done, is a very bad thing indeed. (2) I will not recommend a rhyming dictionary to you or anybody else. If you can't think of rhymes, give up trying to write verses. **Alexander** (OXFORD).—You seem to have a pretty wit. Send something rather better along. **"Trials of an Old Gent."**—No more parodies on the "A.M.B." are wanted. I wish you young poets and poetesses would try to be more original. **C. Parsons.**—You evidently understand the situation in the Transvaal, but you don't put it into poetry well. **Harold Royle.**—Too "sublime" a tangle for me. **Barnie.**—Yes; worth

your while to go on drawing. You possess ability. **J. P. Grandidied.**—Try a simpler subject. **R. S. Russell.**—Photo too dim for reproduction. Much interested by your letter *re* troopship. **Du Rennes.**—I hope to use your puzzle in our next number. **J. R. Hartwell.**—I am very tired of this tale about the boy who has stolen something. Let us search his box and expel him from THE CAPTAIN once and for all time. **A Broadbent.**—You seem to sketch from life pretty well. **Various Artists.**—Please see my advice to "Mr. F. Tucker" in May number. **D. C. Langley.**—Verses a bit "off," but I like you for being such a patriotic supporter of Leicestershire. Tell your bookseller to order "Rip's Cricket Caricatures," from the *Evening News*, Whitefriars Street, London. A new set of them was published early in May. **Copper.**—A good parody, but I'm tired of the "A.M.B." The Crew say they are too. **T. B. L. Westerdale.**—Your handwriting came as a relief to my eyes after many scrawlings and scribblings. You are a good, neat boy. **"Eyed Awry."**—Your contribution is too long for the "Special Pages." I hope to use it in some future number in another part of this magazine. It is decidedly good. In future, keep your contributions *short*. **J. H. Parsonage.**—See August (1899) "Editorial" for hints to black-and-white artists. Your work is crude, as yet, but plenty of pains and practice will improve it considerably. **P. W. Drof.**—The same remarks apply to you. I hope to use your "Bull Fight" either in this or the next number. **G. B. T.** (CAMPBELL TOWN, SYDNEY). Read your letter right through, and liked it. I give you colonials a comp. whenever I can, because you're a jolly, breezy lot, and you're "loyal" as British lions. Don't ever think again that we over here despise you or look down upon you. In this country our one feeling for you is brotherly friendship. Shake!

Also sent Contributions.—Arthur B. Williams, "Toblat," Herbert Webb, R. Foster, "Cæsar," Gladys Peacock, Arthur M. Hackshaw, "Etonian," Henry Moore, "Unalopogaas," "A. W. B.," T. Crew, "Pro-Briton," W. C. Belfrage, "Sirdar," C. Parsons, Arthur Roster, Harold Barnshaw, A. Bostock, A. B. Fearnley, "Lodge," "Ladismith," M. Milner, "Quill," Margaret Rose, "R. O. T. R.," Frederick Wallace, H. James, "Yet Another of the Crew," O. H. Mayor, F. W. Sleetburn, F. P. Savage, "Ganymede," "Spida," Fred Thompson, Arthur Wellesley Mason, "Derby."

N B.—Those not mentioned will understand that their contributions arrived too late for consideration in this number.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

NOTICE.—As previously announced, we have decided to abolish the coupon system, so that readers may enter for as many competitions as they like. In future, at the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——

CONDITIONS.—The highest age limit is twenty-five.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 12th.

No. 1.—**"Cycling Tour."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded for the three best descriptions of a short cycling tour, such as a party of schoolboys could undertake. Give route, cost, places to put up, etc. Not to exceed 400 words.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—**"Cricketers' Alphabet."** THREE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS will be given on the three best alphabets on the system of "A was an Archer who shot at a frog," introducing famous cricketers' names.

Class I. . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—**"Map of India."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best maps of India.

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 4.—**"Amateur Photography."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded for the three best amateur photos of (*a*) a landscape or building, (*b*) portrait, (*c*) figure subjects. You must only send in *one* subject out of the three.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 5.—**"Sphinx's Puzzles."** (See back of Frontispiece and p. 279.) Three prizes of 7s. will be awarded to the senders of the three best sets of solutions to these puzzles.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"Postboy's Song."** One guinea will be paid for the best musical setting of "The Postboy's Song" (*vide* p. 278).

NO AGE LIMIT FOR THIS COMPETITION.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand, once and for all, that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

"At the Front."—Correspondents from various public schools have been sending me lists of old boys who have gone out to "wipe something off a slate" in Oom Paul's schoolroom. Every school in the country has sent somebody, I suppose; of course, the majority of officers have been contributed by the great public schools, whose ranks of old boys have been sadly thinned by Boer bullets.

If this war has done nothing else, it has shown us that we can put a gigantic citizen army into the field, should occasion require it. When "Bobs" was deputed to take the war in hand, and the militia, yeomanry, and volunteers were called upon to supply men, what a gallant answer the country made! Our continental critics rubbed their eyes in astonishment. To Russia, France, and Germany we have taught a stern lesson. They *force* their young men to serve as soldiers; we *ask* ours to.

The call to arms rang through the land, and from every quarter men came "marching, marching to the war." Not only "Dukes' sons," but Dukes themselves put on khaki and went to the front. No forcing. No compulsion. The flower of Great Britain's youth is voluntarily facing the Boers. When the war is over, we will set marble crosses over many rough graves: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*

Here are some figures from the big schools concerning "old boys" at the front:—

Eton	853
Harrow	430
Cheltenham ...	292
Wellington... ...	270
Marlborough ...	245
Winchester	220
Clifton	160
Malvern	80

"Other schools" are invited to supply numbers. It doesn't matter whether they run into three figures or not. Send them along. I am informed that the Regent Street Polytechnic contributed *eighty-two* of its members. I shall be glad to receive lists from kindred institutions.

LADY: "I wasn't going to give you anything, but you sang 'Home, Sweet Home!' so pathetically that I cannot refuse you. I suppose you have no place to go to, my poor man?"

TRAMP: "Tain't exactly that, lady, thank yer. Me wife said if I didn't bring 'er 'ome a bob by to-night, she'd break me blooming 'ed fer me!"

(*By Reub Cohen.*)

"Boer Names."—G. P. Harris wishes to know the correct pronunciation of certain Boer names of people and places. This is how:—

Kruger	Kréger
Cronje	Cronye
Nylstroom	Same as spelt
Elandslaagte	Elandslachté
Bloemfontein	Bloömfontine
Johannesburg	Yohannesburg
Paardeburg	Pardeburg

"School Football Results."—Owing to the carelessness or forgetfulness of secretaries and captains of school football clubs, I have so far received only a moderate number of returns. I shall publish a list in the next issue of THE CAPTAIN. By that time more results may have come in.

"Maffy-King," "Nan," "An English Girl," and "W. E." all write to denounce "Wynne's" pro-Boer sentiments. Perhaps I did not quote enough of her letter. "Wynne," being very tender-hearted, merely wished to imply that she sympathised with *both* parties. Here is the most fiery epistle I have received on the subject. The fair writer seems to be very cross indeed:—

DEAR OLD FAG,—Are you ever filled with an overwhelming desire to punch someone's head? I am undergoing that feeling just now, and the object of my wrath is a reader of yours who shelters herself under the miserable *nom de plume* of "Wynne." She says her "sympathies are with the Boers—especially the leaders." Old Fag, there is a traitor on board! The only excuse I can find for her is that she is either very stupid or else is not at all well up in the war. She says her sympathies are with the leaders! If any of the Boers are worthy of sympathy, surely they are the rank and file, or whatever they call themselves; most of them are fighting against their will, and are absolutely ignorant of the power of their enemy, while their leaders deceive them as to their losses, and altogether ill-treat them—I don't say they don't deserve it. Old Fag, what shall we do to her? Shall we have her minced up? or shall we merely have her head stuck up on London Bridge, as a warning to all other traitors?—Yours,

"MAFFY KING" (a British honess.)

P.S.—I hope you will print this so that she will read it.—"M. K."

"OF ALL THE TIES I EVER TIED, I NEVER TIED A TIE THAT TIED LIKE THIS TIE TIED."
(Drawn by Lewis Higgins, aged 16.)

"The Siege of Ladysmith." This is a shilling book containing wonderful photographs of the siege—a book to keep all your life and show to your grandchildren. It gives one a splendid idea of the positions of the various camps, hospitals, etc.—in fact, it is the best book of Ladysmith photographs I have yet seen.

"My Correspondence."—I must cut my "Editorial Chat" short this month in order to reply to the letters I have received. Those who do not receive replies must remember that my space is very limited.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Held over from May.)

H. M. L. (AYR) says it's horrid being only a girl. Well, it's better than being some other things, "H. M. L." It's better than being a rabbit, kept as a pet by a boy of ten who doesn't understand rabbits; it's better to be a girl than to be a fox, or a kangaroo, or a hippopotamus. Anyhow, "H. M. L." should at least be grateful that she's a *white* girl. It's better to be a white girl than a yellow girl, or a red girl, or, if it comes to that, a copper-coloured girl.

Cynthia.—Yes, you have a fairly useful fist, though not an elegant one; it will grow "eleganter" as you grow older. Mr. Gooch is glad to hear you like "The Stamp Collector" so much.

Amateur.—There will be photographic comps. all through the summer. Being an O.F., you know, "amateur" service.

E. E. E. Todd.—I am not going to discuss the end-of-the-century question. What I say and what I stick to *is*—the twentieth century begins on January 1st, 1901.

F. J. L.—The best cyclist corps in the South London Brigade is probably that attached to the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, James Street, Buckingham Gate, S.W. If you want a volunteer corps "over the water," join the 4th V.B. Royal West Surrey, New Street, Kennington, S.E.

E. C. W. (HORNSEY).—As an excellent camera, I would recommend to you Messrs. Benetfink's (of Cheapside, E.C.) "Lightning" hand camera, price two guineas. It carries twelve quarter-plates, but, for an additional half-a-guinea, may be had to hold twenty-four films. With the 1900 model is included a set of "magnifiers" for changing the focus from being "fixed" to 9ft., 6ft., or 3ft., and this is a great advantage, as it enables the instrument to be used with better success for portrait work.

"The Rat" (RUGBY).—I don't see why you should send him to Coventry. As he is one against many, I think it is "caddish"—your own term—of you to kick and cuff him. Be a magnanimous "Rat," and let him alone.

Tom Clarke.—There is a skating rink at Knightsbridge (London), which is open all the year round, I believe.

W. H. Schofield.—A "Captain badge" would interfere with the ordinary school badge, worn on hat or cap.

G. Reynolds.—Thanks for the *Georgian*.

Torquinian would be obliged if T. H. Durrans would tell him *how to use* the hektograph. This hektograph seems to be exercising the minds of our readers, Mr. Durrans, sir.

P. N. L.—(1) The average height of a boy of thirteen ranges between 4ft. 8ins. and 4ft. 10ins. (2) I am very pleased, indeed, to hear that The Captain has been the means of making you "turn over a new leaf." Write again whenever you like.

Darnton.—Your coins, being but tokens and medals, are of too little value to sell.

A Daughter of Erin.—(1) Clean your dog's leather collar with ordinary brown boot polish. (2) I should advise you to use bromide paper, which yields better results than P.O.P., and is not so expensive as platinotype.

"Captainite."—I know of no way of cleaning the covers of old books, but you might get a local bookseller to do it for you.

Edna E.—I am sorry to have to decline your very kind offer.

John Campbell.—For crests write to Messrs. Parkins & Gotto, Oxford Street, London, W.

"Dickie" (N.W.P., India).—Thank you for your long letter. You must be a capital sister. I can quite see you, with all your "big, handsome" brothers round you. Each series of School Captains costs six stamps. Postage to India would be 3d.

N. Y. Westall tells me that, touching our article on the "Raising of the *Utopia*," his father was on the bridge of that vessel when she was raised.

Anodomani.—(1) Write to Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 407, Strand, London, W.C., for Hugo's "German Simplified," price 1s. 8d. post free. (2) By all means take up photography as a hobby. It is both instructive and enjoyable. (3) Your handwriting is not bad, but it will be greatly improved by studying Pitman's "Business Handwriting," price 1s., which you can obtain from Messrs. Denny, as above.

Ladysmith.—Send 1s. 2d. to L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C., for "Fancy Mice," which will tell you how to keep all sorts of mice.

"Ramrod."—No license is required for an air-pistol, as it is not a "fire-arm."

A. L. M.—You want to know of a good bird-fancier's? Well, write to Augustus Zache, 196, Great Portland Street, W.

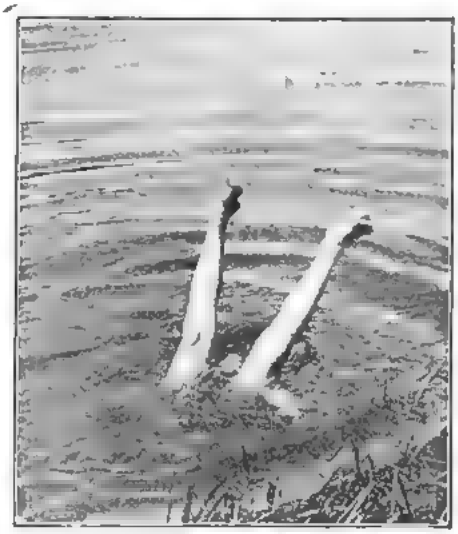
A Yankee Britisher.—Last season Marlborough beat Rugby by 2 wickets and 225 runs.

"Khaki" wants the addresses of some riding schools in the W. or S.W. district. Here are a couple: The Albert Gate Riding School, Rutland Yard, High Road, Knightsbridge, W., and Messrs. Savigear & Co. 16, Child's Place, Earl's Court, S.W.

Nellie (Paisley).—Not having heard of the incident you speak of, I regret I cannot tell you whether efforts are being made to catch the hawk which was partial to the Guildhall pigeons. Thank you for your good wishes.

Raphael Thomas.—(1) "The Storming of Greyhouse" appeared in our first number (April, 1899). (2) Captain competitions are open to all Captain readers, provided they come within the age limits. (3) "How to Join the Cape Mounted Rifles" appeared in our issue for January of this year (No. 10). All back numbers are still obtainable at the usual price—sixpence.

D. H. Marks sends what is practically a defence of bull-fighting. It is ably done, and Mr. Marks argues well from the Spaniard's point of view. We in this country, however, cannot countenance such "sport." We are too civilised.



"A LONG-ARM BALANCE" UNDER WATER BY A TONBRIDGE BOY.

(*A snapshot, by James Booth.*)

An Auckland Boy tells me that The Captain is largely circulated in New Zealand. He himself has lent Vol. I. to three Maories already, and their settlement is now getting it regularly through him. Good!

Andrew Braid (Windsor, Ontario) writes: "Your magazine is on file in our public library, and is much in demand by the boys of Windsor."

Louis Bertrand, writing from Melbourne, says that "never in his life has he been in such a crowd as that which saw the second contingent of Australians off to the Cape, *except* on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee."

(*June.*)

"The Babe" (Sunderland) seems to live in a curious part of the world. According to her, "it blows, snows, hails, freezes, and thaws" *all at once* up there. Dear me! it's a bad old climate, isn't it? But, as Kingsley said, "it's English weather that makes Englishmen."

The Sub-Captain.—I cannot see my way to organise a Chess Tourney of the kind you mention.

"Exonian."—Why not get a jolly little fox-terrier pup? But *do* learn all about how to feed and clean him. So many boys have pets without really understanding how to look after them.

Percival Stuart Watts.—We always endeavour to return maps when stamps are enclosed. I am pleased to hear you wish to give yours to your old instructor.

The Old Puss.—I believe the crack regimental band is that of the Grenadier Guards, which, for a long time, was conducted by Lieut. Dan. Godfrey. It is provided, equipped, and maintained entirely by the officers of the regiment.

A. Varley.—Thanks for cricket card of New Lane C.C. I don't like the advtisements on it.

H. E. Hosking (Durham School) has five cousins "at the front." Fighting family, this.

Secobian.—(1) Anybody can enter for our competitions provided he comes within the top age limit. (2) Your second question is one for a doctor to decide.

Quinquefolium.—By "properly introduced" I meant introduced by a mutual friend or acquaintance. The society of young ladies (as you say, "in moderation") is all very well, but just now you ought to be thinking chiefly of your cricket average.

A Constant Reader of "The Captain." — Yes, cane the young beggar, or send him to a school where he will have to do as he is told.

Absent-Minded Beggar (Hobart, Tasmania). — Greetings to you, and all other loyal members of the crew in Hobart.

Enthusiastic Photographer: "Just a moment like that, please!"

R. A. C. Bachelor.—Send an original drawing to the "Special Pages." You appear to have some ability.

A Dog Fancier (Germany).—Keep a fox terrier.

A Carthusian tells me that in most houses at Charterhouse "there is what is called a 'New Boys' Exam.,' which is conducted by the bigger boys, and consists of questions about the captain of the school, football and cricket teams, etc." My correspondent adds that The Captain is very popular at Charterhouse, and has a large circulation among the boys there.

C. Fillan.—Give up all idea of becoming a war correspondent. You are not even a journalist. No paper would dream of sending out a correspondent who hadn't had some journalistic experience.

Marcus Superbus. — Mr. Wilson Barrett's age is not mentioned in "Who's Who," which is the best book to look these things up in. I should say he is about fifty.

H. A. Finlaison.—Next time we have a rowing cover I will bear in mind your friendly criticism.

A. L.—Your suggestions are good. Your writing is clear, and shows character.

Robert Blair.—We have photo comps., and every now and then little articles on photography. That is all I can do with the subject at present.

A. H. M. Swan "happened to jump on the following quotation," which he considers to be topical:—

> To fly the *boar*, before the *boar* pursues
> Were to incense the *boar* to follow us.
> Richard III., Act ii., Sc. 2.

A. G. B.—I think Judge Hughes merely intended to portray a typical public school-boy. No doubt he put a good deal of himself into the character of "Tom Brown."

Dennis G. Broad.—(1) Have the bike done up; the old "wheel" ought to last you another year or two. (2) Photo rather too dim for reproduction. (3) Your writing will "form" by the time you are eighteen or so.

Græme D. Williams.—I am thinking of starting a "Book Corner," but I cannot run a "Library Club" such as you suggest.

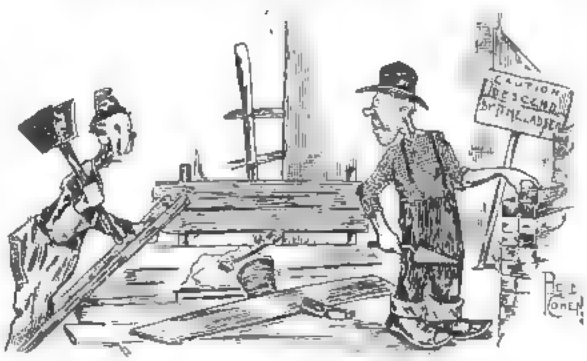
T. L. Shaddock. — Glad you are giving Vol. II. to your young brother as a birthday present.

Mandolin.—The mandolin is both a man's and a woman's instrument. I prefer it to the banjo, myself. Paderewski is the finest pianist in the world. The most distinguished English pianist is, I believe, Mr. Leonard Borwick.

"Railwayac" and others.—I handed your letters to the writer of the article, who tells me that his figures, giving the height of the Baattock summit, were misprinted. "4," should have read "1." Its correct height is 1,015ft. above sea level—not 1,025ft. as stated in one letter.

Old Cheltonian. — Many thanks for your laboriously-compiled list of "Old Boys at the Front."

Pirate (Mauritzburg).—Thanks for photo, which I hope to use. Your letter did not reach me until the May number had gone to press. As regards your proposed paper, find out how many would buy it regularly, and then ask a local printer for an estimate.



O'Hoolihan: "Hov yez heard the news? Pat O'Cloyski fell from a six-storey roof an' he niver broke a limb!"
M'Phat: "Oi don't belave it."
O'Hoolihan: "It's the truth. He fell on his head!"
(Drawn by Rueb Cohen.)

Other Correspondents. — "Solitaire," Owen Parry, "Erin," H. G. R., "Bunny," "An Ardent Wykehamist," "Cliftonian," "Wellingtonian," "A Marlburian," "Cheltonian" (2), "A Present Etonian," "A Well-wisher of the Cap.," Harley Russell (photo of B. G. S. pavilion), "A Constant Reader," "First Lieutenant," "Crusader," G. D. Harry (Football card, Oswestry Grammar School), Ethel Bellini, and many others are thanked for kind letters, photographs, criticisms, and suggestions.

A number of answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

THE TWELVE GREATEST ENGLISHMEN.

The following is the list, in order according to the number of votes each received, of what the readers of THE CAPTAIN consider to be the Twelve Greatest British-born Subjects of Her Majesty the Queen :—

1.—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
2.—LORD SALISBURY.
3.—LORD ROBERTS.
4.—LORD KITCHENER.
5.—MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.
6.—MR. CECIL RHODES.
7.—LORD ROSEBERY.
8.—SIR HENRY IRVING.
9.—MR. A. J. BALFOUR.
10.—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.
11.—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
12.—LT.-COL. R. S. BADEN-POWELL.

Among those who came closely after the elected twelve were The Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. W. G. Grace, Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir George White, Sir John Lubbock, Dr. Conan Doyle, Sir H. M Stanley, "Fighting Mac," General French, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir William MacCormac, Mr. Hall Caine, the Lord Chief Justice, George Meredith, and "Ian Maclaren."

Results of April Competitions.

No. I.—Best Prose Extract on "Industry."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: WILFRED M. HALL, 18, Mount Preston, Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: DOROTHY EVANS, 12, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Prosser, E. J. Pike, Elsie Simmons, Albina Pilkington, George Reynolds.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: JOHN B. EDGAR, Ashton, Lockerbie, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MAB. BLOOMER, "The Poplars," Tettenhall Road, Wolverhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lillian Ormiston, Grace Durand, Oswald Frost, Nellie Alexander, H. Hirst, Reuben Cohen, Walter Jones, E. A. Miller, Ida Ashford, A. G. Goode, F. Baston, Martin Briggs, B. Gilbertson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: SYDNEY WILLIAMS, 29, Balaclava Street, Swansea.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: T. B. L. WESTERDALE, 49, City Road, E.C.; and FREDERICK DEATH, High Street, Ixworth, Bury St. Edmunds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Janet Betts, G. Adam, James Brunton, Harry Robinson, A. G. Roper, Robert Stuart, Janet Laidlaw, J. A. Wade, Lucius Deering, S. Heald, George Young, Frank Melhuish, Horace Dickinson.

No. II.—Best "Map of Australia."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: R. HAROLD ROYLE, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kathleen Mary Starkin, M. Cock, Maude F. A. Curran, Henry Hooper, W. J. Corke, Dorothea Bowden, C. Prescott, Madeline Mather, Dorothy Churchill, Percy W Gerhard, Irene Crosthwaite, Ethel Walker, Robert Adam, Jean A. Mann, Annie F. Baker, Mary Moreton, Ruth Chignell, Enid Valentine-Thomerson, Ethel Bellin, Elsie J. Tattersall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: LOTHER LOWDEN, Grafton House Grange Avenue, Allerton, Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sybil Haines, Fred. Inkster, Sydney F Corby, R. N Bocquet, Winifred A Weston, Win Blackstone, Averil Mary Picot, Alec Cane, A. Wakeford, C. E. Morris, Muriel Wakefield, P. S. Watts, Vere Repton, Stanley Attwell, M. A. Morris, James O. Nicoll, A. E. H. Palmer, John Wood, Irene Martin, L. E. H. Wareham, Edward Lardent, Evelyn Sharp, A. C. Mackenzie, Violet Duke, Charles J. Cooke, Dora Hawkens, Florence Marquand, A. N. Ruddock, R. R. Russell, Janet Laidlaw, Martin S. Briggs, F A H Henley, Hylda Easton, S. T. Hennell, Harry Locker, H. S. Sawyer, W. W. Goalen, Muriel M. Song, Kathleen Duke, W. J. Martin, A. W. Cleaver, N. Miller, Lettice E. Evans, Thomas Linton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

10s. 6d. divided between L MACDONALD GILL, "Strathmore," Bognor; and GORDON JELLICOE, 74, Parkhill Road, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Pryde, E. Greig Smith, Maggie L. Joslin, Andrew P. Brown, Ian C. Russell, Gladys M. Burnham, L. J. Smith, J. G. Dollman, M. Dorothy Stalker, Tom Street, J. E. Sunderland, Hugh Thomas, Ronald Whitaker, Frederick Lardent, F. W. Biden, W. J. Lewis, Edwin Charles Hill, Albert Jackson, William Roberts, Stanley Barker, Fred. Worthington, Joseph H. Clarke, Ernest Law, R. Kerr, Marigold Edmonstone, T. W Herring, Dorothey Wheatley, A. Allen, Ethel Cranmer, Louis Richards, H. G. Chippindall, G. H. Pearson, F. Maynard, V. McCann, A. H. Davies, Grace Elliston, N. C. Wilson, H. Kingscote, A. Kingscote, F. P. Figg, Freda Stacey, C Langslow, S. G. Heath, Jeanie Robertson, Bertie Fox, G. L. Field, Gracie Hughes, Edith Stapley, Helen C. Williamson, Stanley D. Adam, Kathleen B. Thomas, H. H. Sampson.

No. III.—"Twelve Greatest Living Englishmen."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: Miss CHURCHILL, The Schools, Shrewsbury (11 right).

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: M. E. DUTTON, 38, Castle Street, Canterbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lily Carey, Margery Davis, K. Dicken, E. R. Abell, Meta McFerran.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: A. W. ANNAND, 25, Claremont Hill, Shrewsbury (9 right; 4 in right order).

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: PERCY WICKENDEN, "Glenside," Tunbridge Wells; and ANNIE M. FOSTER, Victoria Road, Hitchin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lottie Thomas, Joan Thomas, H Melhuish, R. Brent Clark, Frank Smith, Francis Crisp, Ellen Brown, R. L. Dutton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: MARION CHURCHILL, The Schools, Shrewsbury (10 right; neatest list).

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. LAKE, 12, Park Hill, Clapham Park, S.W.; and GILBERT MACRUEN, Kraesult, Callander, Perthshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Hutchin, David Thomas, John Matthews, Alec Cane, A. V. Scott, H. Edmunds, Wilfred Wilson, Kathleen Wildy.

No. IV.—"Chess."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: A. P. BREE, Bosawen Villa, Gronville, Jersey.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: A. R. DALE, 441, High Road, Chiswick

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: R. H. SOUTHERN, Charing Heath, Kent.

No. V.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF BLOTTING CASE: JAMES A. LEPLY, 83, Listria Park, Stoke Newington, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JOHN F. HARLOW, 40, Whitmore Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred Stevens, R. Crichton, George McClure, Daisy Jordan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BLOTTING CASE: CLAUDE DREW, Trafalgar Square, Truro.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: JOHN GORDON JARVIS, Ward 2, Christ's Hospital, London; and LOUIS RICHARDS, Malpas Road, Truro, Cornwall.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. W. Johnson, F. W. R. Hodgson, Ernest Law, Maud Centaro, Thomas Macallan, David Joslin, W. C. Drummond, L. G Best.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF BLOTTING CASE: MARGARET ROSE, Willsbridge, near Bristol.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HENRY WRIGHT, 1, Maude Terrace, Pretoria Avenue, Walthamstow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. C. Legard, H. A. Allain, Henry Holland, Arthur F. Holford, Mary Cox, John C. Craig

No. VI.—"Sphinx's Puzzles."

(*Vide* "CAPTAIN Puzzle Corner," p. 279.)

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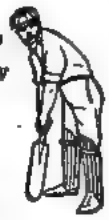

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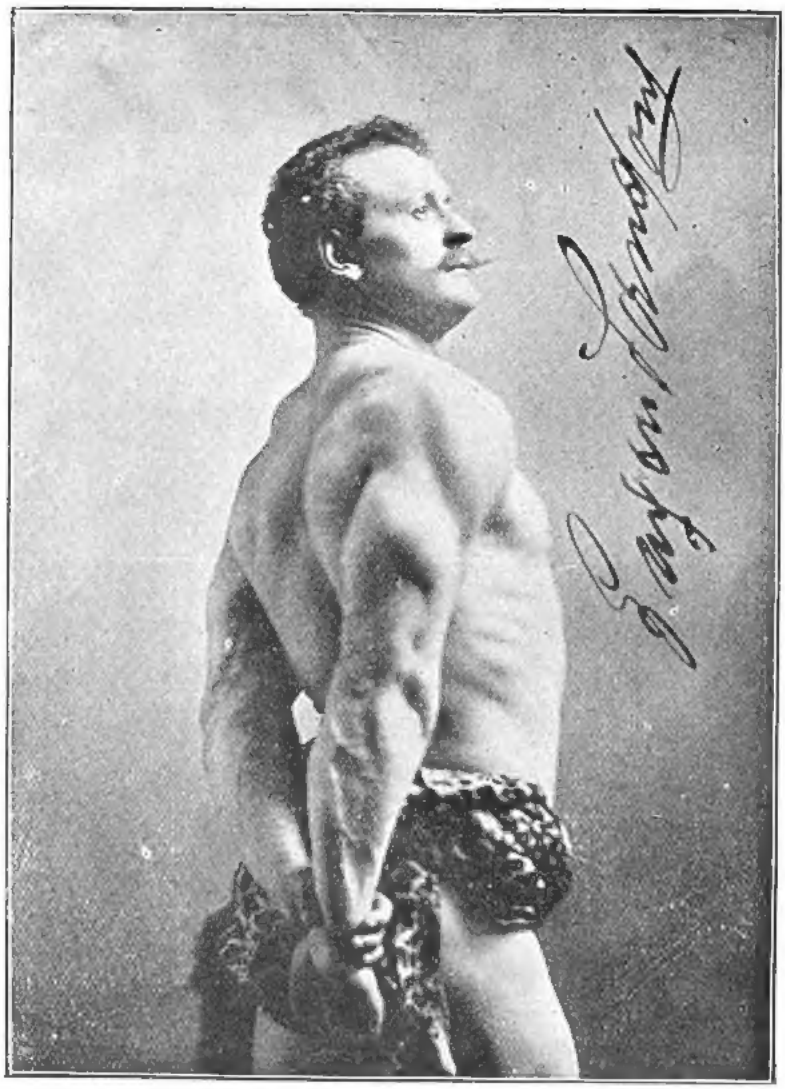

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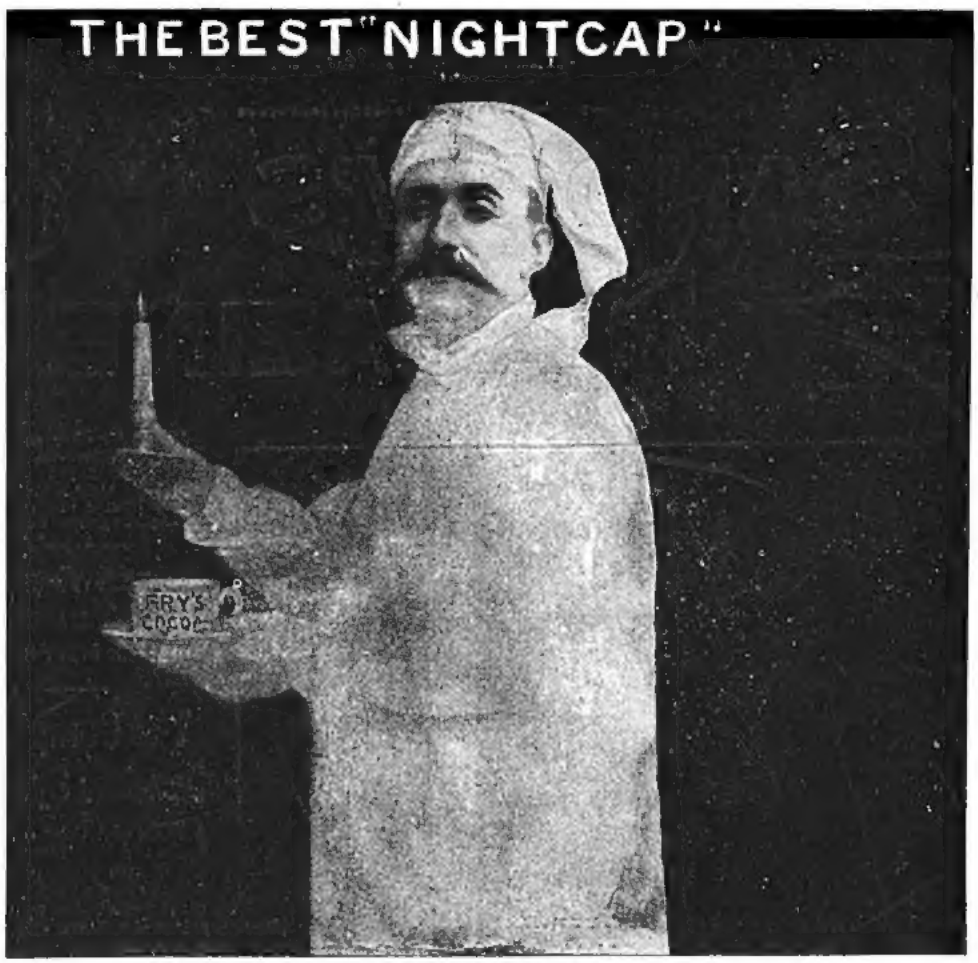

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